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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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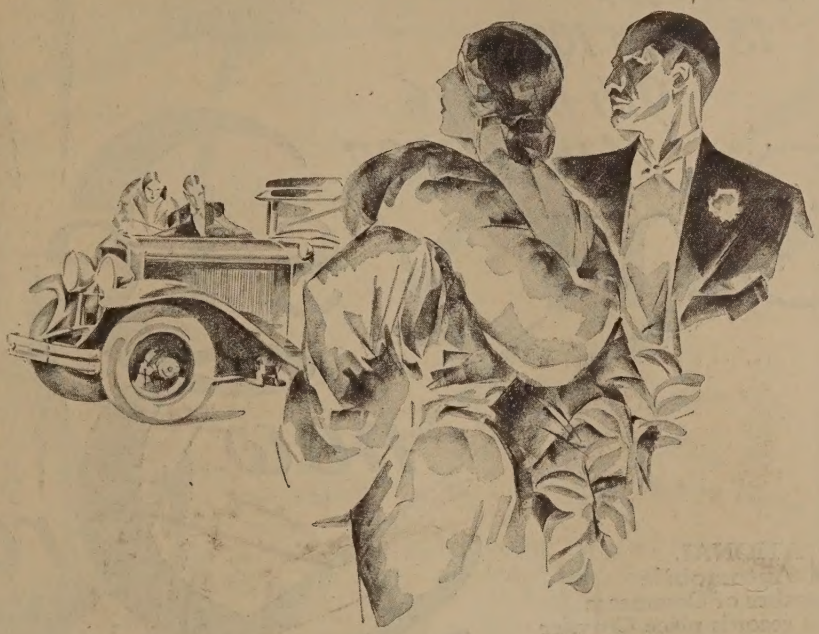

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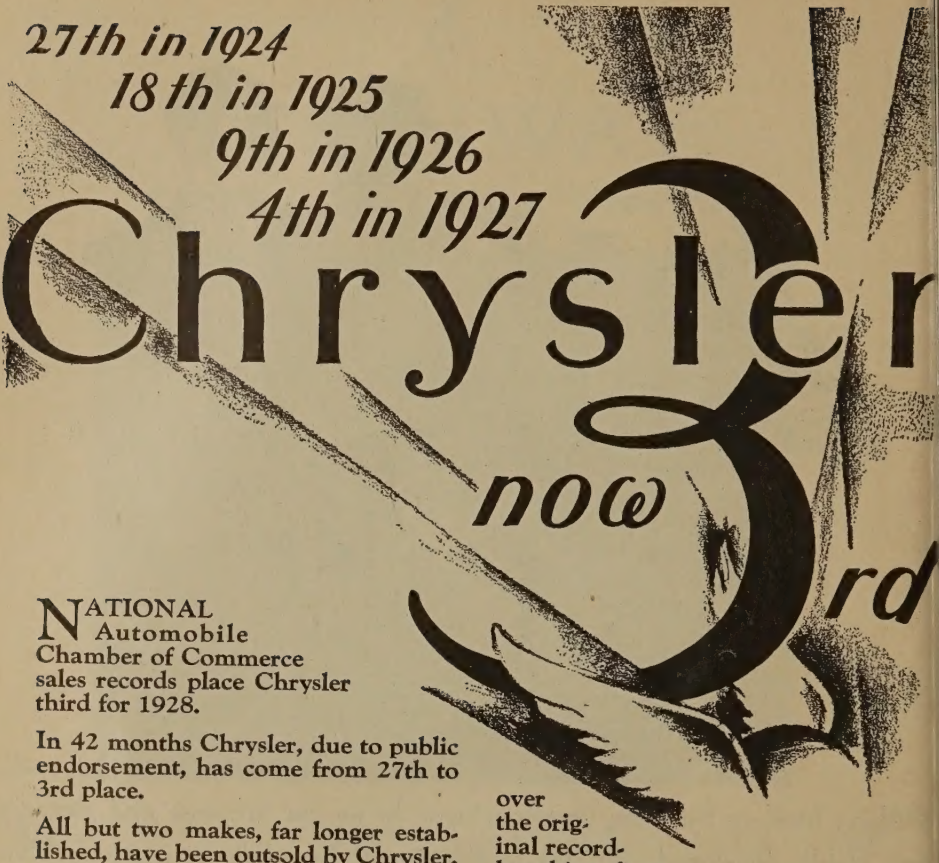

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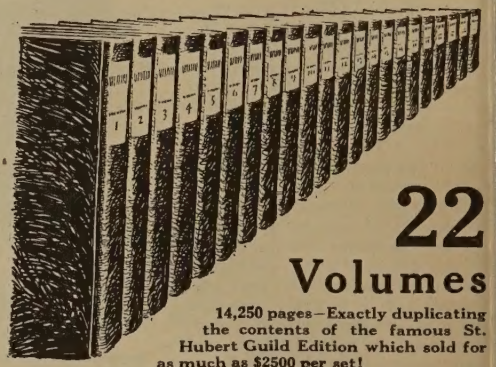

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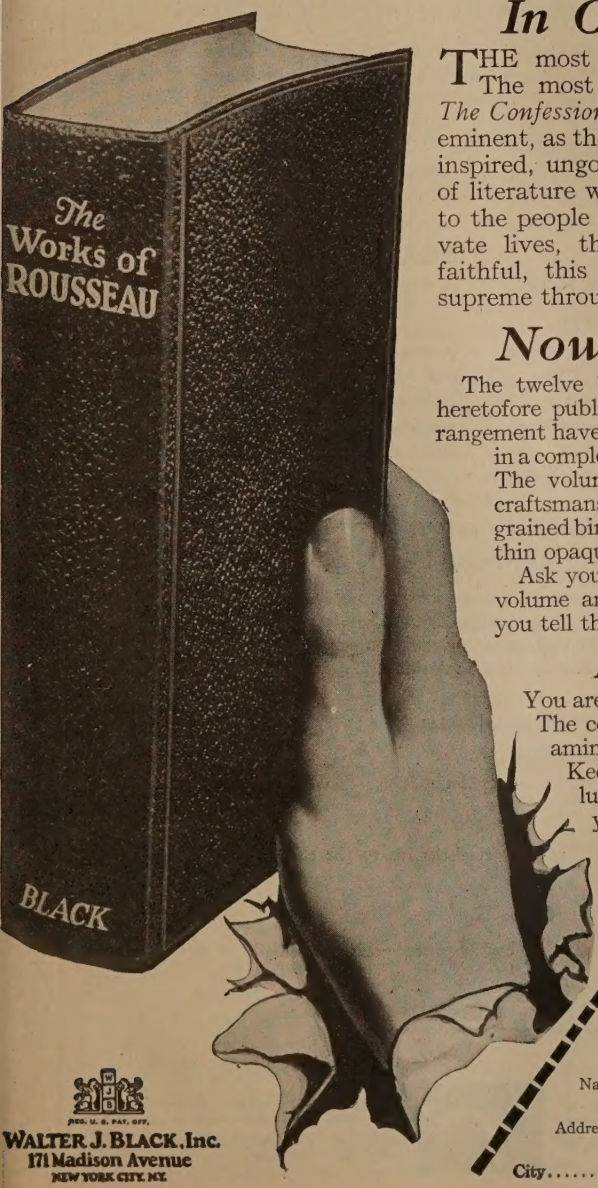

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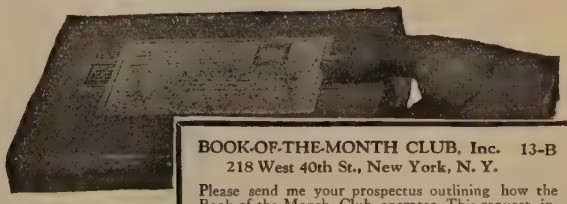

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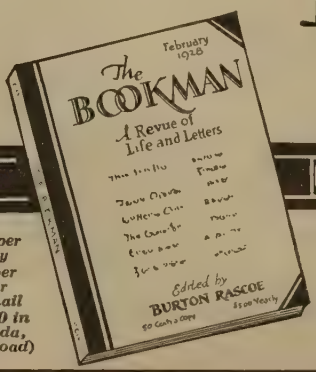

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table d'hote
Tito Schipa
dishabille
Versailles
cognoscenti
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Thais
chic
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demise
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PUBLIC AFFAIRS

STRENUOUS ITALY.
By H. Nelson Gay. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 217 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Gay, an American who has lived in Italy for twenty years, has a great admiration for Mussolini, and describes his achievements in glowing terms. He says that Fascism is far more economic than political in its organization and purposes. He stresses Italy's need of more colonies. Mussolini, he says, will not go to war to get them, but is preparing to make a grab the next time Italy is "attacked"—no doubt as she was attacked by Austria in 1914.

THE CHANGING SOUTH.
By William J. Robertson. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 311 pp. *New York*

What Mr. Robertson has to say about the state of affairs south of the Potomac is mainly platitudinous. He describes the Old South, discusses the issues and results of the Civil War, deals at some length with the period of stagnation following, and then takes up the economic revival since 1900. He has nothing new to say about such things as the Ku Klux Klan, Prohibition and the race question, and when he comes to dealing with the evangelical imbecilities that pass for religion among the inferior sort of Southerners he is frankly stumped. His knowledge of the forces that are seeking to civilize this riffraff seems to be very superficial. He actually speaks of the Jackson (Miss.) *News* as a liberal paper, and he has apparently never heard of Grover C. Hall and the Montgomery *Advertiser*. More, he seems to admire Dr. Douglas Freeman, editor of the preposterous Richmond *News-Leader!* A poor book, but no worse than the average Southern production of its kind.

URBANIZATION: *Its Effects on Government and Society.*
By John Giffen Thompson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$6 8⅛ x 5⅜; 683 pp. *New York*

The author's conclusion, after an exhaustive review of the evidence, is that the common belief that rural life, in some vague way, is more healthful than urban life, physically and psychically, and that the countryman is thus a better father and citizen than the city man, is full of error. The facts, as he shows, almost all run the other way. Even political corruption, he argues, is less in the city than in the country, and the state of private morals is at least as good. Practically all of our political institutions, especially those of a liberal tendency, originated in cities, as did every variety of enlightened learning. The book is meticulously documented, and though it is written in an uninspired manner it is very interesting. There is an index of extraordinary copiousness.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE PRESENT MORAL UNREST.
The Oxford University Press
$2 7¼ x 5; 255 pp. *New York*

Herein are collected thirteen essays, by leading English philosophers and theologians, on what Christianity has to say for the solution of the socio-political problems of today. The authors find that Christianity has a good deal to say, and that all modern ideas, from democracy to birth control, can be found in the Bible. To bring out this point, of course, they have to do a certain amount of interpretative juggling. Here are three samples: (*a*) "What we mean by 'good sportsmanship' is already contained in the ideal as Christianity represents it." (John W. Harvey, M. A.); (*b*) "In relation to [the labor-capital problem] the Christian has to advocate and put into practice a spirit of patience and good-will, a spirit of forgiveness for past wrongs, and a spirit of inquiry." (H. G. Wood, M.A.); (*c*) "Hardly anything would do more to take the bitterness out of life than a strong sense in all members of the community that they entered their trade or profession, and then practiced it, as their main sphere for serving God and man." (William Temple, Litt.D., D.D.)

THE NEW GERMANY.
By Ernst Jäckh. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 8 x 5¼; 102 pp. *New York*

It would be difficult to overpraise this book. It is a description of the birth of modern Germany, and of its present form of government and general political outlook. The mass of information in it is amazing, and Dr. Jäckh's fugitive comments are obviously sound. A translation of the book into French would do much to offset the sermons of hate by such enemies of the peace of Europe as Poincaré.

U. S. A.: *Live och Teater.*
By Anna Lenah Elgström and Gustaf Collijn.
Albert Bonnier
Kr. 8 9¼ x 6¼; 457 pp. *Stockholm*

In this lavishly illustrated volume two distinguished Swedish critics set forth their impressions of the United States. They were obviously immensely inter-

Continued on page xviii

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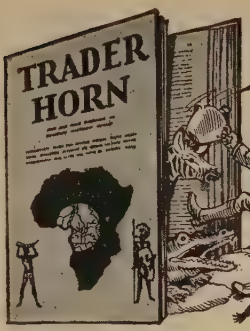

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9:32 Johannesburg, *Transvaal: I sell Ethelreda Lewis a gridiron she doesn't want* . . *Page* 3

9:34 *I linger to give her a recipe for making oat-cakes—and begin to dole out my reminiscences of the Ivory Coast in the' Earlies, when I was a lad of eighteen* . . . . . *Page* 7

9:36 Steaming into the Marsey amid a shower of sea-gulls, I leave Liverpool on the S. S. Angola, the youngest trader to head for the wild continent. . . . . *Page* 9

9:44 Natives tell me of Nina T. . . , the only white woman within a thousand miles —a goddess in a Josh House, and the most beautiful female in Africa. . . . . *Page* 14

9:47 Dawn on the Ogowe River—a veritable zoo let loose. . . . . *Page* 17

9:49 Sundown: I am initiated in a native Josh House, the first whiteskin to become a member . . . What I saw in that Josh House was so surprising that I shall never forget it. . . . . *Page* 39

9:54 I behold Nina T. . . , by far the most beautiful white woman I have ever seen. She looks like sweet sixteen, half naked there, statuesque, dressed where there is any dress, in somewhat Egyptian style. On her head she has a dressing of white hairpins made of Hippo ivory, inlaid with ebony . . . . . *Page* 70

10:03 I discover that Nina T. . . 's father was a prominent peer of the British aristocracy. . . . . *Page* 79

10:09 I see a vampire . . . . . *Page* 85

10:11 I find out that most of the human beings killed by leopards are women *Page* 87

10:12 I kill my first leopard *Page* 88

10:16 I plan to rescue Nina T. . . . and steal the great ruby. . . . . *Page* 92

10:27 I discover the truth about the old story of the elephant burial grounds *Page* 103

10:39 I learn how live elephants are trapped—a pretty splash of activity. Aye, 'tis easy enough to catch an elephant, once you make up your mind to be no gentleman about it. . . . . *Page* 115

10:48 Gorillas at play . . *Page* 124

10:53 Witnessing the drowning of an old white-headed grandma who had outlived her generation *Page* 129

11:05 A missionary lad is carried off to a grove, beheaded and eaten . . . . *Page* 142

11:09 I attend a war council. . . . *Page* 146

11:13 The natives tell me the truth about Livingstone and Cecil Rhodes *Page* 150

11:27 I bag my biggest gorilla. . . . *Page* 164

11:30 Still following the bloody trail of the marauding elephants—trumpeting and plunging. . . . . *Page* 167

11:36 Warfare between the Oshebas and the O'Kellys, a cannibal raid. . . . . *Page* 175

11:43 The eye-eating hawks — how pity makes a man callous . . *Page* 180

11:51 The crocodiles prepare to make a meal of Cecil Rhodes, but I foil them *Page* 188

12:05 Back to the Josh House and Nina T. . . *Page* 199

12:09 With two hundred cartridges, I win the fight and become king of the river. . . . . *Page* 199

12:12 I have a good stare at those piercing eyes of a Goddess. . . . *Page* 202

12:20 Nina T. . . , agrees to be carried off to freedom. . . . . *Page* 210

12:22 We make detailed plans for stealing Nina T. . . . . *Page* 212

12:26 President Ulysses Simpson Grant of U. S. A. orders a prize gorilla from me for thirty pounds. . . . . *Page* 216

12:29 I buy Isange Island for a bottle of gin. *Page* 219

12:40 I see a beaten old chieftain weep—no wounds, but his heart broken—finis written all over the sunlight, same as an old elephant. *Page* 230

12:58 A herd of elephant crossing the Angani River by moonlight is set into a stampede by a few blasts of our steamboat whistle. *Page* 248

1:10 Nina T. . . . gives me a smile of kindly pleasure and I discover she is a fearless and most grateful piece of Human Structure. *Page* 261

1:13 The gazelle-eyed beauty of Nina T. . . . . bewitches everybody in sight. . . . . *Page* 265

1:24 We discuss the love of Nina T. . . . The wild Inca blood in Little Peru is aroused. . . . . *Page* 276

1:28 We steal Nina T. . . . in the canoe in the dead of night, the goddess making a beautiful dive, scarcely audible. . . . . *Page* 280

1:36 Nina T. . . . sleeps as we make our getaway through Sheba's country, the watch walls of the Dead, past Vampire Island, the Graves of the Gold Seekers. . . . . *Page* 286

1:39 Little Peru and I toss a gold piece for Nina T. . . . . *Page* 289

1:44 Showers of hugs and kisses. Cataracts dripping clear down from the mountains . . . You shake as you dance. . . . *Page* 294

1:47 It gets to the core like Beethoven. And the harps waft the canoes along with the rhythm of it. *Page* 301

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

ested by the national scene, and they kept their eyes open. They discuss current American literature, present effective sketches of the leading literary personalities, and then proceed to a description of the American theatre, American amusements in general, and American home life. An excellent chapter deals with a banquet in New York, and another describes such typical ecclesiastics as Billy Sunday and Aimée Semple McPherson. Chapters on the Swedes in America conclude the book. It is briskly written and full of odd and pungent observations, and the illustrations are extraordinarily numerous and wide in range.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY OF EQUALITY.
By T. V. Smith. *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 7¾ x 5⅛; 339 pp. *Chicago*

Were Charles Peirce, the terror of American philosophical word jugglers twenty-five years ago, alive today, he would commit critical mayhem upon this book. It is written in atrocious English, and there are pages upon pages where it is almost impossible to get any rational meaning. Worse, most of the ideas in it are very naïve, to put it mildly. Dr. Smith is professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, and his main thesis is that "we cannot unequivocally deny the equality of men." His reasons are these: (*a*) "We are not willing to give up a shibboleth that has been as effective in action as has equality. Regardless of its factual accuracy . . . it has been one of those electric words that have challenged the indifferent, awakened the neutral, influenced the zealous."; (*b*) "By making sweeping denials in a world that is seldom nicely dichotomous, one is likely to do truth more damage than service. It is so in this case, [as in the case of the existence of souls.] . . . No constructive-minded person can be content merely to deny."; (*c*) "Men work together better when they regard themselves as substantially equal." From all this it follows naturally, thinks Professor Smith, that there ought to be "a nearer approach to equal distribution [of wealth] than we have at present."

THE NEW COLONIAL POLICY.
By Helmer Key. *Methuen & Company*
7s. 6d. 7¾ x 5; 214 pp. *London*

Dr. Key first points out that before the World War there existed an equilibrium "between the production of raw materials in the colonies and the steadily increasing output of European industry." But since the Armistice the equilibrium has been shattered completely. The cessation of normal emigration from Europe since 1918 has greatly diminished the demand of overseas colonies for European manufactured products, which, to add to the confusion, have increased enormously in quantity as the result of important technical improvements. This state of affairs, of course, is only aggravated by the over-population problem in Europe. Dr. Key argues that the only practicable escape from the dilemma is emigration to foreign parts, and the greater part of his book is devoted to a study of the opportunities in this direction offered by various Asiatic and American countries. The translation from the Swedish is by E. Classen.

KARL MARX'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.
By Mandell M. Bober. *The Harvard University Press*
$3.50 9 x 6; 370 pp. *Cambridge*

Dr. Bober, who is associate professor of economics at Lawrence College, first describes the economic interpretation of history, and then attempts a criticism of it. The description is an able performance, but the commentary is merely a rehash of old ideas. To say that Marx and Engels did not take sufficiently into consideration the importance of race, geography and religion as factors in the evolution of social institutions is to say something that was noticed years ago. Indeed, Marx and Engels were themselves aware of the fact, as their later writings show, but they simply did not have the intellectual courage to modify their theory accordingly.

THE LIVING CONSTITUTION.
By Howard Lee McBain.
The Worker's Education Bureau Press
$1.50 7¼ x 5; 284 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent discussion of the Constitution, designed for working people, but of interest and value to every layman. Dr. McBain is not only sensible and well-informed; he also writes clearly and with considerable charm. The volume is one of a series called The Worker's Bookshelf. There are a short but useful bibliography, and an index.

NEW YORK NIGHTS.
By Stephen Graham. *The George H. Doran Company*
$4 8⅛ x 6; 288 pp. *New York*

Mr. Graham has written books much better than this collection of sketches of New York night life. Scarcely one of his pictures here shows any incisive observation; this is especially true of those dealing with life in the less respectable sections of the city. The illustrations by Kurt Wiese also leave something to be desired.

Continued on page xx

H|B

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

OPIUM.
By John Palmer Gavit. *Brentano's*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 308 pp. *New York*

Mr. Gavit first discusses the history of the opium problem, with special reference to India and China, and then gives a lengthy report of the two Geneva opium conferences held under the auspices of the League of Nations from November 3, 1924, to February 19, 1925. In the appendix he presents documents drawn up at these two conferences and at the Hague Convention of 1912. His general conclusions are rather pessimistic. He finds that, despite all international efforts to eradicate the illicit traffic in habit-forming drugs, it keeps on increasing steadily.

HISTORY

FATHER MISSISSIPPI.
By Lyle Saxon. *The Century Company*
$5 8¾ x 5⅞; 427 pp. *New York*

This is a capital companion volume to Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." Like old Mark, Mr. Saxon is enchanted by the ancient romance of the great river. He traces its human history in detail, pays an eloquent tribute to its grandeur, and closes with a graphic account of the recent flood. There are many excellent full-page illustrations from photographs.

TOMBSTONE.
By Walter Noble Burns. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 388 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Tombstone was one of the most rowdy and picturesque of all the mining camps that flourished in the Western deserts during the late 70's and early 80's. Its name became the symbol of both sudden and immense riches and glorious wickedness. Mr. Burns, whose "The Saga of Billy the Kid" will be remembered, has unearthed its history from the files of the Tombstone *Epitaph* and *Nugget* and from other occult sources, and set it forth to vast effect. His first chapter tells the story of Ed Schieffelin, the founder of the camp, and his last offers a picture of Tombstone today, with its Business Men's Club, its Drama League and its Literary Society. The Old West is now no more. But lucky it is to have so diligent and appreciative an historian as Mr. Burns!

RASPUTIN.
By Felix Youssoupoff. *The Dial Press*
$5 9 x 6; 246 pp. *New York*

Grigori Rasputin was the son of a Siberian horse-thief, and a horse-thief himself. He was an imbecile who could hardly read or write. He created a reputation for himself as a holy man who could perform miracles, and was very successful, not only with chambermaids, but also with princesses of the blood. In fact, he won the love of the late Russian Empress and, it is said, was the real father of the idiotic Crown Prince. The author, strangely enough, makes no mention of this last matter, though it was a subject of general gossip in high circles even during the life of the Czar. Rasputin disappeared about the time of the beginning of the World War—precisely how, is still a mystery. Prince Youssoupoff claims he killed him, and in this book relates how he did it. It is an interesting tale, but full of incidents that strain one's belief. His portraits of the moron Czar and the moron Czarina are such as one would expect from an emigré who says of pre-war Russia that "the familiar stories of a 'barbarous country' ruled by despotic Czars with the aid of knout and whip are nothing more than crude inventions."

DICKENS DAYS IN BOSTON.
By Edward F. Payne. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9¾ x 6¼; 274 pp. *Boston*

This is a day-by-day record of Dickens' two memorable visits to Boston, the first in 1842 and the second in 1867. There are reprints of many of his letters, and a generous number of very interesting illustrations. It may seem incredible, now that Boston slowly descends to the level of Dayton, Tenn., but it is a fact that Dickens once said, "Boston is what I would like the whole United States to be."

IRELAND AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPE.
By Benedict Fitzpatrick. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$4 9¼ x 6; 451 pp. *New York*

Mr. Benedict here discusses the influence of Irish missionaries and scholars on Continental Europe from the Sixth Century to the Eleventh. He gives extensive treatment to Johannes Scotus Eriugena and Sedulius Scotus. He has dredged up a lot of interesting material in a field that has become the subject of intensive research only in the last seventy-five years, but his ecstatic manner is most absurd. Why are there so few Irishmen who can write about the history of their land without arguing that it is the mother of all modern civilization?

THE LIFE OF ROME.
Edited by H. L. Rogers and T. R. Harley.
The Oxford University Press
$2.50 7½ x 5; 264 pp. *New York*

The purpose of this book, as the editors state in the preface, "is to give a view of certain important aspects

Continued on page xxii

A FAIRY LEAPT UPON MY KNEE

by

BEA HOWE

William collected moths. He also collected Evelina in the same impersonal proprietory manner. Evelina would be his wife, a part of his household effects, a convenience, and a handsome appurtenance.

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Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir—$2.50

MY HEART AND MY FLESH

by ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Author of

THE TIME OF MAN

For the second time *The New York Times*, in its survey of the season's fiction, has placed Elizabeth Madox Roberts at the top of the list. Last year *The Time of Man* was accorded this honor. This year *My Heart and My Flesh* shares the highest place with Glenway Wescott's *The Grandmothers. My Heart and My Flesh* is the story of a woman of the Kentucky gentility, courageously facing the decay of life about her. Those who plunge themselves into its rich life, its pain and hope, will experience a unique adventure of mind and heart, emerging at the end in the light of an exquisite calm beauty. *Third Large Printing.* $2.50

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

of Roman home life and religion through translations of ancient literature itself." The authors they choose from are Catullus, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Livy, Suetonious, Plautus, Seneca, Plutarch, Tacitus, Juvenal, Tibullus, Virgil, Lucretius, Martial, Petronious and Pliny the Younger. The translations are by the editors.

THE CAPTURE OF OLD VINCENNES.
By George Rogers Clark. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.75 9 x 6; 231 pp. *Indianapolis*

George Rogers Clark was the leader of the first expedition against the English, in the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, in the region lying between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, the Ohio river and the Great Lakes. On February 25, 1779, he achieved the surrender at Vincennes of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton and his entire garrison, and thus paved the way for the Jay Treaty of 1795, whereby the English relinquished their claim on the Northwest forever. About six years before the treaty was signed, he wrote, at the request of his old friend, James Madison, a memoir of his celebrated campaign, and this is the first time it has been offered to the general public. The editor, Mr. Milo M. Quaife, has made many grammatical and other purely literary changes in the MSS. In the original it is often quite incomprehensible, for Clark, though a good military man, found it difficult to construct sentences that made sense. There is appended an account of the same expedition by Clark's opponent, Hamilton.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.
By Paul Radin. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 8⅝ x 5¾; 371 pp. *New York*

Dr. Radin's theme is not the Indian of today, but his ancestors. There is an excellent discussion of the cultural groups into which the pre-Columbian Indians were divided. They ran the scale from a very high degree of civilization to Paleolithic savagery. The Indians of Central and South America are also included. The book is packed with facts, and has many illustrations. It sadly lacks an index.

AN OXFORD HALL IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.
By Alfred V. Embden. *The Oxford University Press*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5⅝; 320 pp. *New York*

All of the Halls of Oxford have now been displaced by Colleges—all, that is, save St. Edmund. Mr. Embden studies its history and organization in great detail, from its foundation in the Thirteenth Century to the accession of Elizabeth, in 1559. His work is scarcely for the general reader, but it is of great interest and value to the student of the history of the English universities. It is heavily documented, and has a good index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BILLY THE KID.
By Pat F. Garrett. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 233 pp. *New York*

Garrett, who is now dead, was sheriff of Lincoln county, New Mexico, in its palmy days, and killed Billy the Kid there on July 13, 1881. A year later, at Santa Fé, he printed his "faithful and interesting narrative" of that celebrated butchery, along with certain other matter about the dead outlaw. This is reprinted in the present volume, with glosses by Maurice Garland Fulton.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: *Colonial Traveller.*
Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick.
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
$5 9 x 6; 416 pp. *Indianapolis*

This is the most exhaustive record compiled to date of Washington's whereabouts and doings from the day of his birth to June 15,1775. The editor, who is assistant chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, has had access to hitherto untouched material, and his book is thus of high value.

INTERPRETERS OF NATURE.
By George Newman. *The Oxford University Press*
$4.50 8¾ x 5⅝; 296 pp. *New York*

Herein are collected nine biographical sketches of some of the world's most famous students of medicine, special attention being given to Thomas Sydenham, Hermann Boerhaave, John Hunter, John Keats, Louis Pasteur and William Osler. They are all done with a fine enthusiasm.

DEGAS: *An Informal Portrait.*
By Ambrose Vollard. *Greenberg*
$3 9 x 5¾; 149 pp. *New York*

This is not a formal biography. Rather it is a series of revealing anecdotes about Degas by one who was acquainted with him intimately. There are sixteen reproductions of the master's work. The translation from the French is by Randolph T. Weaver.

SULLA THE FORTUNATE.
By G. P. Baker. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 320 pp. *New York*

Mr. Baker's book is as much a history of Sulla's times as it is a biography of the man. As a popular

Continued on page xxiv

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Continued from page xxii

study of that crucial period in the history of Rome it plainly takes high rank. But at times Mr. Baker lets his admiration for his subject carry him into somewhat puerile statements, as when he says that "next to Gaius Julius Caesar he [Sulla] was the greatest individual produced by ancient Rome."

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE.
By Susan Glaspell. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 445 pp. *New York*

A biography of George Cram Cook—novelist, philosopher, farmer, poet, actor, playwright—written around the endless fragmentary notes it was his habit to make on all the many things that interested him. With admirable restraint, Miss Glaspell has created a vivid picture of this varied and interesting man who was her husband.

ENGLISH WOMEN IN LIFE & LETTERS.
By M. Phillips and W. S. Tomkinson.
The Oxford University Press
$4 8 x 5¼; 408 pp. *New York*

This book describes the lives of past English women, of both low and high estate: from the Wife of Bath and the Lady Prioress, in the Canterbury Tales, to Charlotte Brontë and Mary Barton. The material is in the main historical, but the authors have drawn freely upon the stores of English fiction; thus, there are portraits of Moll Flanders and Pamela Andrews as well as of Dorothy Osborne and Elizabeth Pepys. The method of presentation is admirable: in general, the characters have been allowed to speak for themselves. There are numerous and charming illustrations. Unfortunately, for so heavily documented a book, it lacks a bibliography, but it has an adequate index. An interesting and valuable work, and a welcome addition to the Oxford Series on English Life and Letters.

THE LAST SALON: *Anatole France and His Muse.*
By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 362 pp. *New York*

A collection of letters picturing the last great Parisian salon and its hostess, Mme. Arman de Caillavet, who for nearly thirty years was surrounded by the men of note of her time, from the younger Dumas to Marcel Proust, and "whose influence over Anatole France . . ." says Montgomery Belgion, in his interesting introduction, "was so powerful that it and it alone brought his latent genius to flower." A charming book. The translation by Lewis Galantière is excellent.

Continued on page xxvi

FIRE! FIRE! THE CARGO IS AFIRE

"Suddenly there was a frightful racket! rattle! clanking of chain! hiss of water! and millions of sparks flew up into the shivering column of smoke! The catheads had burned away, and the two red-hot anchors had gone to the bottom, tearing out after them two hundred fathom of red-hot chain! The ship trembled! The mass of flame swayed as if ready to collapse, and the fore top-gallant-mast fell!"

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OLD STICK-LEG.
Edited by H. H. Austin. *The Dial Pre*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 206 pp. *New Yo*

Extracts from the diaries of Fort-Major Thom Austin, an English army officer who fought again Napoleon and lost a leg in doing so. They make rathe interesting reading, especially those relating the dc ings of the old-time army surgeons.

LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK TH GREAT.
Selected by Richard Aldington. *Brentano*
$5 8½ x 5½; 396 pp. *New Yor*

Selected letters from the correspondence of Voltair and Frederick the Great during the years 1736 to 177 including 223 of the original 654. A judicious collec tion in excellent translation. Richard Aldington's in troduction, however, is only fair. The book is attrac tively printed and has a bibliography and a goo index.

CRITICISM

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.
By Cleveland B. Chase. *Robert M. McBride & Compan*
$1 7¼ x 5⅛; 84 pp. *New Yor*

Mr. Chase is a newcomer among critics, but one o a considerable independence and originality. His dis cussion of Anderson is, in the main, unfavorable. H likes "Winesburg, Ohio" and believes that it will survive, but in most of the other books he finds only a feeble groping for ideas that finally elude the author, and a defective imagination. His analysis of Anderson's so-called mysticism is extraordinarily searching and illuminating. He writes a clear, crisp, vigorous English. The book is one of the series of Modern American Writers, edited by Ernest Boyd.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN POETRY.
By Gilbert Murray. *The Harvard University Press*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 274 pp. *Cambridge*

In this book, originally presented as a course of lectures for the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard, Professor Murray makes a plea to the poets of today to abandon their so-called realism and to go back to the classical tradition, which he interprets as "a *mimesis* [imitation] of imagination, not a *mimesis* of observation." In elaborating this idea he says, "Through practically all the ages the rule seems to hold that, so far as imaginative fiction is concerned, the present is the subject for prose, for realism and for satire; poetry dwells beyond some dividing veil, among the things which still live after Time has done his worst upon them. . . . Men may well and wisely devote their lives to the emancipation of slaves, or the education of peoples . . . ; excellent objects of

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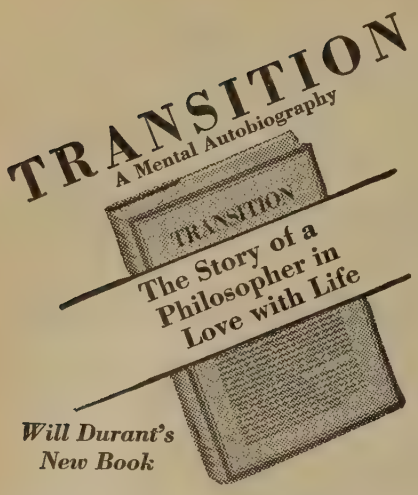

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Ernest Sutherland Bates in the *Saturday Review of Literature* says: Has Mr. Will Durant, after writing the most virile history of philosophers that has been produced in our period, now also written the most vital autobiography? It seems so, to one reviewer at least.

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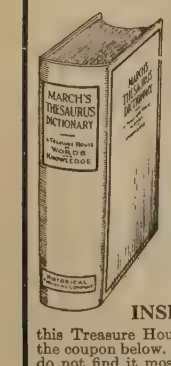

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Continued from page xxvi

devotion, . . . but somehow too near the surface of experience . . . for their roots to work down to the deep places from which poetry springs. . . . The kingdom of poetry is not for them. They are new and they argue. They explain and insist and are superseded. Poetry listens to no argument and opens her heart to no strangers."

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.
By Barker Fairley. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.25 8 x 5¼; 256 pp. *New York*

This is the first full length study of the works of the author of "Travels in Arabia Deserta." It is a comprehensive and able job, and singularly temperate in its praises. But a longer and more detailed biographical sketch would have made it more interesting to the general reader.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1927.
Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 400 pp. *New York*

The time covered in this anthology is from June, 1926, to May, 1927. There are twenty-three stories, and among the authors represented are Osbert Burdett, David Garnett, R. H. Mottram, Edward Sackville West and Shaw Desmond. There are the usual appendices of biographical sketches, bibliography of articles on the short story, etc.

MORE ENGLISH DIARIES.
Edited by Arthur Ponsonby.
The George H. Doran Company
$5 8⅞ x 5⅝; 250 pp. *New York*

SCOTTISH AND IRISH DIARIES.
Edited by Arthur Ponsonby.
The George H. Doran Company
$5 8⅞ x 5⅝; 192 pp. *New York*

Both of these anthologies of diaries extend from the Sixteenth Century till the last quarter of the Nineteenth—the English one runs over in the last few pages into the first quarter of the Twentieth. Happily, most of the authors chosen from were plain John Smiths, and thus the two books are of fresh historical value. Mr. Ponsonby has plainly put in a tremendous amount of editorial labor in the attempt to present only what was interesting, and his two general introductions and the notes interpolated throughout the text are very helpful.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927.
Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 460 pp. *New York*

The period covered in this anthology is from Sep-

Continued on page xxx

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By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

The day-dreaming son of Swedish immigrant farmers in Minnesota tries to produce a perfect wheat, but during his struggle with the forces of nature learns much of human passions and conflicts. His story is an epic of the pioneer spirit. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.* (February 8) $2.50

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tember, 1926, to July, 1927. Twenty stories are re printed, including one each by Ernest Hemingway Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer, Du Bos Heyward, James Hopper, Meridel le Sueur and Ala Sullivan. There is the usual supplementary material Mr. O'Brien's introduction, as heretofore, is worth less.

THE BOOK OF THE INN.
Edited by Thomas Burke. *The George H. Doran Compan*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 401 pp. *New Yor*

Herein are collected two hundred portraits of life in English inns from the earliest days to the coming o the railway hotel. The writers drawn from include nearly all the masters of the long period covered. Mr Burke's introduction is one of the best pieces of writing he has ever done.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.
Selected by Conrad Aiken. *The Modern Library*
95 cents 6¾ x 4¼; 367 pp. *New York*

The usual names are included in this anthology, with three exceptions: Sandburg, Ezra Pound and Masters. In explanation of the omissions Mr. Aiken says in his introduction: "The work of these three poets interests me in the mass . . . but disappoints me in the item."

THE FINE ARTS

THE GOLDEN BOOK.
By Douglas C. McMurtrie. *Pascal Covici*
$6 9¼ x 6¾; 406 pp. *Chicago*

In this stately history of book-making Mr. McMurtrie goes back to the earliest known inscriptions, and traces the history of writing before he comes to printing. His narrative is not exhaustive, but what he sets forth is well chosen, and to the whole he brings the illumination of his own wide experience as a printer and book-maker. There are many illustrations, and at the end there is a chapter in which the author protests eloquently against standardization in the design of books. "I should find very refreshing," he says, "a novel a little taller or a little wider or a little thinner than usual." The suggestion deserves the attention of American book designers.

THE HERITAGE OF MUSIC.
Edited by Hubert I. Foss. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.75 7⅝ x 5⅜; 265 pp. *New York*

A series of twelve essays by different hands on the leading figures in the history of music, from Palestrina to Ravel. They are addressed to the general public and are ably done. An index and a list of page numbers in the table of contents would make the book easier to read.

Continued on page xxxii

A BOOK OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE

By Howard Mumford Jones

Never before has there been such a tremendous interest in the origins of American culture, and never before this book has there been a really comprehensive examination of the French influence in the shaping of that culture. How deep *is* America's debt to France? Did she, along with other vast borrowings, take over French "revolutionary spirit," French economics, French literature, French philosophy, French art? Or is the whole tradition of our closeness to France a body of sentimental mythology?

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TRAVEL

FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS.
By Constance Sitwell. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.75 8 x 5¾; 157 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Sitwell took a trip with her brother through India, and in this book she records her observations on the land and its people. Mr. E. M. Forster, who writes the introduction, thinks that there is profound philosophy in them—in fact, they bring Plato to his mind. This is going a little too far. The truth is that they are very thin, and even puerile. The most brilliant idea in the book was called forth by the thought of Emperor Akbar, who built the city of Fatephur Sikri, now in ruins. It is: "Conquest by the sword isn't worth calling conquest."

OASIS AND SIMOON.
By Ferdinand Ossendowski. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 306 pp. *New York*

This account of a journey through Algeria and Tunisia, published in England under the title of "The Breath of the Desert," lasts through 306 pages with the help of artificial respiration. It is as formal as a Summer tour prepared for the Junior Auxiliary of Boonton. There are a bibliography, a glossary and an index. The translation is by Lewis Stanton Palen, Mr. Ossendowski's collaborator in "Beasts, Men and Gods."

CLEARED FOR STRANGE PORTS.
By Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Richard Derby and Kermit Roosevelt.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾ *New York*

The senior Mrs. Roosevelt contributes one article to the family pot-pourri covering her visits, at intervals from 1919 to 1927, to Paris, Italy, Rio de Janeiro and Russia. Richard Derby, Ethel Roosevelt's husband, tells of hunting in the wilds of Alaska. Kermit tells of searches for Korean tigers, of post-war observations of Russia, of tiger hunts in India, and of Christmas week in Mowgli Land. Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt concludes the book with a chapter on hunting with elephants. There are many illustrations from photographs.

PLEASANT DAYS IN SPAIN.
By Nancy Cox McCormack. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 298 pp. *New York*

During leisure hours between sittings by Primo de Rivera of Spain, Mrs. McCormack, well-known as a sculptress in America and Europe, traveled through Spain. She gives here a series of vivid word pictures

Continued on page xxxiv

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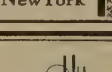

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of that colorful country. The volume includes seven half-tone reproductions of paintings by the Spanish artist, Lopez Mesquita, and a reproduction of the author's bust of General de Rivera. Decorative maps of Spain are used as end-papers.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS.
By Marmaduke Pickthall. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 277 pp. *New York*

For five Turkish pounds the author bought the release of Rashid, the fair, who became his faithful servant, and together with Suleymân, the story-telling dragoman, they wandered for two years through the hills of Palestine and Syria. The author found them a happy people. "Poor they might be, but they had no dreams of wealth . . . and rivalry was still a matter of the horse and spear. . . . In that easy going Eastern life there is a power of resistance, as everybody knows who tries to change it, which may yet defeat the hosts of joyless drudgery."

REPRINTS

THE POEMS AND LETTERS OF ANDREW MARVELL.
Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. *The Oxford University Press*
$10.50 9⅜ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 347+373 pp. *New York*

Andrew Marvell was born in 1621 and died in 1678. He was a member of Parliament for nineteen years, and in that capacity was of great help to Milton in his troubles with the Royalists. He was a satirist of much power, and a particular hater of political and ecclesiastical wind-bags. In these two volumes are reproduced the greater part of his poems and letters, and the obscurities in them are clarified by copious notes. A biographical note would have added to the interest of the reprint.

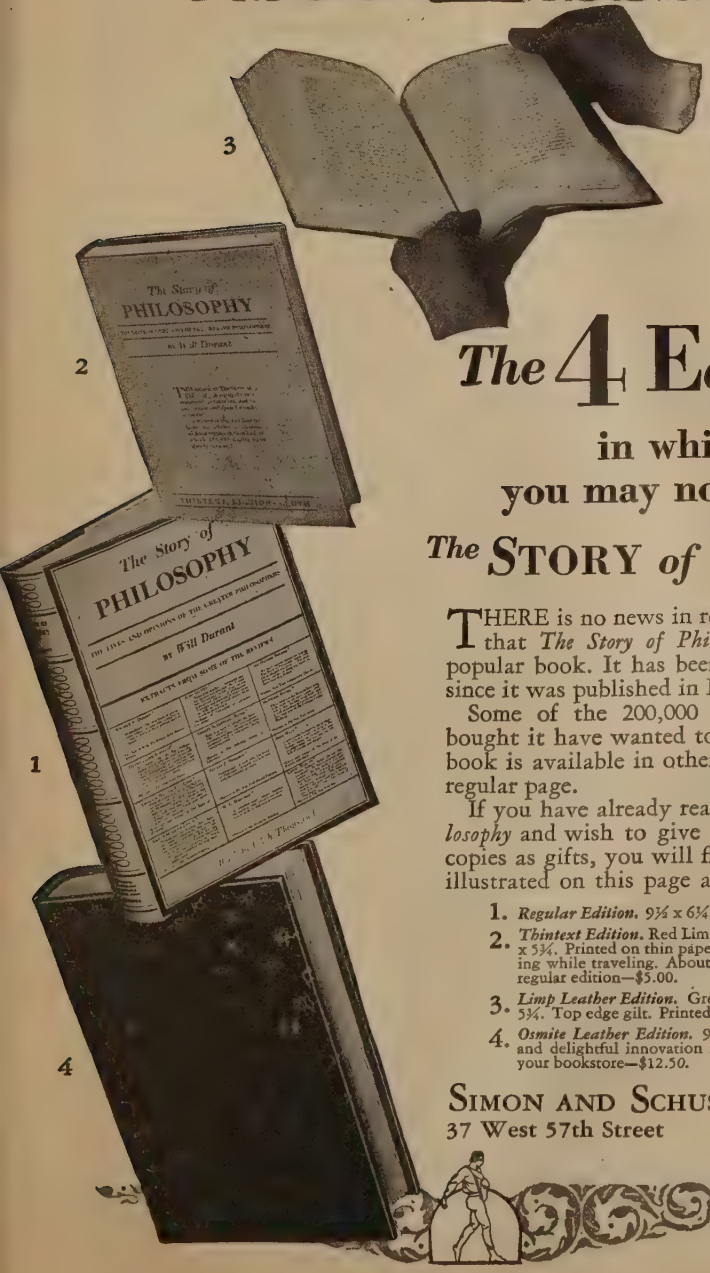
FROM "GALLEGHER" TO "THE DESERTER."
By Richard Harding Davis. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 733 pp. *New York*

Mr. Roger Burlingame, the editor, here reprints forty of Davis' short stories, including, beside the two title stories, such well-known ones as "The Bar Sinister," "The Mind Reader," "A Derelict" "A Question of Latitude," "Somewhere in France," and "The Amateur." There is a sympathetic introductory note.

OUR HELLENIC HERITAGE.
By H. R. James. *The Macmillan Company*
$4.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 948 pp. *New York*

This work was originally published in two volumes;

Continued on page xxxvi



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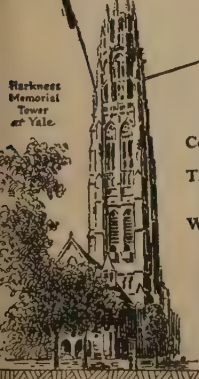

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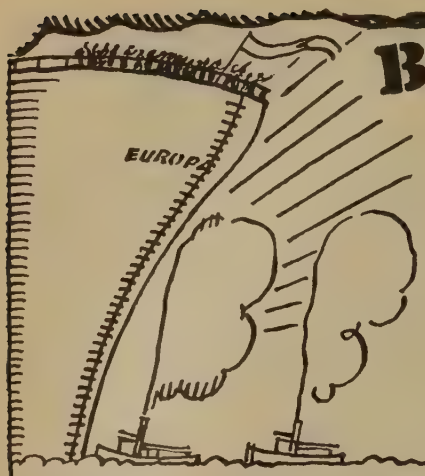

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THE TUBERCULOSIS GAME

BY MAURICE FISHBERG

THIRTY years ago, everybody, including the present writer, knew the cause of tuberculosis and the best means of its prevention. Koch had discovered the tubercle bacillus, studied its biological characteristics, and proved that it is an obligate parasite—that it lives and thrives only in the animal, including of course the human body, and perishes soon after leaving the living organism. Hence the corollary: to eradicate this most widespread of plagues we must prevent the germ from gaining entrance to the body. In those days we were convinced that this could be accomplished very easily in either one of two ways, provided enough money could be raised for the purpose: first, by killing the bacillus after it was eliminated from the body through the disinfection of sputum, the pasteurization of milk, and the destruction of all objects that had been contaminated by it; and second, by killing all animals, especially cattle, which harbored tubercle bacilli, and sequestrating all persons found to have been infected with the germ.

With these aims in view, a campaign has been waged ever since in nearly all countries considered civilized,—in our own land, most vigorously, and, what will be shown to be very important, most expensively. As befits our age, this campaign has been mainly educational, though here and there it has been reinforced by the police force or its equivalent. To judge by the published statistics (which discriminating people, as a rule, hesitate to do), the results have fully justified all the cost and effort. In the vast majority of countries for which vital statistics are available, the mortality from tuberculosis has declined—in some of them more than fifty per cent. Naturally enough, the agitators who have devoted their lives to the prevention of infection have not been slow to point out the great benefits that humanity has thus derived from their crusade. They show that they have saved not only hundreds of thousands of lives, but also a great deal of hard cash—if one considers the cost of raising a human being to the age of productivity and the cost of being sick. One of them has even calculated that tuberculosis at its worst costs the country no less than $500,000,000 annually. Certain "statisticians" have even shown that the saving in funeral expenses resulting from the diminished mortality would alone suffice to defray the cost of the campaign.

With a view to saving the $500,000,000, as well as the 100,000 people who die from tuberculosis annually in this country, the crusade was inaugurated. Its programme was, first and foremost, to prevent infection with tubercle bacilli. From small beginnings in 1905, an immense central

organization has been evolved, with subsidiaries in nearly every town and a horde of field workers. Most of the really active ones among them are not volunteers, and though a cynic may class them with the garden variety of paid social workers, they nearly all complain they are underpaid.

It seems that the usual methods of raising funds for a cause in this country, such as subscriptions, membership dues, endowments, drives and entertainments, were found wanting in this field, and so the Christmas Seal, an idea borrowed from Denmark, was introduced, with great success. During 1907, the first year of the selling campaign, only $3,000 was realized from the sale of the seals, but since then the number of people devoting their lives to the prevention of a disease they know little about has been increasing in geometric ratio, the salary lists have been swelling—and so have the sales of the seals. In 1914, $551,000; in 1923, $4,258,000; and in 1926, $5,050,000 worth were sold. Altogether, $42,258,000 was raised through the sales of seals between 1907 and 1926. This money has constituted about 95% of the sinews of war of the crusade. Somewhat naïvely, an official report says that "the Christmas Seal has become a sound investment as well as a dream come true."

Palliative measures, such as the building of sanatoriums and hospitals for the tuberculous sick, or rendering these unfortunates the financial assistance which they need badly if they are to be cured, are rather foreign to the aim of the crusaders. This work is left to other agencies, to which they give advice whether it is solicited or not. The army of crusaders is made up of specialists. Some are speakers who roam around speaking to town councils, fraternal organizations, clubs, such as the Rotary and Kiwanis, public-school children, and lately over the radio. For years one of the most highly esteemed crusaders was dressed as a clown.

Another mode of education, which is considered less effective than talk, but yet has a wide field of usefulness in a country where education is compulsory, is through the medium of the printed word. The crusaders have not neglected it. They have published enormous amounts of literature in the form of leaflets, pamphlets, posters and handbills, and also periodical publications giving very precise information about how tuberculosis, a disease of the masses, can be prevented. The editors of newspapers have been inundated with copy, but seem of late to have tired of the never-ending stream.

It seemed for a while as if the crusade might continue indefinitely, that funds to maintain the army of earnest workers devoted to the cause would continue to be raised by selling Christmas Seals in larger and larger numbers each year. But now the horizon is clouded by what Huxley called a "nasty little fact" that at times upsets a seemingly well-fortified theory. Some time ago workers of scientific equipment began to reëxamine the knowledge we possess about tuberculosis and soon they discovered that while we have exact information about the agent causing infection, we lack any knowledge about the factors operative in causing the disease in a person after he has been infected. Others, working along statistical lines, have found to their utter amazement that the fact that the death-rate from tuberculosis has declined by no means indicates that the collectors of funds have had anything worthy of mention to do with it. The result of all this has been a demand that we recast our views on the prevention of the disease.

It has been found, indeed, that the campaign against tuberculous infection has been really quite barren of results. The main, if not the only, aim of this campaign has been the prevention of the entry of tubercle bacilli into the human body. But over ninety per cent. of those born within the past twenty-five years and now past childhood show evidence that they have been infected with the germ of tubercu-

losis. While all are born free from the taint, it has been found that, despite the crusade, about ten per cent. of all infants are infected during the first year of life, about fifty per cent. before they reach six years, and that at eighteen over ninety per cent. of all human beings show unmistakable proof that they harbor tubercle bacilli within their bodies.

Irrespective of social and economic environment, and despite the agitation that has been carried on during the past twenty-five years, and the annoyance to which unfortunate lungers have been subjected by health officials and others bent upon preventing infection, practically every human being living in a city is bound to become infected before passing adolescence. This is but natural when we consider that the tubercle bacilli are ubiquitous and that, in the opinion of those competent to render authoritative opinion, they can be eradicated from the face of the globe only by killing all animals and all human beings who react to tuberculin. Some agitators, whose sympathies and attainments are on a par with those of Prohibition agents, would probably consent to such a programme, but the farm *bloc* in Congress would undoubtedly object to the first half of it, and the citizenry of the country would, I suspect, vigorously resist the second. And with justice, if only because the infected constitute the majority of humanity—in fact over ninety per cent. of the adults in any big city.

II

It is thus clear that, judged by its main aim, the anti-tuberculosis crusade has accomplished nothing. There could not have been much more than ninety per cent. of humanity infected before the campaigners began to collect funds and protect people from infection. Moreover, they do not prevent infection now, and they could not do it even if they engaged more and more propagandists to talk in schools, and clubs and on street corners, for the fact is that we know very little about how it takes place. As Eugene L. Opie, of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study of Tuberculosis, has said:

> The opinion that every individual in congested centers of population is infected with tuberculosis is widely accepted, but, although tuberculosis is one of the most accessible examples of endemic disease, knowledge concerning the spread of this nearly universal latent infection is vague, and its relation to manifest disease is almost wholly unknown.

The crusaders proceed with programmes elaborated as if they had all the information Dr. Opie says we do not possess. We are, in fact, not at all certain as to how the germs gain entrance into the human body, or as to how they finally settle in certain organs. Soon after Koch discovered the tubercle bacillus many bacteriologists pursued intensive studies in its mode of life. Their interest was particularly centered on the problem of what is known in medical parlance as the "channels of entry" of the bacilli. Some, mainly pupils of Koch, maintained that dust constituted the greatest danger. Consumptives expectorate indiscriminately, the sputum remains on the floor or sidewalk, and it contaminates their hands, clothing or anything else they may touch, such as door knobs, paper money, telephone receivers, street car transfers, etc. One writer, whose distinction as an investigator of the biology of the tubercle bacillus is decidedly less than his vociferousness as a crusader, enumerated no less than one hundred and nineteen "points of contact" which may serve as media for transmitting the bacilli from the sick to the healthy.

The bacilli do not die as soon as the sputum containing them dries; they remain in a state of watchful waiting till a healthy person touches them, or until, mixed with dust on the floor, they are raised all over the room when sweeping is done. A man free from the disease must breathe about sixteen times a minute. If he happens to be where such dust is swept, he is sure to inhale it, and with it many tubercle bacilli, which enter his lungs and settle there in

comfort. And the bacilli are comfortable there because they thrive best at the temperature of the human body, in moisture, and in the tissues of the lung, which have been pronounced the best diet for them. When it is remembered that a consumptive may throw off daily 7,200,000,000 bacilli —a number which, if placed end to end in single file, would make up a chain not less than twelve miles long—and that it takes but a few thousand to infect a human being, the great danger of this mode of infection becomes alarming to every public-spirited citizen.

For years this idea of infection was held sacred among research workers, and it still supports the line of talk perpetrated by agitators who delude themselves that they are in possession of exact knowledge about the spread of tuberculosis. But further research astonished the investigators, for they found that things were by no means as simple as all this. They noted that in homes inhabited by careless consumptives the dust is not as a rule dry and thinly pulverized; that when a floor is swept the dust does not usually rise the five feet from the ground necessary to reach the mouth and nose of the man or woman who happens to breathe there. And when they investigated further, carefully collecting dust from homes inhabited by consumptives as well as from hospitals and sanatoria harboring tuberculous patients, and examining bed clothes, handkerchiefs, furniture, rugs, curtains, telephone receivers and all other paraphernalia from rooms in which coughing and expectorating consumptives lived, they hardly ever found tubercle bacilli capable of infecting an animal. And no responsible investigator has ever found living tubercle bacilli in street dust.

Such investigators, basing their opinion on intensive study and investigation, began to insist that the idea of infection by dust was all wrong. They maintained that infection took place through the contact of healthy persons with sick, coughing consumptives. They found that when coughing—some go so far as to say when merely speaking or even breathing—consumptives diffuse small particles, droplets, of sputum containing tubercle bacilli, which remain floating in the air for some time and may be inhaled into the lungs of any unsuspecting victim who happens to be around. By various ingenious devices these investigators found that the air near a coughing consumptive may show such droplets full of tubercle bacilli at a distance of two or three feet.

But one eminent medical man who has studied the problem in great detail, and who is not only a laboratory worker but also a practicing physician of high attainments, reports that he placed a feeble-minded child in a bed in which a patient with advanced tuberculosis, expectorating rather carelessly myriads of tubercle bacilli, slept for several days—and the child was not infected. The same doctor watched his own children while they were brought up in a large city and had many opportunities to inhale tubercle bacilli and become infected if sputum deposited on clothing could ever prove infectious. But his children remained free from this taint until they came into direct contact with a person who coughed and expectorated tubercle bacilli. All of which goes to show that only direct contact with tuberculous coughers is responsible for infection, and not intermediate things such as clothing, telephone receivers, door knobs and the rest of the 119 "points of contact" mentioned above.

But this is not all. There are acknowledged authorities who insist that "infection by ingestion" is alone responsible for most of the tuberculosis we have to cope with. We get tubercle bacilli into our digestive organs, they say, by swallowing milk derived from tuberculous cows or food that has been handled by tuberculous salespersons. There are obviously many possibilities of infection in this manner. For instance, flies in a room inhabited by a coughing consumptive may alight on the spittoon which is used by the patient,

and then settle, if only for a moment, on food, thus leaving some of the material they picked up on their journey. Likewise, eating utensils, such as plates, spoons, knives, etc., handled by the tuberculous and not sterilized after use, may carry the germs. Hence, all restaurants are to be avoided—if one considers the number of persons who handle the eating utensils therein, among whom there are bound to be some consumptives!

Those who hold that ingestion is the main means of infection maintain that when bacilli are inhaled with the air they do not, as a rule, enter the lungs directly, but are first swallowed. Reaching the digestive tract they may produce disease there, but more commonly they pass through the walls of the tract and are carried by the lymph and blood all over the body, reaching the glands, bones and joints in children and the lungs in adults. To those who hold these views tubercle bacilli in dust or droplets are only dangerous when swallowed, though they hold that the most common mode of infection is through contaminated food.

From all this it appears that those who are entitled to an opinion are by no means unanimous as to how the bacilli gain entrance into the body and as to what measures should be taken to prevent infection. When one bears in mind the inconveniences to which one must subject one's self in attempting to dodge the bacilli, the nuisance one can make of one's self at the business, and the number of people who would lose their jobs if fanatics were allowed to determine whether or not they were dangerous to others, it becomes clear that a great deal more exact information is necessary before we can justifiably inaugurate strict methods of prophylaxis.

The quarrel among investigators about the "channels of entry" and the mode of infection was very intense about twenty-five years ago, at which time a host of laboratory workers were enthusiastically devoting their lives to attempts at the solution of the problem. Those who held to the inhalation and dust theory demolished their confrères quite as effectively and convincingly as the latter annihilated the pet theories of the former group, and for some time peace reigned. But about five years ago a German medical journal sent out a questionnaire to the most eminent authorities on this subject and it appeared from the answers that hardly one agreed with the others. During the past three years the problem has been subjected to reinvestigation by several new groups of German savants and it may be stated that they have not got much further than their predecessors twenty-five years ago. They are still not unanimous as to the mode of infection.

III

In round numbers, only one out of ten people dies from tuberculosis, despite the fact that all the other nine have also been infected with tubercle bacilli. This is surely enough to show that infection alone is insufficient to cause disease. In fact, it appears that actual tuberculous disease is the exception rather than the rule after infection; the average person passes through life fairly healthy, despite the tubercle bacilli within his body. We know very little about the reasons why some become sick while most escape, but we do know that these infections are salutary to the vast majority of humanity. For it has been found that, just as in measles, typhoid, scarlet fever and many other infectious diseases, an attack of tuberculosis immunizes against another attack by the same virus. Most attempts made by modern immunologists at the prevention of the disease are based on this immunological principle.

That the practically universal tuberculization of civilized humanity has certain protective features is clearly seen in peoples who have not had the benefit of infection during childhood. In equatorial Africa tuberculosis is very rare at present, and it was unknown until introduced by white

travelers and settlers. Likewise, the Eskimos were free till recent years because of their lack of contact with civilized people and tubercle bacilli. But when these tubercle-free people are brought to Europe or America they are soon infected, and the disease usually runs in them a very acute and, in the majority of cases, fatal course. During the World War the Negro troops brought from the interior of Asia by the English had an enormous rate of infection and death from tuberculosis. The same may be observed when some youth or girl brought up in the country, secluded from contact with the world at large, reaches the city; in such persons the disease is apt to be very acute, the so-called hasty consumption. But it is different with those who have been raised in tuberculized regions, in the large industrial cities. The majority, though undoubtedly infected, escape the disease altogether, while those who become sick with tuberculosis suffer from a more or less chronic form of the disease, and it tends strongly to healing.

The protective nature of tuberculous infection in the vast majority of cases is considered of such great importance that some authorities speak with dread lest the current crusade be successful in preventing the infection of children and thus depriving them of its immunizing effect. I quote but one of many eminent authorities, Louis Cobbett, of Cambridge, England, who thus expresses himself in his book, "The Causes of Tuberculosis":

> At the same time it would appear that great care must be taken lest things be made worse instead of better; for if this immunization by means of small doses of widely distributed bacilli is playing any important part in increasing the resistance of the present generation, it is just possible that by checking the distribution of the bacilli, as for example by discouraging indiscriminate spitting, or by abolishing bovine tuberculosis from dairy cattle, we may actually be undermining the resistance of the race, and paving the way for a future increase in the severity of the disease.

How much protection is offered by these early infections is shown by several very interesting phenomena. The most intimate contact of individuals is in the marital state and hence, if the crusaders are right, this should prove a frequent source of transmission of the disease. However, we only rarely find tuberculosis in both husband and wife. Some years ago I made an investigation of this problem among a certain group of tuberculous people who lived in poverty in some of the most congested tenements in New York City. Most of the consumptives investigated shared their beds with their consorts. Yet in less than three per cent. was tuberculous disease found in both husband and wife—which was less than the average expectation. Widows whose husbands have succumbed to tuberculosis only rarely develop the disease. It is also noteworthy that only rarely do we meet both husband and wife taking treatment for tuberculosis in a sanatorium. It is, of course, different in the cities where public health nurses pester wives of tuberculous husbands to attend clinics for "observation," or as suspects—which they may remain for years. The vast majority of cases of tuberculosis in both husband and wife prove on investigation to have been present before the union was contracted.

The immunity of the consorts of tuberculous patients is probably due to infection with tubercle bacilli during childhood, which we have seen to be universal. This interpretation is the only rational explanation we have for such phenomena as the rarity of tuberculous disease in doctors, nurses and others on the hospital staffs of institutions harboring tuberculous patients. Experience shows that they are no more liable to develop the disease than persons engaged in other callings and less exposed to infection. And it is not only a fact now, with precautions taken against infection, but it was observed long ago, when tuberculosis was not treated as an infectious disease.

Why do most of those infected with tubercle bacilli get along very well for the rest of their lives while a comparatively few develop a disabling or fatal form of the disease? The day we find the reasons for

this fact we may be on the way to eradicating tuberculosis. Physicians nowadays speak a great deal about predisposition, meaning that, owing to some constitutional anomaly, the body of a predisposed person succumbs in its struggle with the bacillus, while those free from this anomaly survive despite the bacilli. But we know little, I may say hardly anything, about what structural or functional anomalies thus predispose to tuberculous disease. Indeed, we are so hazy about predisposition that no physician, even of the highest competence, after examining a healthy person most thoroughly and applying all available diagnostic tests, can tell whether he or she will develop tuberculosis later on. The suspects kept under observation and in suspense in clinics and sanatoriums for weeks, months or years are either not organically sick at all, have other maladies, or are already actively tuberculous.

At one time it was thought that slim persons with flat chests, long necks, large bright eyes and feeble musculature were predisposed to tuberculosis. It was also believed, contrariwise, that strong, muscular, well-nourished individuals were safe against the bacillus. Careful observation has shown all this to be erroneous in most cases. When a bony, emaciated, narrow-chested man develops tuberculosis his chances of recovery are good as a rule, because the progress of the disease in such men is slow, and strong tendencies to recovery are manifest. The reverse is true of strong men, the professional boxers, runners and football players. When they become sick with tuberculosis, and this happens more often than is appreciated, they are often carried off very quickly. Physicians of the past generation made a similar error with persons who had what was called inherited tuberculous predisposition. They were told to beware of consumption, for they were thought to be more apt to acquire it than others, and to fare very badly when they got it. But the fact is that, barring infants, when a person of tuberculous ancestry becomes sick with the disease, his chances of recovery are better than those of a man in whose family a case of tuberculosis has never occurred.

These are not the only fallacies hammered into the populace by those who persistently distribute piffle in the form of leaflets and booklets, and even elaborate books, on the prevention of tuberculosis as if they knew how to do it. No one will question the adage that cleanliness is next to godliness in all human affairs, but in itself it has hardly anything to do with tuberculous disease. Excepting in freshly expectorated sputum, tubercle bacilli virulent enough to infect an animal have hardly ever been found in the streets or in the dust of shops, factories, mills, or public places. Likewise, the fresh air fiends who insist that lack of sunshine is a direct cause of consumption may be amazed when told that coal-miners, who only rarely see the light of day, are not often afflicted with tuberculosis. Another class of workers in the dark are the employés of the subways. Very few develop tuberculosis. The vivid descriptions of the "lung blocks" in New York City some twenty years ago did not take into consideration that these dingy tenements were inhabited mainly by tenants who could not pay the rents exacted in better houses—often, no doubt, because the disease had already disabled and impoverished them.

As bearing upon the greatest boast of those engaged in the anti-tuberculosis crusade, the reduction in mortality from this disease, I quote the words of one who is an acknowledged authority in both biology and statistics—none less than Dr. Raymond Pearl, head of the Institute for Biological Research at the John Hopkins, who said in an address before the American Public Health Association in 1922:

> Some persons are apt to get very angry if one questions in the most objective and scientific spirit what are the causes of the decline in the tuberculosis death-rate. They take the ground, apparently, that because their *efforts* to reduce this mortality were sincere and honest and in the highest degree noble, therefore the decline has

> been in actual fact *caused* by these efforts, and that to question them is to impugn both their motives and their efficiency. As a matter of scientific fact, extremely little is known about why the mortality from tuberculosis has declined.

In such infections as smallpox and typhoid fever, the decline in mortality clearly *followed* the introduction of effective preventative measures. With tuberculosis this has not been the case. Before the discovery of the tubercle bacillus in 1882, no preventative measures against infection had been taken; still, it appears that the mortality from the disease had been declining for many years. Dr. Arthur Ransome has shown that the mortality rates increase steadily as we go backward for more than 150 years:

> In the years 1743–53 there were fairly accurate transcripts from the parish registers; the proportion of deaths was rather more than one fifth; in the first returns of the Register General in 1838, in London, it was one to six or eight. In other words, the rate per thousand deaths in the former period was about 200, and in the latter about 148. Hence in the middle of the Eighteenth Century tuberculosis must have been still more common than in 1838; and then the diminution in the mortality from the disease must have been proceeding steadily, at about the same rate as observed in the earlier years.

A little reasoning will show that this could not have gone on indefinitely, for if it had, every Englishman five hundred years ago must have died of tuberculosis. Karl Pearson, the highest authority on biometrics in England, concludes that

> the mortality rate from tuberculosis has been declining since 1838, *i.e.*, long before any special measures had been taken for the control of the disease, or the segregation of the sources of infection—tuberculous human beings and animals —had been attempted.

Most other authorities in England, where the decline can be measured for many years back with some degree of certainty, are in agreement with these views. In a recent report to his government, John Brownlee, who ranks high both as a physician and as a statistician and is director of the Statistical Department of the Medical Research Council, arrives at the conclusion that

> there is no doubt that a considerable part of the decline of tuberculosis in recent years is in line with the biological properties of disease in general, and has little to do with hygienic conditions.

The crusade has plainly not worked effectively in every place where it has been applied. For instance, the mortality in 1924 in Syracuse, N. Y., was 34.4 per 100,000, whereas in neighboring Albany it was 99.9, about three times as high. In Trenton, N. J., it was 73.2, in Camden 66.5; in Cincinnati, O., 106.9, in Toledo 95.6, and in Youngstown only 56.7. There must be some reason for these differences, either in the method of collecting statistics, in the racial or age-group composition of the population, in the occupations predominantly pursued, in local climatic conditions, or in numerous other factors about which we know little or nothing. But one thing is clear; the campaign against infection, which is all the crusaders can claim to have pursued, has been futile. An examination of the population born since the inauguration of the campaign shows that all past childhood have nevertheless been infected with tubercle bacilli.

IV

It may be amazing to those who have been fed up with the stuff distributed by anti-tuberculosis societies and health boards, but it is a fact that there is no unequivocal case on record showing that the exposure to infection of a civilized adult in a modern city has been followed by tuberculous disease. Evidence is available, indeed, that tuberculosis cannot be experimentally induced in humans as easily as it is inoculated into guinea pigs and rabbits. Injection of tubercle bacilli into human beings has been tried several times by experimenters and hardly any serious harm has been observed to follow. Of late several European physicians have tried virulent tubercle bacilli as a cure for tuberculosis in human beings. They have inoculated several thousand bacilli under the skin of patients and even injected them into veins,

but no tuberculous blood-poisoning was observed to follow. These facts are in marked contrast to the ease with which infants become sick after exposure, and it is clear that the fear of infection with tubercle bacilli is without foundation as regards adults. If they are to become tuberculous, the causes are not alone the tubercle bacilli, which everyone has in his or her body, but other factors about which we know little or nothing.

Much has been written about cases of tuberculosis that have followed soon after slight or intimate contact, as those in Germany some thirty years ago, in which it was believed that sisters in a certain convent succumbed one after another after moving into certain rooms in the cloister in which tuberculous nuns had lived before. There have also been cited husbands who succumbed to the disease after marrying tuberculous wives, and workmen who became sick soon after contact in the workshop with coughing consumptives. But none of these cases will bear close scrutiny. In that of the convent I have mentioned, an investigation showed that the morbidity was high in the institution mainly because tuberculous nuns were sent there in larger numbers than to others; it was also found that the mortality was not actually much above that among the general run of women of the same age and social condition. The few cases of conjugal tuberculosis that have been noted in popular and technical literature are analogous to the many cases of cancer and diabetes in both husband and wife which are encountered. Indeed, a careful study of material gathered in England by investigators eminently fit to judge statistics has shown that the chances of tuberculosis occurring in both consorts are about the same as the chances of insanity occurring, and a German authority has found that cancer in both consorts is more apt to occur than tuberculosis. Metchnikoff's personal experience is very interesting. He wrote:

> At the age of twenty-three I married a young lady of the same age who was attacked by grave pulmonary tuberculosis. Her condition of feebleness was such that it was necessary to carry her in a chair in order to mount the few steps which led to the church where our marriage was to be celebrated. . . . My wife died of tuberculosis after four years of suffering. I passed the greater part of that time by her side in the greatest intimacy without taking any precautions against the contagion; nevertheless, in spite of these conditions, which were especially favorable for catching the disease, I have remained free from tuberculosis, and that during forty-four years since my marriage.

But totally disregarding the paucity of exact knowledge of the modes of tuberculous infection, and the differences between tuberculous infection and actual tuberculous disease, the crusaders have been broadcasting misinformation which has proved very disagreeable and at times unbearable to the unfortunate consumptive, and no less so to those who were merely suspects or not at all sick with the disease. We meet with cases in which after a visit from the public health nurse, who talks authoritatively and inculcates misinformation about the dangers of infection, a tuberculous patient, who may have been cured of his disease, loses his job or is turned out of his lodging. Parents insist that their sick son or daughter must submit to banishment to an institution. A patient is abandoned by the husband or wife, or is shunned by everyone as a bearer of pestilence. Fifteen years ago, Edward R. Baldwin, one of the highest authorities on tuberculosis in this country, wrote:

> Adults are very little endangered by close contact with open tuberculosis, and not at all by ordinary association. . . . It is time for a reaction against the extreme ideas of infection now prevailing. There has been too much read into the popular literature by health boards and in lectures that has no sound basis in fact and it needs to be dropped out or revised.

But the crusaders have not yet revised their views or their method of attacking the problem.

LADY BUYERS

BY FRANCES ANNE ALLEN

THEIRS is a distinct caste. They are the Brahmins of the ready-to-wear store world. Mere salespeople are the pariahs. The lady buyer's companions are other lady buyers. No one else understands her. Her men friends are few if any, for her comparatively large salary and air of assurance scare them away.

She is a steady patron of the beauty parlor on the third floor of her store. If you cannot find her in her department, ten to one that is where she is. She looks at the pictures and advertisements in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Women's Wear*. The reading matter therein rarely attracts her—nor does any other reading matter. She makes no attempt to acquire what is called culture in any form. She is above it.

However, she possesses one vastly important earmark of an American lady . . . an earmark which no one can overlook. She may say "Eye-talian" even after having been sent abroad by her firm, she may write "formally" for formerly, and "shamme" for chamois, and may unashamedly flaunt a dozen grammatical errors, but always, standing her in good stead, and ready at the tip of her tongue is her crystal-clear, British pronunciation of "either." She says the staunch word with such hauteur as to make one forget her other mistakes, and even feel apologetic for having noticed them. Nothing on earth could make her whisper eether in the darkest corner of a stock-room. She knows it would ruin her socially.

But she makes no effort to learn to pronounce the French names she uses daily in her business. A dress buyer may purchase French frocks in the wholesale market and sell them in her retail store for ten, twelve, or fourteen years, and mispronounce the names of the French designers with as much equanimity the fourteenth year as she did the first. Always it is Leelong, Longvong, Reg-ny, Pattow, Mollynoo. If a customer pronounces one of them rightly, the buyer, with a grand gesture, passes it over, and repeats the name the way she knows it should be. And why shouldn't she know? My God, she bought the dresses, didn't she?

Taken as a whole, lady buyers possess the ability to learn nothing outside of their business to a degree that is astonishing. They repulse all semblance of acquiring knowledge of anything removed from their field of activity with a thoroughness that is really admirable. They move through the world marvelously untouched, totally unimpressed by any new facts. No doubts, no imaginings, no impractical flights of fancy assail them to mar their steady onward march toward bigger and better positions, and large salaries. They are probably the most self-satisfied female species, outside of the hearthside feline, known to man.

Some of that self-satisfaction comes from within, for the lady buyer is an epicure. She never lunches at noon. At one o'clock or after you may see her preparing to go to luncheon. Not mere lunch. She has probably made arrangements to meet another buyer in the store. She renews her make-up, dons her hat and coat, pulls on her gloves, picks up her bag, steps to the elevator, and alights at the tea-room floor, looking as though she had just come down town.

Her measured and leisurely table manners are exactly those of movie society people . . . in fact, you might mistake her for one of them. The store may have a cafeteria for its employees, but the lady buyer never ventures into it even if she is in a hurry. She would rather not eat.

See her moving about her department and you see a queen among bees. Her voice, stridently commanding, may be heard ever and anon above the bustle of business. "Miss Olson! Pick up those coats! Whaddaya mean by leaving the merchandise all over! You gotta tend to business!" She is dynamic . . . superior.

Should an undiscerning customer mistake her for a salesperson, she immediately puts that one in her place. "Just a moment please, and I'll have one of my girls take care of you. Miss Cane, come and take care of this customer please! . . . Oh, busy? . . . Miss Fremont, are you busy? . . . The girls are all busy, Madame, but perhaps I can take time enough to help you." She scrutinizes her brilliant nails. "Now what was it?" She may unbend if the sale should prove difficult. She is a good saleswoman.

II

She has two interests in life. These are her appearance and her business. She has a clothes consciousness that far surpasses your own when you dream you have been caught on Broadway *sans culotte*. It is perfectly safe to say that no one, not even the oft-photographed best-dressed woman in the world, is dressier than a lady buyer. She is first with the latest. If side flounces are fashionable, she appears in a side-flounced dress while it is still hot from the manufacturer. Boleros come in and she buys a bolero frock before the magazines can go to press proclaiming them. Paris tells the world that printed velvet is going to be *the* fabric of the day. The lady buyer already has a printed velvet hanging in her closet, and can complacently thumb her nose at Paris.

She vies in modishness with the other buyers in her store. It is a great little race that takes most of her salary. But she carries on a flourishing second-hand trade with her "old" things among the saleslgirls. "Oh, do you want that little beaded number I got last month? . . . No, I can't wear it any more. It's too old. But it's a sweet little thing and I know you'll be happy in it. I'll let you have it for half price." Business to the fore!

She never wears anything out. It would be a sacrilege, and too far beneath her standard for contempt. The average price of the little numbers she wears to business is perhaps $69.50, though an occasional little Milgrim model at $135 is no rarity. The girls who buy her clothes from her are sure of getting bargains, even though they may have to pay for them by eating sandwiches from home at noon instead of buying grand lunches in the cafeteria.

Once one of the species has come into your life, you can always pick them out of a crowd. It is only natural, what with their backgrounds and mental processes having been formed through like experiences, that they should choose similar clothes. There are few biological sports among them. At present they are wearing straight black coats with immense shawl collars of red fox or black lynx, which they wear wrapped so tightly about themselves that the rear view is distinctly bulbous. (Two years ago their coats were lavish with monkey fur.) Their hats are small, closely-fitting black felt ones, with resplendent pins of brilliants stuck somewhere on one side. These are worn well down over the eyes, which automatically necessitates the lifting of the chin, at once giving a swell effect and allowing them to see where they are going.

The uniform is furthered by beige hose, high heeled black suède pumps, and dazzlingly clean chamois-colored pullon gloves. No buyer who gets a decent salary would be seen wearing gloves with the slightest suggestion of cloudiness about them. And the scorn with which they view

the undisguisedly soiled gloves of the socially elect makes conversation at many a prolonged luncheon hour. From their chastely simple handbags peep the four even corners of printed French handkerchiefs, which either harmonize with their costumes, or give a neat but not gaudy color accent.

It is their jewelry, however, that makes the novice think they must make twenty thousand a year. Diamond wrist-watches are matters of course. Diamond rings come next . . . gorgeous affairs in high basket settings, surrounded by a baker's dozen of lesser satellites, or perhaps a couple of genteel sapphires. They actually pay for these gewgaws themselves, and occasionally have been known to use the five dollars down method, though they keep it veiled in secrecy.

Last year, a lady buyer would as soon have been caught chewing gum as to be seen without her pearl choker. These were three, two, or single strand contrivances that lived up to their names, for the buyer wore hers so tightly that every bead left its impression. But now gold jewelry is in vogue, and nowhere does it get more enthusiastic support than from the lady buyer. For gold jewelry is nothing if not toney, and when you get a choker, a bracelet, a shoulder pin, and possibly a hat ornament all assembled on one person, it can't be missed. And no buyer is going to be missed.

Their final badge by which you may recognize them, is a huge bunch of artificial flowers blooming riotously from the left shoulder. One $5.95 bunch of blue or white violets, apple blossoms or corn flowers is not enough. They pin two together, and even run the risk of having part of their faces covered up, in order to allow the posies to cascade in unrestrained glory.

Small wonder that females of such magnificence strike awe and ambition to the heart of little Susie Chambers, bundle girl! She may be a buyer herself some day, if she watches her breaks. Brains ain't everything! A lot of them started that way, but you must never, never remind them of it.

Perhaps their lowly beginnings are the underlying cause of their meticulous care of their persons. Lady buyers bathe even more often and more carefully than the better class of purveyors of illicit joys . . . and talk about it a great deal more. They buy such quantities of bath salts and scented soaps and powders that the toiletries departments in their stores are always a couple per cent. ahead of their quota. Pass a pair of buyers talking together before business begins in earnest in the morning and you will hear them boasting about it. . . "My deah, I nearly boiled myself alive in my tub this mawning!" . . . or, "When I was ready for my tub last night there wasn't any hot water and I had to wait a *whole hour* for it, but I just *couldn't* go to bed without my tub!"

This fastidiousness extends to their lingerie. It is exquisite. The lingerie of June brides pales into insignificance beside it. Buyers' opinions of glove silk vests and bloomers would scarcely bear printing. They must have filmy nuances of chiffon, georgette, or triple voile elaborated with French flowers, lace, or embroidery, . . . lingerie in which they would be glad to be caught in a fire or have to be taken to the hospital.

The reason for the fanciness isn't just because they love nice things. It is their duty to themselves. They buy many of their clothes within their own stores. They go to the alteration rooms to have them fitted. The alteration women see their lingerie, gasp at it, envy it, talk about it in the store cafeteria. The buyer becomes invested with a sort of gauzy aura. If her salesgirls know she wears exquisite lingerie they will respect her more. It is good publicity. There is something that commands reverence about a person who you know could never be surprised or embarrassed under any circumstances because she doesn't own a single pair of stepins that ought to be thrown away.

Beneath the lingerie of every buyer is a corset. Not one has ever betrayed her profession by going without one. She will tell you firmly that no woman is really well-dressed without a corset, whether the modern idea is to relegate them to the past or not. It may be hazarded that her epicurean tendencies together with her years make a corset a necessity, for the years of the average buyer are well in advance of those of the young thing to whom a corset is a shroud. But do not entertain for a moment the idea that her corset is just a corset. Indeed, it is a fit companion for her lingerie. It is a gleaming pink creation of hand-loomed elastic, cleverly hidden boning, coy rosebuds, and brocaded broché that would do credit to any show-window. Could any buyer help but adopt the grand manner with such elegant support?

When it comes to make-up, an actress has nothing on the lady buyer. Most of them are too old for the strength of color they apply, but it is a habit acquired through years of seeing their reflections under electric lights in mirrors that make them look a little green, and they don't mean any harm by it. Glistening powder, white and thick, covers the neck and comes off with annoying persistence on the little Pattow model picked up on the last trip to N' Yawk. Lipstick of a far too light and youthful shade follows the outline of the lips almost, but not quite to the corners. Cheek rouge is carried well up under the eyes and to the hair at the temples. (The girls in the beauty parlor invariably tell them that that is the way Nature does it.) Mascara applied with the happy illusion that it gives depth to the orbs, harshly outlines sharp eyes, and fools no one. The result is a perfect picture, painted with all the care of the artist who loves his subject.

Perfumes are another of the lady buyer's weaknesses. She buys them not so much for their fragrance as for their price . . . (Well, it oughta smell nice—it cost $22.50 an ounce!) . . . and they must be impawted. Any buyer who has the right amount of pride would hand in her resignation if her apartment, when raided, should reveal a bottle of domestic perfume. As she sweeps majestically through the store, there follows in her wake such a wave of Nuit de Noël ($27.50), Shalimar ($25), Ptah ($17.50), or La Belle Saison ($20) as to impress upon all present that there goes a person of importance. The French idea of putting one drop of perfume on the lingerie the day before you expect to wear it, the lady buyer brands as the silliest thing she ever heard of. Hers is no such niggardly method. Do you think for a minute that just because the perfume cost a lot she is going to save it? Certainly not. Styles in perfumes go out, and go out fast, and you have to use what is on hand before it gets out of date.

III

But while thought of their appearance is always uppermost, lady buyers are almost equally concerned with their other interest —their business. Here they also have much in common. Not one of them but believes she is the best buyer God ever made, that her taste is perfect, that the store would go to the dogs without her. Not one but will tell you that hard work and ability have put her where she is today. Not one but is inordinately proud of herself.

Practically all of them have grown up in the business. The average began as a salesgirl at the age of sixteen or seventeen, after a year or two of high-school which proved to be a great bore. She punched the time-clock every morning at eight-fifty with five hundred other girls, and listened once a week to high-flown talk about Our Store Is Just a Big Happy Family, rendered by the merchandise manager, the superintendent, or that exalted personage, the Owner. Lustily she sang songs at the Pep Fests that were organized the day before each big sale. The tunes were currently popular. The words, written in odd moments by the ex-schoolma'am who had

charge of the Adjustment Bureau, told her she would bend every effort, would give her last drop of energy toward making more copious sales for the glory of the store, which they all loved more than home and mother.

She got down to work every day in the year on time, or very nearly, and stayed until five-thirty on week days, and six on Saturdays except during the Summer months, when, through the great, surging, magnanimous instincts of the Owner, the store closed at five, and gave her and the rest of the five hundred a whole extra hour to do with as they would.

Her ambition came to the fore almost immediately. She had no intention of being a salesgirl all her life. It did not take her long to see that standing around on tired feet and parroting "May I help you, Madame?" had its limitations. Although she feared and hated her buyer, she took her for her example. Early in her career she learned to say patronizingly, "Here's a pretty little thing—only $197.50. . . Oh, you don't want to pay that much? But you just about *have* to if you want anything smart! . . . Oh, you don't? Well just a moment and I'll see what else I can find."

She discovered that there is nothing more important in the world than clothes and she bought the most expensive she could possibly afford. She cannily yessed her buyer until, when the opportunity came after five or six years, she was made her assistant. Then she was in a position to come into direct contact with the store executives.

When the buyer went on buying trips there was always something that could be managed to take the new assistant to the offices . . . to see the superintendent about one of the girls who had been caught stealing, to see the merchandise man about marking down some articles for a sale. She grabbed every opportunity by the forelock and saw to it that she was noticed. If she had both looks and ambition, and there was a vulnerable man who held an important position in the store (and almost all apparel stores have male executives, who, because of the very natures of their jobs, have eyes in their heads for a pretty face and a well-turned ankle), she began the old, old game known as playing the firm.

She got in good with one of them. She sat home nights, trying to think up things that would make the department more attractive, and when she got an idea, she went to him with it, and suggested it with all the guile there was in her. If she heard customers asking for a certain article which was not in stock, and the buyer did not intend to buy it, she evinced the Right Interest in the store by going to her executive and telling him that she was sure she could make a lot of sales if they would only get some in. When the store gave a party for the employees, and the executives attended to show that they were really just a part of the Big Happy Family, she contrived to dance with the vulnerable one, and said something about what a lot of fun he was!—that she just couldn't think of him as being so big and important when they were like this together! He was just a great big boy, wasn't he? Sometimes it resulted in her getting a raise. Sometimes it meant a little party, quiet perhaps, but a lot of fun, where everyone could be himself.

At any rate, if she could get any hold at all in the upper reaches it added to her prestige and got her gossiped about, which is as great a boost as a store girl can hope for. All this time she had been applying herself diligently to her job. She had learned all she could about her merchandise. She could tell a copy or a steal in a minute, and she knew the genuwine article. She knew how to push a number that was not moving. If it happened to be brown hats, she would suggest the color to every customer who came in, and tell her that it was simply stunning on her, and brought out the color of her eyes just mawvelously. She learned to move the stock and keep the department in good

condition. She got a raise. She kept on working and got another.

Now she was making more than the boy she was going with. She had a slight contempt for him. Pretty soon she dropped him. The only men she met were salesmen, but she didn't want to marry a salesman. They didn't make enough, and besides, she knew too much about 'em. She just kept right on working until she got to be buyer. Maybe, she thought, she would meet someone after that that she could care about. But right then, business was the thing.

Finally, she got a break. The buyer was sick. Somebody had to go to New York and buy some merchandise. The firm decided to send her with a couple of buyers from other departments who could introduce her to the wholesale market. For the trip she purchased a whole new outfit for herself, including an evening gown. It was a solemn rite which all new buyers and assistants follow. They know what the old ones will say if they don't. "But my deah! You certainly are going to get some new clothes, aren't you? You won't be happy in your old things. You wanta feel *right*, you know!"

Now, she'll be *right*, all right! She'll know all the night clubs, the shows, and the chick luncheon places there are in New York. My God, hasn't her buyer come back from every trip raving about her social activities, and hasn't she had to listen and say, "My that musta been wunnerful!" until she could have choked her? Nobody is going to be able to tell her from a real New Yorker!

The firm gives her ten a day for expenses. She takes a taxi from one wholesale house to another, chooses the best merchandise she is capable of choosing, and returns to her hotel dead tired. That night, Sam Blufarb, of the Dainty Mae Lingerie Company, and Milt Weisen, of Goldstein and Goldstein, take her and the other buyers to dinner at the Ritz. The next morning the Dainty Mae Company and the Goldsteins get a couple of orders.

The next night, after another busy day of going the rounds, she and her lady companions go to the theater alone, and have a gawgeous time talking about the clothes the leading lady wears. The day after they snatch time enough to do some shopping in Fifth avenue and scrutinize the feminine passers-by, commenting caustically on their apparel.

They go to lunch at Pierre's or the Park Lane and eat with great precision and nicety, excoriating the sloppy table manners of the people they see whose pictures occasionally appear in *Vogue*. "Just look at that! Isn't that tair-rubbul? You can just imagine how long she'd last in Des Moines!"—or Cincinnati, or Minneapolis, or Denver.

Later she finishes her business for the store and entrains for home, rehearsing the things she wants to introduce into her department to make it look more like N'Yawk.

Back in the store, she sings the praises of the stuff she has bought to her merchandise manager. When it arrives, she displays it vigorously to the salesgirls. "Look at this! Just what they're wearing on Fifth avenue! 'Jever see anything more beautiful in your *life?* And lookit here. The very same thing that I saw at the Ritz! I wanta tellya they're gawgeous! They oughta *walk* out!" The girls are impressed. She must know what she's talking about. She's been around!

She works like a Trojan to see that her merchandise *does* walk out. She batters down the resistance of her customers until they buy from sheer fatigue. And she knows doggone well that she has better taste than her buyer. It won't be long now!

Eventually the buyer gets an offer from another store and leaves. Her chance has come! She is made buyer, and she is ready for it . . . has been ready for it during most of her apprenticeship as assistant. She has acquired the grand manner, she rules her girls with an iron hand, and she makes salesmen cry for orders. In other words, she is acquainted with her onions.

IV

She may be making only $50 a week at first, but in time she can get as much as $250. Some day she will progress out of the middle-sized, Middle Western city and go to New York and make even more. Almost all the New York buyers had to start somewhere else.

And now that she is a buyer she can look forward to being one the rest of her life. She goes to live in a furnished hotel apartment—a doggy one—and adds the last cry in pillows and bric-a-brac to her abode for atmosphere. She goes to New York on her periodic buying trips.

Fewer and fewer salesmen find it necessary to take her out. She gets too kittenish. She laughs too much. She argues too readily. She is too used to having her own way. She takes in the shows and goes to dinner with other lady buyers, and comes back and tells her girls all about it, leaving the minor details in deepest mystery. At home she goes to the movies with members of her caste, and makes tours of the shop windows afterward, taking stock of what the competition in town is showing. She keeps her nose up and her eyes down.

She is a Success.

What of it if, around Christmas time, she gets a little lonesome at the prospect of an expensive Christmas dinner at the best hotel with another lady buyer? Doesn't she knock 'em all dead at Easter? Are any of her married acquaintances . . . the girls who weren't go-getters enough to become buyers . . . as well off as she? Not so you could notice it.

For 90% of the species are unmarried, though it is hard to estimate how many of them have been totally neglected. A few are widows who have done better without their husbands than they would have done with them. A very few acquire husbands, but they are unimportant males who in no way deter the splendid females in their climb from stock girl to buyer in ten years, and who invariably make less money than their wives. Occasionally these timid husbands venture into their loved ones' departments to give a message or make a small plan. The salesgirls always watch and snicker. It annoys the buyer, and she gives her husband a pat on the shoulder, and says "Hello deah. Whaddaya know? . . . Well, I'm busy now, but I'll see you at five-thirty when I'm through."

MY TRIP ABROAD

BY HARRY LANCASTER

Leaving Chicago, Monday, May 23rd, 1927, aboard the Rotary Special on the Pennsylvania R. R., we jumped to Washington, D. C., where we stopped over all of Tuesday. In Washington, as guests of the Washington Rotary Club, we visited the beautiful Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, Arlington Cemetery, Congressional Library, and many other places of special interest to Americans. We are of the opinion that if there are any more worthy or finer points of interest or beauty anywhere in Europe we are desirous of being shown to them.

Wednesday morning we arrived in New York. We went direct to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Rotary headquarters, where facilities were offered for checking up on our tickets, Tours, Passports, Funds, etc. The Ostend Farewell Luncheon was served to the big crowd of several thousands of Rotarians and Anns that had gathered there on their way before boarding our respective ships. A very interesting day; everybody in a jolly mood and thrilled with the prospects of the trip across the great Atlantic, most of whom were going for the first time. As you know, Rotary International had charted six fine Cunard Liners, *Corinthia*, *Samaria*, *Transylvania*, *Lancastria*, *Caronia* and *Carmania*.

Along came five p. m., Wednesday, May 25, 1927 and found us with a new address for 10 days, Room C-58 Steamship *Transylvania*. One of our neighbors, our good friends, Harry and Mary Parker of Effingham, Illinois, we found had taken up their temporary home a few steps away.

The whistles blow and blow some more. We watch from deck as the *Corinthia* slowly moves away, then the *Samaria*. There are great crowds of well wishers on the docks, the passengers are out on deck, the tugs begin to pull and push and slowly we leave the dock. The sky is dark, looks stormy and we wonder if prospects are good or not so good. However, the sea is calm and sailing is pretty. We find ourselves ordering steamer deck chairs and rugs, we take another look at our little but comfortable room and find our baggage still there.

Everybody has been concerned about their baggage but it was handled promptly and skillfully and no mix-ups, so far as we know. We go to the steward for table assignment and two decks down to the dining saloon for our first meal on board. The food is fine, it costs nothing and we order a lot. The first evening is a little slow, everybody getting adjusted and everything is a bit strange as yet.

Thursday, and we sail along as pretty as one could ask. We have had the best nights rest for some time and all the folks are happy and contented. We bathe, breakfast, talk, walk, play and still we continue to explore about for new and more interesting appointments on the various decks of this great steamship *Transylvania*. We find lounges, smoking rooms, reading rooms and playgrounds galore. There's a wonderful equipped gymnasium and this being a British ship we accidentally find by looking around that there are two bars. Of course, most of us being Americans, we are entirely out of the habit and the bars are sadly deserted, almost. Yes, you just name what you want, it don't make any diff, and the atmosphere seems cheerful.

Thursday evening approaches, the hour of seven, and all go to dinner. Dressed up? You should see them. They all look good to me. After dinner we had entertainment followed by dancing. Many dance, some look, and some go to the bar-room to smoke and a few read. We are all busy, and all seem able and willing to participate in all the modern conveniences. We retire and awake on Friday morning for another day of the same thing. We find that the ship committees have been busy, the spirit of Rotary is in the air, good fellowship thrives and the folks are fairly well acquainted. We receive our copies of the daily bulletin, the day's doings being outlined therein.

Saturday, May 28.—The bath is in salt water. Seems like we don't have half enough time between meals and sleeping. There is plenty to be done. Never saw a bunch so busy and accomplish so little. Our food is a split between American and European dishes. We sent a wireless to Harold yesterday at 4:30 p. m., and received a reply this morning about 9:00 o'clock. Many are studying foreign languages. There are over 400 passengers and a crew of 350.

There are eight decks that make up this ship. We use five upper decks. They start with "A" on top and go down. Our stateroom is on the "C" deck.

Sunday, May 29.—Religious services at 10:30 a. m., special music and orchestra. Heard a good sermon by Rev. John Pearson of Springfield, Mo. He is a real human he-man minister and preached a combination of all creeds and Rotary. It was a masterpiece. Attendance was excellent. Community singing engaged the attention of most of us at 8:30 p. m.

Monday, May 30.—The committees arranged an appropriate Memorial Day program. The speaker, Mr. Gillner, a splendid orator from Warren, Ohio, did justice to the occasion. Girls dressed in white dropped flowers overboard in testimony of respect. The American and British anthems were sung. Flags in evidence were the American, British and Rotary. The captain was present. The crowd consists of good speakers and singers. Texas and Michigan seem to have the largest delegation on this ship. Someone is rocking the boat, making writing difficult.

We were ordered to appear for dinner in masquerade costume or be fined $1.00 to $5.00, said fines to be donated to the Belgian Crippled Children. It was a scream. All were dolled up and many were original and novel get-ups in evidence prepared for the evening frolics. Among the disguises were Sis Hopkins, Whalers, Service Above Self, The Bath, The Cat, Chas. Chaplin, Sheiks, Bathing Beauties, Indians, Absent Minded Willie (he had his book but forgot his trousers), etc. Many appeared in pajamas, towels, bath robes, or what not to be ridiculous.

Valuable prizes were awarded and all enjoyed the evening immensely.

An airplane was reported sighted last evening at 9:00 o'clock going east. We are now in the middle of the ocean. As a whole, sailing is very delightful. Only a very few slightly ill. Every morning we receive a bulletin published on board, and contains news items, notices, jokes, etc. We receive the benefit of many novel features on this trip not had on regular voyages. The crew are mostly Scotch and a few Irish among them. They are all exceedingly courteous. The service throughout is 100 percent. The captain autographed our diary book today. His name is David Wm. Bone. Reports from other ships by wireless bring favorable comment regarding voyage. Dancing is enjoyed by many until a late hour. The bar supplies all brands of cigars, cigarettes, candy, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Tuesday, May 31.—The purser is like the average hotel clerk. Office is conveniently located. They supply us postage stamps, change, foreign money, information, etc. Had a Scottish haircut this morning, sent two wireless messages today. One to Harold and one to the Du Quoin Rotary Club. Attended a meeting of delegates in the "A" deck smoker. There are plenty of District Governors and other big men in

Rotary. Would judge them all to be men of affairs at home. Yes, we're traveling with a distinguished gathering of fine men and women. There are only a few children among us. The food is excellent and the variety almost unlimited. We sit at the same table for all meals. There are 10 at our table. We were down to the engine rooms. Like going down the air shaft in a coal mine. There are twelve large oil burning boilers. Looks to me like they had enough machinery to start an automobile factory, or a soda water and ice cream industry. A stunt ball climaxed the end of another perfect day.

Wednesday, June 1.—One of the marvels that indicate the modern science of navigation is the fact that we have been going parallel with another ship (thought to be the *Samaria*) for the past thirty hours. The view is about the same this morning as it was yesterday morning, it being several miles away. We see other ships most every day going both east and west, but we do not pass close enough to get a good view.

I heard a man say that he spoke two languages, English and profanity. My modesty allows that I admit ability to speak only one language. We expect to disembark at Antwerp Friday night. People are talking about the tours they have planned to take after the convention. We have planned a five weeks Cook tour that will take us from Belgium into France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany and England.

After the convention the several thousand Rotarians now enroute from the states will scatter over all Europe. On Wednesday evening we witnessed a grand concert and musical comedy comprised entirely of talent drawn from the passenger list, none the less interesting was the Atlantic City Bathing Beauties, Miss America, MissTake, MissFit, etc.,—1 girl—6 men.

The show was excellent and attendance good. A collection was taken up for the benefit of Seamen's Widows and $475.00 received.

Thursday, June 2.—An electric elevator available at any time is one of the modern conveniences of the ship. The *Samaria* is still alongside, several miles away, but plainly seen. We continue to make gradual gain on her, however. The White Star liner *Homeric* passed to our left this morning going toward New York. She is a big fine steamship. Four ships were within our view at one time today. We continue to ease along at the rate of about 20 miles per hour. The ship is very steady and only a few have been sea-sick up to this time. We meet no strangers, all seem to be enjoying the voyage.

The day has passed quietly and quickly enough. Took a 3-hour nap this p. m. Thursday eve was about as usual, dinner, cards, dancing, etc., drew the attention of the gang. We retire about midnight looking forward to Friday, the last day at sea.

II

Friday, June 3.—We arise at the usual hour, 7:30 and take a look. We see many ships, islands, sea gulls, etc., indicating that we are approaching the coast of England. Received a wireless from Harold saying he is well and we are glad for that also. We touch at Dover about noon and Convoy boards the ship to pilot her through the English Channel. We see land, cities, scenery, etc., on both sides at intervals throughout the day. Friday eve was a big event. Contests between 21 states, whose orators tried for a loving cup. New York 1st, Penn. 2nd, Illinois 3rd. Harry Parker made the Illinois oration and made a good one. Many prizes were awarded to winners of deck games, bridge, dominoes, etc.

Saturday, June 4.—Up at 6 o'clock, breakfast at 7 and ready to leave the ship at 8 at Antwerp. We board special train for 137 mile run to Ostend. Fine train of compartment cars, smooth roadbed and we make it to Ostend in 3 hours. Such fertile soil and what wonderful crops the people raise on a small patch of ground. Houses are real close together, so close that I would judge that the farms would average

about 5 acres. But on this 5 acres you will see 5 or 6 varieties of farm products and in exceedingly healthy growing condition. Their farming is done with great skill and care as is plainly evidenced. No waste land, scarcely any. The 137 mile trip through Belgium was continuous in beauty, signs of thrift, hard workers and adept at farming. Now we are in Ostend. We have looked forward to this and planned for many months. Ostend is a good looking city. Large, clean ornamental buildings and also much of the old and new quaint architecture. Many hotels and resembles Atlantic City with its celebrated seashore. We find the French language spoken quite generally. We are all thrilled; have a pocket full of franks, made of paper, silver and tin, and we are curious to see what it will buy. We soon find out. Our lunch in our hotel, the Royal Palace, costs us about $11.00 worth of franks for 4 people. We thought we could shop cheaper than we seem to be able to. We spent the afternoon going through the shops. Looks like they are ready for us in more ways than one. Prices do not seem so low as expected. However, everything is new and very interesting to us. In the evening we dress up in our best clothes and attend the opening of the 18th Convention of the Rotary International. The Kursaal, a beautiful and spacious building, is the meeting place. It is filled to capacity with delegates from the world over. We listen to a 100 piece orchestra and it is thrilling. The welcome address is by a Belgian, and in broken English. The American flag is flying in various places as well as flags of most other countries. This was a long busy day.

Sunday, June 5.—One could write a large book on what we have seen today. Words are inadequate to express the odd sights here. Ostend is quaint, old and odd. Narrow streets and sidewalks. There are very few autos, which is lucky. People walk all over the streets in great crowds. Carriages with one horse is one of the most popular means of taxi. The horse has bells on to warn pedestrians. Incidentally the horses are very fine animals. To every auto one sees here he sees at least 100 bicycles. The people (old and young) ride their bicycles with the pomp and earnestness of an American driving a big car. The beautiful Gothic Architecture of the tall buildings is spectacular and amazing. The beautiful Brussels lace curtains adorn the windows of all homes, even the most humble. All of the homes and buildings are built of brick in all colors and red tile roofs. The color scheme is tasty. We took a tour today and what we saw was one continuous scene of unusual and odd sights to us for 6 hours. We stopped at ZeeBougge where we viewed with awe the gay appearance of things. Very pretty 5 and 6 story buildings. Here is where the British sank their own ships loaded with cement at the beginning of the war to close the canal to navigation and stop German submarines from coming through.

The seashore is charming and as we go on we see many relics of the war. We see cement fortresses and German cantonments. We soon come to the Holland frontier. Crossing we shortly reach Lecluse in Holland and stop 45 minutes. We have tea and raisin bread. Buy a few souvenirs in the quaint old shops and look around. The natives talk very little English. They are very courteous and polite. Pretty Canal through heart of the town. Many wear wooden shoes. Particulars are hard to obtain. Our driver speaks very little that we can understand. Through the country the natives seem to be enjoying Sunday in a peaceful, earnest manner. We notice their homes and meet or pass thousands on bicycles. We heard the soldiers upon returning tell about the homes and barns built together. We saw them today. Some even have the barn part in front. Very clean all around and if the people are satisfied with their surroundings, it's ok with me. We look at the earnest, honest looking faces with such odd customs and costumes and we feel like laughing, but we don't. We remember the old saying "When in Rome, do as Rome does" and it is well. We know

it is always best policy to be friendly and we try not to offend. We surely enjoy the novelty. We journey on and arrive at a charming place, Bruges, a city of something like 60,000. Here we gaze at the marvelous buildings around the square, in the center a fine monument. We see a sign "House of Friendship." We enter and see many relics and works of art. Then we buy a picture of the Belfry. A spectacular building with a very high tower. In this tower are the historical chimes that ring at 9:00 P. M., on Monday and Wednesday nights. The building is large and ancient. Built in the 14th century, partly destroyed and restored in 1619. The Germans occupied Bruges from 1914 to 1918. As we pass through the country we see several shrines. They look like a very small church. We see many crippled men, evidently war veterans, riding in a cart propelled by dog power. We find the frank is easy to spend but we also find that many of the brands of commodities we are used to buying, such as confectionery, cigarettes, cigars, food, etc., are not obtainable. We take the "Foreign" Brands but they don't taste the same. We try to make the best of it and still be agreeable. We know we are in a foreign land, there can be no doubt of that.

Monday, June 6.—This morning we attended the big convention. The Kursaal (coliseum) with a capacity of 10 to 15 M was filled, all standing room taken and it was thrilling. All speakers spoke in our language and we were sorry that we could not hear very good, being some distance from the platform. Assembly 9:00 a. m. Community singing, silent prayer. We heard following named make short addresses: Dr. Edward Moneaux of Belgium; Albert Boucherg, Belgium; Dr. Edward Williams, Brussels; Dr. Florestar Aguilar, Madrid, Spain; Walter D. Cline, Wichita, Texas; Harry H. Rogers, San Antonio, Texas; Paul Harris' message was read by Chas. R. Perry, sec., I. R., at 11 a. m. The King of the Belgians, His Majesty, King Albert was properly introduced. He made a grand hit with the gathering, the Belgian national anthem was played on the big organ and the king made a fine speech, saying that his classification was unusual as he was the only king to be a Rotarian. He was applauded for about ten minutes. His appearance in all his pomp and dignity was a big show for all Americans in particular. The crowd was as large outside as within. Our hats are off to King Albert and the Belgian people generally. They still show great spunk and look like good fighters and good soldier material. We attended Theatre in the evening: "The Ringer." The end of another perfectly grand day.

III

Tuesday, June 7.—We slipped out today to see some of the country and toured some 100 miles through the Battle Fields where the Germans first met real stubborn resistence in Belgium. We stopped first in the vicinity of Moere where is still on exhibition the first Big Bertha planted by the Germans from which they shelled Dunkirk some 27 miles away doing great damage. It is a 14 inch gun situated at a strategic point on a hill. It shot a shell weighing 1660 pounds. The Germans were elaborately equipped with thick reinforced concrete dugouts adjoining. The outfit must have been very expensive. We next approached Poelcappelle where stands an impressive monument to Geo. Guynemer, the French ace flyer who had brought down 69 German planes. Then we came to Ypres. In this vicinity is where the Germans first used poisoned gas with deadly effect to 2000 Canadian soldiers. The gorgeous cathedral at Ypres was destroyed and is now being restored. Every house and building in this whole district, which is the Flanders region, was destroyed and new ones have taken their places. The present fine conditions in this section fully demonstrate the courage and progressiveness of the Belgians. Continuing on, we saw for miles and miles plenty of evidences still remaining to show the skillfulness of the

Germans in constructing concrete dugouts. Many hundreds of low concrete vaults are here to tell the tale and their battered condition shows something of what took place during the several years of intense battle. The allies fortifications are also easily viewed in passing along and one may see that the lines were from 100 yards to a mile apart. We entered several of the trenches and concrete fortifications. As we pass through the country we continually see the gruesome result of it all when we view the great number of large cemeteries. They are everywhere and designated in great respect to the Allied Armies of which the brave heroes fell here. There are also several German cemeteries, one of which we saw was officers exclusively. All of them are kept in excellent manner. Ornamental enclosures of iron, brick, stone, etc., together with elaborate settings of flowers and markers are prominently identified with all of the cemeteries. We were told that the Belgian government is maintaining all of them. Next our attention was directed to what is called "Hill 60." Terrible fighting was done in this section due to the fact that Hill 60 is high and commands the view in all directions for several miles. The Germans were intrenched on this hill and in order to move them the British tunneled underground for several miles and placed tons of explosives therein. But due to a premature setting off of the explosive several thousand of the allied troops were buried with some 16,000 Germans. They say many thousands of bodies have never been found. We saw today many men still digging and finding every conceivable kind of army equipment. Occasionally they find the remains of a soldier or several of them. Their main business seems to be, however, to the finding of ornaments, guns, shells, money, etc., and offering them for sale to visitors as mementoes. We purchased a number of them to take home. We read a lot in the newspapers 10 or 12 years ago when the war was ensuing, but we saw the concrete evidence today. We also saw the locks of Nieuport today where the water was turned loose and flooded a large section of low land occupied by the Germans. The land is below the sea level.

Thursday, June 9.—Wednesday and Thursday mornings we attended the convention. They convene at 9:30 and adjourn at 12:30. The program has been a wonderful and a complete success so far. It should do much, yes very much toward international peace and understanding. Many nations are represented with speakers and delegates. Many of the speeches have been given in foreign tongues. The singing and music has been fine, the fellowship exceptional, and all are having a good time. Have concert every evening by celebrated 100 piece orchestra. Singing by great artists. It gets dark here 10 p. m., and the evening is young until midnight. Weather is cool and somewhat uncomfortable as none of the hotels or buildings have heat. The hotels are fine but designed only for summer tourists trade. Ostend is the watering place for the rich Europeans and also many Americans. All languages are spoken but Flemish and French in particular. Wednesday eve was the President ball which has always been the leading social event at International Conventions. All wear their very best clothes and make a decidedly pleasing appearance. All of the men are in Tuxedo and full dress. Thursday the trophies etc., were presented, notables introduced and the feeling of good will and peace between nations is expressed and highly appreciated by all. Thursday p. m., we took train over to Brugge, 16 miles, where we spent the evening in company with Mr. and Mrs. Parker. Brugge is such a quaint and odd city. It was the largest city in Europe and the main seaport a few centuries ago. The Germans occupied both Ostend and Brugge during the war but did not destroy much of either place because they were keeping them for themselves. Many of the natives fled but we still hear stories of atrocities committed by the German soldiers. The natives try harder to speak our language than we do theirs. We have great fun try-

ing to talk to them and find difficulty in making ourselves understood when desiring to make purchases. They are overly courteous, however, and seem to appreciate a call even as much as a sale. The shops are very odd. Small rooms and odd entrances. Many are hard to distinguish from homes due to lack of window displays and our inability to read signs. The homes are built like the stores, being built adjacent and 2, 3, and 4 stories high. Thursday eve at Brugge we heard the concert of the bells in the Belfry. There are 80 bells, 350 feet up in the tower. The bell man is an artist and renders diversified numbers in a regular program concert. A choir of unusual talent sang from a point a little lower than the bells in the tower and was enjoyed by several thousand people in the square. One particularly odd thing in Belgium is to see in front of all the restaurants and bars, great rows of tables extending out across the sidewalks and into the streets. I did my voting today for officers and directors of International Rotary for next year. Cast the vote for DuQuoin, Pinckneyville and Nashville Rotary Clubs. Voted for the following men, Arthur H. Sapp, President; Chesley Perry, Secretary; Rufus Chaplain, Treasurer; For Directors—Bob Huen, Norman Black, L. T. Skeggs, John Orr and Ray Knoeppel.

Friday, June 10.—Friday was the last day of the notable convention and it ended beautifully. The spirit of International friendship, good will and understanding dominates the air. In the afternoon new acquaintances meet, talk, laugh, shake fond farewells, and plan their departure from Ostend. They are preparing for their tours in every direction.

Saturday, June 11.—We are up early, dress, pack, breakfast and taxi to the railroad station at 9:30 for jump to Paris. At 10:30 we are on our way. A fine special train takes the Cook Tour delegation on the 310 mile journey and we arrive at Paris at 4:30. So this is Paris. We look about and sure enough, it is Paris. We are assigned to our rooms at the Ambassador Hotel, a fine place. We are all surprised to find that we all have dandy modern rooms with private baths. We were not promised this because private bath is a bit unusual in the hotels.

We dress and have dinner at 9:00 o'clock; we are comfortably seated at the Palace theatre where Georges Carpentier and Florence Walton are the stars. It is a musical comedy, spiced up with some shocking scenes, but this is Paris. On the stage, French was spoken, but enough in our language to give us some entertainment also. In our party are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carton and daughter of Asbury Park, N. J., and we. We enjoy the show, get a glimpse of Paris night life and return to our hotel for our "nap."

IV

Paris, Sunday, June 12.—We are in custody of Thos. Cook & Co., and they take care of everything for us. This morning at 10 o'clock they called for us, our party of twenty-five, and took us to Versailles. Here we viewed with much amazement the spectacular "Palace of Versailles." We walked through the rooms of the spacious group of buildings "U" shape and could hardly believe our eyes while gazing upon the gorgeous paintings, sculpture, marble, ornaments, gold trimmings, etc., throughout the 1300 large rooms. One of the especially interesting rooms to us being the "Hall of Mirrors" where the peace treaty was signed by our president Woodrow Wilson on June 28, 1919. Many of the paintings stand out and resemble statuary. The gardens adjoining the Palace are considered the most wonderful in the world. We visited Trianon and the castle of Lewis the 14th who reigned the latter part of the 16th century. We have seen the home of Napoleon and Josephine before they were ascended to the throne. We crossed the river Seine several times. Saw the home given to Mary Antonette by Louis 14th and which was accepted by her with the understanding that said Louis

14th would visit her only when invited, and this further emphasizes the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

Paris, Tuesday, June 14.—We have spent Monday and Tuesday seeing more of the marvelous scenery about Paris. Visited some of the smart shops. They are very fine. Made a few purchases and it seems that in some cases prices are lower and others higher than we are accustomed to paying. We have visited some fine cathedrals, among the most noteworthy being St. Genieve and Notre Dame. Walked several miles in "The Louvre" considered the largest art gallery in the world. Saw the original "Venus of Milo." She was considered the most beautiful woman of all time. We have seen many that looked as well in the U. S. A. Saw the Eiffel tower and it is as high and handsome as it looks in a picture. Visited the Trocadero, the fine theatre built high and from which a commanding view of Paris is obtained. And Napoleon's Tomb, one of the greatest wonders of the world, is elaborate and gorgeous. A worthy memorial to the wicked adventurer and conqueror. We have viewed thousands of beautiful paintings and works of art in sculpture. Such paintings as Mona Lisa, Mother of Whistler, The Last Supper, etc. They are all prize winners, all representing something of historical importance and not at all hard to look upon. The taxis race about in reckless manner, miss by a hair at all times, and there seem to be no casualties but why, I cannot understand. They drive at fast speed. Took an adventure with a subway train and nearly lost my wife. She will never forget that experience. They closed the door before she made exit and she was away without funds and unable to make anybody understand her embarrassing predicament. I found her after some difficulty trying to talk with two Frenchmen who were doing their very best to help her but without avail.

Paris, Thursday, June 16.—We spent our last two days in Paris continuing our sight seeing. We are slightly disappointed in Paris. Our room at our hotel, the Ambassador, is elegant, but the dining room service is rotten. Takes the waiters three times the necessary time to serve a meal. Seems to us that the service is in entirely too many cases 3rd class and the prices triple what they should be. The French hold us up good and plenty. They have prohibition on water everywhere. We buy water the same as one would buy beer or wine. No water is served free as well as many other things for all of which we pay extra for. Looks like my one and only trip to Paris.

Saturday, June 18.—Today we visited Avignon, France, a city of 75,000. Visited the Palace of the Pope, and gazed upon the massive stone walls about the city. Avignon is very interesting and delightful. We had some real American style ice cream and enjoyed it. Stopped over night at the Dominion Hotel, a very elaborate hostelry. In the afternoon we went by train to Nice a distance of about 350 miles.

Sunday, June 19.—The city of Nice and the adjacent territory is rare in beauty. It is a combination of Florida with its tropics and the Rocky Mountains together with a touch of Atlantic City and a dash of antiquity everywhere. Palm trees, flowers, fine hotels, beaches, etc., are numerous in this city of 200,000 on the Mediterranean Sea. A distance of 15 miles is the world's famous Monte Carlo, a gorgeous casino in the city of Monaco. Here we were given two hours to watch the games and look the place over, it being quite worthy of its reputation. Our hotel, The Negresco, is situated directly facing the Mediterranean and is the show place of Nice.

Monday, June 20.—This morning we were out fairly early, packed up and on our way at 10 a. m., aboard train for Genoa, Italy. Most all the way we had the Mediterranean sea on one side and the mountains and fine views on the other. The trains are very good and make about the same speed we are accustomed to and with every reasonable comfort. We arrived at Genoa at 6 o'clock p. m., and went direct to Hotel Miramare, our home for the night,

and after having dinner and a fairly large barrel of wine served us, we made up a party for a jaunt about the city. Looked over the home where Christopher Columbus was born. Genoa is a city of some 250,000 with the usual odd arrangement of things. Built in the mountains and is very unusually hilly.

Wednesday, June 22.—We spent Tuesday and Tuesday night on board the beautiful *S. S. Duilio* bound from Genoa to Naples. The blue Mediterranean sea is the prettiest blue water I ever saw. The *Duilio* is a luxurious ship of 24,000 tons and together with a very calm sea we slipped into Naples this morning without a riffle. The voyage was a very interesting one and all enjoyed it. The crew were all Italian and service splendid.

We attended the picture show on board Tuesday evening. We arose at 6 o'clock and had a splendid view of Mt. Vesuvius which is only a short distance from Naples. Smoke continually emerges from the peak. About eight o'clock this morning our party was on its way for a joy ride and a visit to Pompeii. The ruins of Pompeii are a wonderful but gruesome sight. It is said that the city of Pompeii was built 600 years B. C. and destroyed by the volcanic eruption about the year 79. The city was completely inundated by lava, cinders, rocks, etc., destroying everything and taking many native lives. All that remain now after many years of excavation is many blocks of stone walls of buildings, pavements, mosaic floors, pottery, bric-a-brac, etc., that make up plenty of evidence of the terrible disaster. We were through many of the dingy rooms of buildings, cellars, etc., and also the spacious theatre and Forum (what is left of them). One thing I noticed today on our trip about Naples, Pompeii and Sorenton is the fact I believe the country is entirely too small for the large number of people. Congestion is terrible and large families live all jammed up together in very close quarters. Sanitary conditions are extremely bad all along the way for many miles. Dirty shops, living quarters, chickens, pigeons, dogs, etc., are all condensed into one or two small rooms. Everybody seems to have something to sell, such as vegetables and other necessities. Service is plentiful in all lines, but the tip seems more important to the natives than the price asked. Wine, beer and mineral water is on sale everywhere and plenty expensive. Water sells from 50c to $1.25 per bottle depending upon the brand and the class of service. Wine and beer are often times less expensive than drinking water. In our travels thus far in Belgium, France and Italy, they all tell us that the water is not safe to drink and generally succeed in selling us mineral water, wine or beer. Camel cigarettes sell here for 12 lire (72 cents). They will look you square in the face in France and Italy and ask 50c to $1.00 for an average looking cigar. Horses, mules, burros, donkeys, colts, etc., are all hitched up together in all conceivable sorts of combinations with two wheel wagons and carts. They travel in bunches, going in all directions and all over the narrow streets making life miserable for an auto driver. We are supplied with first class sedans and good drivers on all of our trips. Bed time finds us again comfortably situated in The Trancontana Hotel, Sarento, Italy with twin beds and everything. We always use both of them. One more little item today; I heard a man say that if he were given a title to Italy and hell, he would live in hell. However we have seen many interesting, as well as very historical points of interest in Italy today and we expect to see many more and more beautiful things during the next ten days we will be traveling in the country. It is simply a case of too many people trying to live in the area we have traversed today and it reminds me of Miami during the balmy days a couple of years ago.

Thursday, June 23.—We were very favorably impressed with what we have seen today. Leaving Sorento this morning by boat we arrived shortly at a point near Blue Grotto. Changing to row boats we were taken two to the boat back in a huge cave

on the sea level known as Blue Grotto. The cave extends some 300 feet back under the mountains and is very picturesque. We returned to our small steamer and continued to the Island of Capri and the city which is high up in the mountains. We made the climb up the incline on board a small cable car and the setting reminds one of Mt. Manitou. The Island of Capri is charming as well as historical. Had lunch at the Grand Hotel and after being given two hours to look around we again boarded our little steamer for Naples. Arriving at Naples about 6:30 p. m., we were driven to the Excelsior Hotel where we found our rooms awaiting us. In our room we find we have 10 upholstered chairs, 1 divan, twin beds, a dandy writing desk, fireplace, etc., comprising what I consider an elaborately furnished room. We face directly to the sea and the view from the window is one that will be difficult to forget.

V

Friday, June 24.—We are not making it as well today. Iva has been ill all day from what seems to be ptomaine poisoning and has remained in bed. We were to leave with our party for Rome at 2 p. m., but were obliged to remain here. We called in an Italian doctor who was capable and could also talk to us quite well. We are not enthused about Naples. There are a few points of historical interest, but it is very untidy and decidedly foreign. The natives exact exorbitant prices for anything we desire to buy, give us slow and uncertain service, and we feel so strange. For instance my dinner cost me over $4.00 in the dining room this evening. I am positive that one trip here will be plenty and I have heard many others voice their sentiments likewise. They take us all for rich suckers and the novelty of that soon wears out. An African Prince accompanied by several dozen attendants have been here at the Hotel all day today and have attracted much attention. Their complexion is very dark.

Rome, June 25.—We have arrived in Rome tonight after a somewhat trying day. Iva felt much better this morning and we made the trip from Naples by train in 4 hours. The country is quite mountainous. Our address for a few days is Hotel Excelsior, Rome, Italy.

Rome, June 26 and 27.—We joined our party here this morning and we were happy in doing so because we have all gotten on friendly terms after two weeks of traveling in the same group. We have found out to our complete satisfaction that the Italians and French are not appreciative of our patronage. It is the land of the Itchy Palm. Anyone anticipating a tour of France or Italy should be prepared to pay several prices for all purchases and take what they give. The churches and cathedrals in Rome are gorgeous in their magnitude and splendor. Of particular interest are the St. Peter and St. Paul cathedrals. They are almost unbelievable in their elaborate architecture, faultless construction of marble, granite, bronze, etc. Other notable places we visited today were the Vatican and the Pantheon. Our few days in Rome have been busy ones. We have seen the ruins, Arch of Constantine, Coliseum, Sistine Chapel, Monument to Victor Emmaneul II, Garabaldi, etc. Of all we have seen in Rome we believe the St. Peter Cathedral to be the outstanding masterpiece, the interior being paneled and built almost entirely of beautiful marble in various colors.

Of the seven hills of Rome, Capatoline, Palatine and Aventine are easiest to distinguish. Palatine is especially interesting because here we saw the remains of the house of Caesar, also the spot (or platform) where Mark Anthony made his remarkable speech over the body of Caesar.

Florence, June 30.—Florence, like Rome, is rich in artistic and historic interest. The works of Michael Angelo and many other notable artists are prominently displayed at every turn. We have viewed great picture galleries and sculpture museums. Florence is a charming city, very quaint, but progressive. We seem to feel more at home

here than anywhere in Italy we have been so far. We have made our usual shopping trips and among other purchases we made a few selections from a very inviting line of marble statuary. Attended Rotary luncheon in Florence on June 29th.

Rotary meetings are conducted in the native language, with a dash of English for our benefit.

Venice, July 2.—Here we are in Venice, the place I have heard about all my life, and it is decidedly different from anything I have ever seen. There is only one Venice and it is necessary to journey to Italy to see it. One sees no automobiles nor carriages, but instead, boats at each doorstep. There are narrow passages and wide sort of boulevards comprising the streets. Gondolas, motor boats, row boats and steam boats are rambling along everywhere. The sidewalks and promenades are wide in places but not for any distance. There is a very friendly sort of atmosphere in Venice, and it is a city of 200,000 population. We have visited the Doges' Palace, walked over the Bridge of Sighs, and taken several rides in the gondolas among the romantic and intricate waterways of the city. We have gazed with amazement at St. Marks Square and the thousands of pigeons that are so tame that you almost have to step over them. We went to St. Marks Cathedral and many other beautiful and famous churches. Incidentally, should we not go to church for a year, our attendance record would still be good. In making the rounds we have called at Lido (Ledo), a very fashionable seaside resort facing the Adriatic, where we had lunch at the Excelsior Palace Hotel, a lovely hostelry and picturesque beach. Here we meet and talk with Ben Lyon and recommend him as a regular fellow who acts "just himself." The buildings in Venice are mostly 4 to 6 stories high with foundations built in the water and to say that everything is odd is expressing the situation very mildly.

Milan, Italy, July 3.—Leaving Venice this morning via gondolas to the railroad station we boarded the train at 10 o'clock and arrived at Milan at 2:30 p. m. In observing the country throughout Italy from the trains, one notices quite some similarity to Florida. There are palm trees, flowers, parks, etc. The rural districts are in high state of cultivation everywhere and there is positively no land wasted. Italy is very hilly, but the hills and mountain sides are utilized to the utmost advantage for farming purposes. The people about the cities of Italy look to be intelligent and refined, wear good clothes, and as a whole appear about like one will see on the streets of St. Louis. They act, look and dress just about the same as we do. The more I travel about the more I am of the opinion that the people are about the same the world over. In years past, I have labored under the impression that the people of foreign countries must be radically different from Americans, but they are not. Habits, ways, etc., are slightly different in some cases, but the people go about their daily routine in about the same serious manner as we do. I am more favorably impressed with Italy than I was in the beginning. Getting about is a bit unhandy at times and after all it is worth the effort because Italy is very interesting and here is the only place you can see it. Milan is a city of about one million population, good looking and very progressive. Stopped at the Palace Hotel.

Lucerne, Swiss, July 4.—We left Milan this morning by train and were in and around the gorgeous Alps all day. For fine scenery, these mountain views are unexcelled. Our train was pulled by a man sized electric locomotive. There are many tunnels, one of them being 10 miles long. Arriving at Lucerne at 7 p. m., we were conducted to the Schweizerhof hotel, where at 8 p. m., we participated in the banquet for our party of about 100 in honor of the day, July 4th. An elaborate display of fireworks were fired for the special benefit of all Americans in Lucerne and were enjoyed by a large crowd. This was followed by a ball at the hotel, also for Americans.

Lucerne, Swiss., July 5.—Lucerne is a fine city, beautifully situated on Lake Lucerne. We were out early and our party boarded a small lake steamer for a trip across Lake Lucerne and landed at the foot of the rock-and-pinion railway and continued on the same to the Summit of the Rigi (Rege). The views along the shores of Lake Lucerne are very picturesque, with the land heavily coated in grass, shrubs, trees and other vegetation. The entire landscape is so wholesome and clean looking and the shores are lined with charming homes and hotels. They extend all the way up the mountain sides and many are high and showy. The trip to Mt. Rigi is a delightful one and worth almost the price of the entire trip over here, for one day. Words cannot properly describe the marvelous views available from the high points. From the summit the lookout view in all directions is of unusual interest because the country side for many miles is wonderful to look at. Seven lakes can be seen from Mt. Rigi. The higher mountains across Lake Lucerne extend across the sky like great giants and are almost completely covered with snow and look like one would expect in the dead of winter. The sky was clear as a bell today and the weather perfect; in fact, the weather has been fine all the way along. There are no beggars in Switzerland like in France or Italy. Lucerne is worthy of a much longer stay but we must leave in the morning.

VI

Interlaken, Switzerland, July 6.—We departed from Lucerne this morn by train via Brunig Pass to Interlaken. The railway over the Brunig Pass is partly ordinary narrow gauge and partly rock and pinion, traverses much magnificent scenery. Starting from Lucerne road skirts the Lake of Alpnack, passes the beautiful lakes of Sarnen and Longern, ascends through woods and across ravines to the summit of the pass, 3379 feet, whence an enchanting prospect is visible including the giant peaks of the Bernese Alps. A splendid view of the Jungfrau is had from our room here in the Hotel Jungfrau at Interlaken. We were greatly charmed in making the rounds of the shops upon our arrival, in noticing the unusual politeness and courtesy shown us. English is spoken by someone in most stores. There are many English and American pleasure seekers here at present.

Interlaken, Switzerland, July 7—We took an excursion trip today by mountain railway up into the heart of the high Alps to Lauterbrunnen, Wergren Alp, Scheidegg and Grindelwold where we had lunch. We like Switzerland very much, and regret that we cannot stop longer.

Heidelberg, Germany, July 8.—We came on here today by train arriving at 4 p. m., and are at present at home in the Hotel Europaischer. We have visited many of the stores and had a lot of fun trying to do some shopping. There is a very queer feeling comes over one when we stop to think back a few years to when we were hostile toward Germany. The natives admit that the war was terrible but seem willing to let bygones be bygones. Heidelberg is a city of about 80,000. One noticeable thing in all of the countries over here is that the police and railway men wear good looking uniforms and are very dignified. Another thing is that the people do not look poverty stricken by any means, but on the contrary are getting along and enjoying life with the average spark of luxury that we have in the U. S. If they don't pay their war debts in full the laugh will always be on us. The American tourists will pay it all in a few years if they have anything to drink or eat while they are here. Water is seldom served free and it is necessary to buy mineral water, beer or wine. Drinks throughout Europe are as high priced as they are in dry America. In Heidelberg we have been shown through the famous old Heidelberg University, the first in Germany and the third in Europe. It was built in 1386 and is still in use having 3200 students at the present time. We also visited the Museum and the ancient castle in the

quaint old city. Heidelberg is a progressive and busy looking place.

Wiesbaden, Germany, July 9.—We came on to Wiesbaden by train this afternoon and viewed the rural German country side as we went, during the four hour trip. Wiesbaden is a keen city of about 300,000 and Germany's fashionable spa. It is a city of fine hotels and up-to-date shops and similar to our Hot Springs, Ark., as regards the hot water baths, etc. The natives are all busy eating and drinking, mostly, and if they are not happy and prosperous they have fooled me. Naseauer Hotel.

Cologne, Germany, July 10.—Cologne, on the beautiful Rhine river is another large and beautiful German city of 750,000. We came from Wiesbaden today, a 7 hour trip by Rhine steamer. The steamer trip down the Rhine today was interesting indeed. Numerous tugs are busy pulling great freighters heavily loaded with freight. Many excursion steamers are on their way somewhere crowded to the guards with pleasure seekers. The Rhine is about the width of the Mississippi and highly navigable. The scenery on either side is very picturesque all the way between Weisbaden and Cologne, a distance of about 150 miles. In Cologne we are nicely situated at the luxurious Excelsior hotel. On a sightseeing trip of the city we have seen the finest and most elaborate collection of private homes we have seen since Washington, D. C. The streets and boulevards are wide, have modern department stores, and as in all other European cities, the buildings are mostly all about six stories high. Land is evidently very valuable because there is none wasted and you see very few one or two story buildings in any of the cities. And if our American farmers had to farm on these terraced hill-sides, I doubt if we would have any farms. The public school system seems to be almost entirely overlooked in Europe. We have been sighted to Museums, monuments, castles, cathedrals, art galleries and treasures by the thousands, but we see no school buildings. The Cologne Cathedral is one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in the world. The German people say they are well-fed up on the Kaiser Wilhelm sort of government and do not desire any more wars. They think the Kaiser should have stayed in Germany and taken his medicine with the rest instead of leaving with his fortune. Some of the Americans seem to be of the opinion that Europe does not like us any too much; however, as a whole, we have been treated with utmost courtesy and respect. Prices on commodities are much cheaper in Germany than in the other countries we have visited, but on the other hand $1.50 is the average days wage for laborers.

Amsterdam, Holland, July 11.—We came to Amsterdam this morning by train from Cologne and spent the balance of the day seeing the city of canals. After going through a diamond cutting factory we drove about the city stopping at the Royal Palace, Ryks Museum, and the famous Ghetto where Rembrandt lived. Amsterdam is a city of about 800,000 inhabitants and quite an industrial center and seaport. It is very beautiful and interesting with its canals everywhere and streets on either side. We left Amsterdam in the evening via the Hook of Holland for London by steamer.

VII

London, July 12.—Arriving in London this morning and at present located in the Hyde Park Hotel we are enjoying the hospitality of the largest city in the world and which we have always heard so much about. After attending Rotary luncheon at the Great Central hotel we proceeded to take a much needed nap of several hours. All of our crowd were tired almost to the breaking point on arrival here because during the past week we have made many jumps and traveled very strenuously. Dressed for dinner, following which we viewed a little night life of London from the top of a bus and walking about until midnight.

London, July 13.—London is thrilling. It

is so difficult to get adjusted in a place like this. All autos are going to the left, etc. But we are so glad to be where we can speak our language and be understood. Today Mr. Cook sent up a bunch of luxurious sedans and took us around the town a bit. We visited the tower of London where we saw a fine collection of arms, armour and crown jewels. One fine diamond weighing 516 carats, another 309. We crossed the Thames over London Bridge and saw Buckingham Palace, British Museum, National Gallery and St. Paul Cathedral. We drove through extensive parks and fine boulevards. Were shown the principal shopping districts and noted that the big stores are Selfridge's, (an American) Harrod's and Liberty which is one of the finest in the world. At dinner this evening we had as our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Maxton of London, brother of Rev. Maxton. They are fine folks and we certainly had a very pleasant visit with them throughout the evening.

London, July 14.—London is very dignified and clean as well as big. The British treat us fine and we have no trouble at all getting around. This morning at 9:30 our cars were ready and took us out a few miles to Windsor Castle where the king and queen live part of the time. We were shown thru many of the rooms and the decorations, furnishings, paintings, etc., are gorgeous and decidedly pleasing to gaze upon. We visited the quaint little Stoke Poges church and heard its history. Then to the famous old school of Eaton for boys from 10 to 19 years. The Eaton school is very unique and unpretentious, but the boys all go about in high silk hats and cut-aways and look very snappy. On to Hampton Court Palace, an old-timer, but massive and the gardens are said to be the finest in the world. We saw where the nobility take their sport, such as riding, shooting, etc. A very beautiful country and no surprise to me that the Prince of Wales takes a few falls for it. Spent the evening at the Vaudeville Theatre and saw "Blue Skies" a clean snappy show and a contrast to the rough stuff of Paris. The people of London seem well dressed and go about their business quietly and peacefully. The high hat and full dress is quite general for men going about in the evening.

London, July 15.—Today, our last day in London, we took full advantage of our time. This morning we looked over the houses of Parliament and spent considerable time in Westminster Abbey. The Abbey is different than I had expected it being a sort of series of chapels, memorials and graves of many notables which are confined within the walls and floors, also some vaults, etc. This p. m., we visited some of the fine stores and shops, incidentally making some small purchases as the goods are very attractive to all of us. We are all delighted with London. The evening was quickly consumed at dinner, saying farewell to our many friends and comrades on the five weeks trip and tending to detail of making ready for our departure in the morning. Our leaving and the disbanding of our large friendly group of Rotarians and their families is really quite sad, although we are keen to see the good old U. S. A., and home again. A few are staying for a trip about the British Isles but most of our group are sailing tomorrow on a half dozen different ships. It has been a tour that we shall always cherish in our memories and any reference to same in the future will recall fond recollections.—THE END.

P. S.—Ralph Latham, Mineola, L. I., in answer to my query as to what kind of recommendation he would give to his friends as to a similar trip through Europe, says "I believe I would recommend about the same trip because it is a great experience."

These are about my sentiments also.

HARRY LANCASTER

THE NEGRO'S INHIBITIONS

BY EUGENE GORDON

Most of the Aframerican's native attributes—the inclinations, talents, tastes, preferences, prejudices and predilections that an All-wise Creator implanted in him—are fast oozing out of him. Standing in the glare of Caucasian ridicule, he has become sensitive, secretive and hypocritical, and full of inhibitions—in fact, a sad Freudian case. He is afraid to be seen eating a pork chop, or even a wing of fried chicken. The sight of a watermelon sets him to blushing. When he sings his spirituals, it is in an affected and "artistic" manner: the old innocent gusto is gone. When he needs a razor he sends a white agent to buy it for him. He is ashamed to be caught drinking gin. He forbids his wife to wear gaudy colors. He is ashamed of his kinky hair, and tries to get rid of its kinks. He spends many thousands annually on quack decoctions guaranteed to bleach his skin.

Let us come to cases. Boston nurtures an Aframerican organization called the Bachmars—*bach* from "bachelor" and *mar* from "married." Comprising the *crème de la crème* of the gayer section of the dark Four Hundred, the society's membership includes policemen, postmen, automobile mechanics, chauffeurs, postal clerks, caterers, and red caps from the South Station. They all are undoubtedly nice, respectable young men, even if they are somewhat light intellectually, and their social station is made securer through their ownership of Fords, Buicks, Essexes and Chryslers, and their undoubted ease in hired "tuxes." Some of the swankiest events of the season among the Boston Negroes have their genesis in the Bachmar Club. Every New Year's Eve, for instance, it holds what it calls a "formal." On this occasion the keenest discrimination is displayed in the quality of those who are sent invitations. Except for the few wives of members, all the guests are unmarried girls.

Well, quality in these guests is determined by whether or not they are "light" or "dark" and have "good" or "bad" hair! Unless they can easily "pass," there is no place for them at a Bachmar breakdown. If, inadvertently, a genuine Negro girl were admitted to a New Year's party, she would feel as much at home as a Zulu expatriate among the igloos. It does not matter much about the fair one's position. She may not even have any worthy the name. What weighs heaviest, first and last, is that she is fair. At one such affair I once remarked on the conspicuous beauty of a girl who resembled an Italian madonna.

"She *is* pretty," conceded my dance companion, "but she's nobody."

"No? How's that? Why's she in here, then?"

"Why is she in here? Don't be funny! You know they'd never leave out a girl as light as that—so long as she wanted to come."

I learned that the girl was Polly Pepsin, "the notorious Polly Pepsin," as I sat out the next dance with my companion. Polly's mother was white, and her father would have been white, too, anywhere else than in the United States. Polly had left her husband to live with another man, and, with his coöperation, had contributed to the Hub's population. Later, she had left the other man (who, incidentally, was a Bachmar), and was now with a third.

The women, true to the tradition of their sex, scorned her, but the gallants literally danced attendance upon her. Not only was she early booked for every dance of the evening, but she could have extended her dancing to the middle of next Summer. Having learned the identity of the madonna, I begged a dance of a dark brown girl who had entered with a fairer friend, and had been completely ignored by her hosts. I learned that she was a senior at one of New England's best colleges, the holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key, and a charming lady. But mine was the only dance she got that evening!

The white man, no doubt, has placed an excessive valuation upon his white skin and "good" hair, but the middle-class Aframerican is generally willing to sacrifice his staunchest black friend to possess either. If he lacks these badges of superiority, he resorts to the quackeries of barber-shop and drug-store to obtain them. And if he chances to be one who personally does not care to possess any such trade marks of the redeemed, he will, nevertheless, demand them in the girl he woos and weds. Only the fairest find favor in the eyes of the typical Aframerican beau. The black girl—even the famed high brown—unless she has an established popularity through recognized personal attainments or family position, is a misfit and a pariah.

I overheard last Summer one fair-skinned young woman say to another, following the Bachmar's annual bungalow frolic: "It was simply grand! It was really superb! Why, every girl there could easily pass for white."

II

I cite the Bachmars as typical. In any social gathering in these colored United States the young man of genuinely African color and features must be thrice the superior of his lighter-skinned competitor, else he will lose. This is true whether the prize be a lady's hand or simply her smile. If the black boy with chinchilla hair drives a car, is fairly intelligent, and a fool with his money, he may perhaps capture even the fairest lady—but only provided a fair-skinned gallant, with similar qualifications, does not press his suit simultaneously. Unless, however, the black youth has these appurtenances, he is hopelessly done for. Even the blackest sister will accept him only as a final and desperate resort to escape spinsterhood and a lifetime of domestic drudgery. The fair one will have none of him.

But if the road of life for the black boy is rough with pebbles, the way of the black maid is strewn with boulders. The only way for a black girl in Aframerica to command acceptance of herself is for her first to obtain acceptance at the hands of influential whites. To the overwhelming majority of colored folk abroad in the land the white man is still the arbiter. He may be a simpleton and a fool, but that does not matter. Like their gentlemen friends, most cream-colored Aframerican ladies are intellectual featherweights. They know it and defend it. To be "light" is to be beautiful, and since pulchritude brings its own reward, why fritter away time in the study of the arts and sciences?

I know a splendid brown girl who will go through life with a cankerous grievance against light-skinned ladies generally and one in particular. According to a story she often repeats, she met her fair friend downtown one day, but the fair one, being then in the company of a white girl, ignored her dusky playmate. Meeting again, later, the near-Nordic was amazed that her Negroid chum should feel aggrieved.

"Why," she demanded, when she understood, "should I offend my white friends just to please you?" Her tone bristled with indignation. "What can *you* give me if I lose them?" she asked.

"*Offend* your white friends? How?"

"Now you're playing dumb. You know how white people are. They don't like to be seen with anybody who is all the time speaking to a lot of Negroes."

I submit that there are many whites

who are more liberal on this question than most Negroes are. There come instantly to mind numbers of them, men and women, who would sacrifice their friendships with their own people rather than be accused of such scurvy treatment of their black friends. But the Ku Klux psychology permeates the colored brother's and sister's systems. There are numerous recorded instances of Negroes being refused courtesies by their own kind because some Caucasian has withheld courtesies. There is nowhere a tyrant more oppressive than the Aframerican lackey at the door of a Jim-crow theatre, eating place, or apartment house. Such men often employ a huskier brand of force and a bitterer spleen, when ejecting their blood brothers, than any whites would exhibit. Vicariously, these peculiar folk, in such a situation, enjoy all the thrills of Klansmen at a Mississippi human barbecue.

Most Aframericans hesitate, lest they err, to accept their own men of accomplishment until the Nordic approves them and pronounces them sound. Take Charles Gilpin. For years he played almost unnoticed in Harlem. He was, to his indifferent audiences, only a fairly good ham actor, and a black one, at that. Then came his opportunity to play in "Abraham Lincoln," followed by the enthusiastic acclaim of the white metropolitan critics. Thereafter he was "the greatest actor the colored race has ever produced" to ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent. of these colored United States. They had forgotten that for years Romeo Dougherty, of the *Amsterdam News*, and Lester Walton, of the New York *Age*, had been shouting that very thing, or, at least, words and music to that effect. After his "Emperor Jones" success Gilpin was fallen upon by some of the most noted of the Aframerican intelligentsia. Both cheeks were kissed, and he got the Spingarn medal for gallantry in action, or something. At any rate, he was finally recognized by the very swells who had formerly ignored him, and this despite the fact that he was no whit better now than when he played at the Lafayette.

The case of Roland Hayes is similar. For years, in Boston, he worked at odd jobs of elevator-running and window-washing, while schooling himself. On occasion he sang in a church to a few plebs like himself. Even when he was able finally to hire Symphony Hall, his audience was composed largely of his lowdown friends. These, with a few whites, believed in him, and it was their support that enabled him to go abroad. It was not until he returned from his European tour, his triumphs at Buckingham Palace and elsewhere having preceded him, that staid and cautious Aframerican patricians felt safe to applaud. These now, of course, are in the vanguard of the claquers. "Oh, yes! Competent white critics say that Hayes is good!" Now they fall upon him, as they fell upon Gilpin.

It is eminently proper, always, to do what the best white folks do. If you do not, you seem different, and that is criminal. Your average Aframerican would rather be proper, and unhappy, than naturally himself, and in Paradise. If he is improper the white man will ridicule him. And ridicule hurts.

III

Clifton Wharton, secretary of the American legation at Monrovia, Liberia, resembles a Caucasian sufficiently to enable him to sleep above a Grand Goblin in a Virginia Pullman. He lived for years in Boston. At the Boston University Law School he was popular with his classmates, and, in colored society, with everybody. He was particularly attentive, everyone noticed, to a charming but decidedly Negroid maiden. "Of course, he's merely kidding her," the cream-colored feminine Bostonians told one another. "Boston's going to see a heart-broken brown baby when Clif drops her and takes one of us for his wife." But Clif married the brown lady. Together they went to Liberia, taking with them a brown baby, Clifton Wharton II.

Since that memorable marriage the fair

sisters of Boston have been explaining how it happened. In the last analysis, every explanation comes back upon itself in the plaintive wail: "What *did* he see in her?" More than a little horror is felt over Wharton's having a brown son. The kid may even be black some day. "Poor innocent infant!" they moan.

This fear of producing black babies is an incubus upon the backs of hosts of fair-skinned Aframerican matrons. They run the risk, of course, when they occasionally wed black men, but they run still greater risks to forestall the tragedy. Consequently, the birthrate among them is amazingly low.

Lest the white man suspect them of studiedly segregating themselves, and thereupon conclude that they prefer segregation, Aframericans tacitly agree, among themselves, especially in New England, where race proscription is rare, to live in widely scattered areas. Often, the natural desire to live near relatives or friends is rigidly inhibited in order that no colony of blacks may grow up. The same tacit understanding obtains in theatres and other public places. It is exceeding bad form for a Negro to gravitate toward another in such a place. If he does, opponents of the practice explain, it is likely that the next one who enters will do likewise, and the next; and the next. Then what have we? Why, a colony of blacks, conspicuous because black. And the management, naturally concluding that black folk desire the companionship of black folk, will itself graciously see to it thereafter that they sit together.

A brief outline of history is imperative at this point. In the dear dead days still mourned by ex-Confederates, neither love nor money could purchase edible delectables for the blacks. All the choicer viands belonged to the masters, and the serfs were generally discovered, following hog-killing, holding the bag. The bag, upon being opened, was found to contain such discarded offal as the head, the feet, the tail, and the entrails of the martyred swine. And since the white folk had grabbed the best (as they fondly thought), nothing remained for the blacks but to make the best of what they had.

Out of this and similar situations emerged certain notable Aframerican dishes. Always a good cook, from his remotest days on this continent, the Negro's culinary inventiveness under slavery made of hog's head and feet that appetizing delicacy known today as hog's-head cheese. Common pig's entrails became, through an application of gustatory sense and imagination, chitlings. Today, pigs' feet and chitlings are irrevocably intertwined with the American tradition about the colored man. They are admittedly *his* dishes. Pork chops, too, they say, are his, and fried chicken, but pork chops and chicken, in slavery days, seldom strayed so far from the Big House as the slaves' quarters. Human nature, however, is the same the world over—and thus nothing would satisfy the chattels save pork chops and chicken. These victuals, then, were stolen. When the white folk discovered the depredations upon their smokehouses and henroosts they spread the news that the Afro was a hound for pork chop and barn yard fowl. The belief persists.

So much for a brief history of the case. Now for a few typical taboos and inhibitions. The average normal and rational person will readily concede the right of free-born Americans to eat whatever their money pays for. Nor is the average man given to criticism of his neighbors' tastes. He grants that it is only natural that a man at times may wish to treat his palate to a bowl of boiled chitlings soused in vinegar and plentifully sprinkled with salt and red pepper. Nevertheless, despite all these grants, the average Aframerican will shy stubbornly from the mere vicinity of a chitling or pigs'-feet stand. If the place be located in the heart of Harlem, or in Boston's South End, where there is little likelihood of his being discovered by the leering gaze of the Nordic, he enters willingly enough, gorges himself, and is

foolishly happy. But if the place be located on the fringe of the so-called Black Belt, he will avoid it by blocks.

So with the average Aframerican housewife. When she desires a chicken, she either orders it by telephone, or perhaps wheedles one of her fair-skinned neighbors to do the dirty work. Sometimes, if she knows the marketman to be a stolid, indifferent, unimaginative foreigner, she will not hesitate. But even so, she buries the fowl at the bottom of her shopping-bag and slinks home by way of dark alleys.

On such occasions as Aframericans entertain their Caucasian friends at dinner, the pale-faces will look in vain for any trace of chicken. The only time there is any is when the housewife is satisfied that the visitors discount the hoary tradition. Perhaps the guests' reaction at not seeing the fowl may be one of keen disappointment. But it is quite likely not to be so keen as the hostess' disappointment that an insurmountable inhibition forbade her serving chicken.

An amusing incident took place on Boston Common three or four years ago. Massachusetts had but recently granted the colored ex-service men a battalion in the National Guard and given them a colored major. He was a bright, clean-looking young chap, formerly a sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Infantry. Later, he was a captain of a machine-gun company overseas, and later still (at the time of this incident) a student at Harvard. All the men were proud of him. Whenever they met him, on the street, aboard the subway train, or in church, they snapped immediately to attention and saluted. The major liked it, and so did the boys. Then there was a buck private named Fleetfoot. He worked at a downtown market—deliveryman. Private Fleetfoot was one of the major's most loyal boosters. He was an idol-worshipper.

One day the major, in uniform and looking very handsome, was returning from a meeting of officers at the State House. He was bound for the subway at the other side of the Common. Coming toward the major, going to make a delivery on Beacon Hill, was Private Fleetfoot. He had two live chickens, one linked under each arm. Midway in the Common the major and the private met, and, in wild consternation, the commanding officer sensed the impending tragedy. Private Fleetfoot clicked his heels, snapped his right hand to salute, dropped the left smartly to his side, and . . .

For ten minutes thereafter private and major chased a hen. Perhaps had both men been white the incident would have been simply ludicrous, but, as it was. . . .

I have been told that the major has not eaten chicken since, even in the fastness of the armory kitchen.

IV

As most of us will agree, a woman is a woman, be she white or otherwise. And a woman, I am assured, loves color in her clothes. This craving for color seems to be a common heritage. I think we are agreed, also, that it is responsible for the enhanced beauty of the passing scene: the red and green and blue hats, bobbing up and down on a Spring day, suggest a flower garden disturbed by a breeze. The point is that color in women's clothes not only is demanded, but is desirable.

Nevertheless, colored hats—and red, especially,—among Aframerican middle-class respectable women, are taboo. As a matter of fact, bright colors in any part of the clothing are shunned. The reason is that to wear colors may strengthen the white man's belief that the Negro is a childish race, and silly about flashy colors. As a consequence, the average gathering of dark ladies is a most solemnly drab and funereal affair. Only the fairer of the sex dare defy the taboo and wear what pleases their feminine fancies. The inhibition, I daresay, sprang from the tradition that Africans were often captured for the slave trade by the slave trader's exhibiting bright red cloth to the tribal chiefs.

Negro newspapers, books by and about Negroes, with this fact clearly evident on the covers, and Negro magazines are seldom read by respectable colored folk on street cars, or elsewhere in public. To read them may cause the whites to think the readers strange and different, and lead to ridicule. But to read the most slimy tabloid sheet is permissible, of course. Among the middle-class it is better to be a moron, like your white neighbor, than an intelligent, curiously minded individuality. It is the boast of some of the country's most socially prominent Aframerican ladies that they never read Negro newspapers. "I'd be mortified to death if I were seen reading one," they explain. As a result, an amazingly large number are wholly uninformed, save by stray bits gleaned from the white press, about themselves. In their zeal to belong, they lose the common touch.

Scores of Aframerican girls from time to time have lamented the taboo placed upon them by Negro business and professional men. The cry arises continually that a colored girl of intelligence and skill is without honor among her own kind. This charge is often true. I personally know of several offices in which white girls serve Negro professional men. To the colored girl who has spent years training for such work the situation is one of heartburning. Some of these girls are now finding employment in white offices, but the number is small. A Negro girl must possess extraordinary recommendations to edge out a Caucasian cousin seeking the same job.

The colored business and professional men retort to the charge of discrimination by a counter charge of incompetency. But this is not an incompetency involving inability to perform the tasks given; it is one involving social and business ethics. For the colored stenographer, being commonly high in the ranks of Aframerican society, is said to be prone to discuss an attorney's or a physician's confidential affairs with the persons most concerned. Coming all from the same social level, employée and employer outside office hours meet as common friends. This sort of contact is unavoidable, but that fact makes it none the less bad for office discipline. To maintain discipline, the Aframerican man of affairs employs girls whom he is not likely to see outside the office.

It is only among the plebs, on the one hand, and the intellectually emancipated, on the other, that the epithets "darkey," "coon," "nigger," and "blackamoor" are tolerated. Throughout the length and breadth of middle-class colored America every one of these words is still a signal for fisticuffs, or worse. This is especially true if the offender be Caucasian. Unless he be supported front, rear and flanks by his gang, he is fortunate to escape with a whole skin.

But to the lowdown Negro these are but play words. He bandies them among his friends, nor thinks aught of it. He is the same indifferent but happy and uninhibited soul who eats his pork-chop sandwich on the trolley car or in the park, poses for the World-Wide photographer with his shiny black face buried in a watermelon, and drapes the sable frames of his women in all the glorious colors of the spectrum. He is the exception, along with a few intellectuals, to all that has been said. Thus Charles S. Johnson, editor of *Opportunity*, comments upon the matter:

> There is much sensitiveness to the word "nigger" as a term of contempt, a sensitiveness varying in intensity according to geography and according to degrees of sophistication. It is, perhaps, weakest in the most emancipated Negro circles of the East, and, at the same time, paradoxically enough, among the least emancipated Negroes of the South. It is strong, generally, throughout the West. . . . The cause of resentment is obvious, of course. But it seems that an unnecessary burden is assumed by the Negroes whose tastes and education remove them from the classes in question, *i.e.*, mammy and darkey. It is needless sensitiveness that denies that there are, or, rather, were, Negro "mammies." They were contentedly loyal servants and midwives in the households of white Southerners of the slavery regime, and filled a definite position in the household. Only a few remain, and panicky protests invite suspicion. . . . Because "nigger" is a corruption intended most commonly as an expression of contempt, it is effective only when it makes Negroes *feel* inferior. The truly emancipated ones, who are certain of their status, refuse to feel a sting in the word.

V

I should be interested to know how fares Mr. Johnson's personal inhibition against the razor and the watermelon. The black man's predilection for the razor as a social appurtenance has been widely publicized. Probably more jokes, witty and inane, center about the razor than about anything else, unless it be the watermelon and crap shooting. Just as the white man's levity irritated the black man's sensitiveness about his kinky hair and gay colors, it also caused unconsciously a stern taboo to be placed upon the old-fashioned razor. A colored gentleman of pride and self-respect nowadays avoids the old-time razor as scorched infants are supposed to avoid fires. Granted that he may be more adept at shaving himself with the old tool, granted that he has an abiding dislike of new-fangled notions, and granted that it is a great deal more expensive, yet he will refrain from purchasing any except a safety razor. To buy the other kind is likely to cause the dealer to speculate whether the instrument is wanted for toilet or social use.

The razor myth comes from the time when that tool was the black man's only offensive and defensive weapon. It grew in popularity for a number of reasons. It could be easily concealed on the person. It was more easily procurable than a firearm. It did rather a messy job, but an effective one. And it made no noise. But now it is taboo.

The watermelon question has developed into a most momentous one. Liberal, intellectually-emancipated editorial writers, poets, and publicists of Aframerica pass by the succulent, appetizing fruit, lest the white man's ribald conviction be substantiated. It does not matter that the Caucasian himself buries his pale face to the Adam's apple in the watery rind; the colored brother, if he eats it at all, must do so in the privacy of his home, or stand shamed before his race.

When an Aframerican housewife's craving for watermelon compels her to yield, she is quite likely to order the fruit from a black tradesman, by telephone, insisting that it be concealed in a black bag, and delivered on a moonless night by a black delivery boy. Only by following such precautions is she assured both of defying her stubborn inhibition and satisfying a craving that at times borders upon mania.

Perhaps middle-class Aframericans would release these unnatural inhibitions against watermelon and chicken if more of them had the common sense and the statistical turn of mind of a Baltimore *Afro-American* editorial writer. He observes sagely:

> The only difference we see between white and colored folk on the fowl and watermelon question is that these comestibles form a part of the Sunday menu for colored folk, while they are the every-day dish for the whites.
>
> United States government reports show $561,000,000 worth of poultry raised in the United States last year. July 1 there were 50,059,000 pounds of frozen poultry in cold storage.
>
> Last year, the Southern States shipped 50,000,000 watermelons. The Agricultural Department estimates that 199,360 acres of watermelons are under cultivation for commercial purposes.
>
> These figures indicate that these two products annually cost the people of the United States nearly three quarters of a billion dollars, which is just about one-third of the amount earned by all the colored people in the United States.

Thus, one by one, at the conscious and unconscious behest of the white man, the old traditions hooked up with the colored man's peculiar appetites are booted on to the bunk heap. His natural human inclinations, talents, tastes, preferences, prejudices and predilections, along with the bunk, are ground under the flat foot of Aframerican inhibition. Chicken, watermelon, spirituals, chitlings, pigs' feet, bright colors, black faces, kinky hair, friendly congregating, the old-fashioned razor, pork chops,—all are now in the Index Expurgatorius of Aframerica. The Caucasian may snigger at all this as a new joke, but the "better class" colored folk will not. 'Tis undignified to laugh, you know; the white man may think you boisterous!

EDITORIAL

Two books cry aloud for writing in this, our incomparable Republic, the envy and despair of all the world outside. One is a scientific and full-length treatise upon politics—not, of course, the dull "science" taught by misinformed professors, but the brilliant and instructive art practised by hard-boiled politicians. The other is a text-book of controversy—the mother of politics as it is of theology.

The first work I have been calling for for years, but so far to no purpose. All the men whose gifts fit them for writing it seem to be intoxicated by other concerns. Samuel G. Blythe, having amassed a competence by his pen, lolls away the lazy days in California; when he arouses himself at all, it is only to concoct sophistry in favor of Prohibition for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Louis Seibold, now also a cardinal in the Curtis college, spends himself upon political divination. Frank R. Kent, having burst one kidney trying to heave the late John W. Davis, of Piping Rock, W. Va., into the White House, now risks his other in behalf of the Hon. Herbert Hoover, of Downing Street, Calif. Mark Sullivan becomes an historian, and will presently be an LL.D. Norman Hapgood plays Boswell to the Hon. Al Smith, undercover man for the Pope. The rest, concentrated at Washington, gild the still-warm clay of Dr. Coolidge, and prepare to lay him away in a pyramid of porphyry and chalcedony, five hundred feet high.

Thus the treatise I crave seems doomed to go unwritten, though its value to ambitious young men would be very great, and its interest to all connoisseurs of the democratic process would be only less so. It is, indeed, a curious and instructive fact, well exemplifying the American distaste for examining the inside of things, that it was not done long ago. For the dodges that politicians employ in their trade today are all ancient. Some of them are described at length in Machiavelli's "The Prince," first published in 1530 or thereabout, and others go back to the Athens of Pericles and the Four Hundred, if not actually to the Egypt of the Hyksos, the Irish of those remote days. All the rest were well known to Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, to say nothing of Sam Adams. But though we have whole shelves of books upon what the professors aforesaid call political science—the late Dr. Woodrow Wilson, it will be recalled, made his first stir in the world by writing one—and other and even longer shelves upon the history of concrete politicians and concrete campaigns, there is yet no frank and simple text upon the principles which underlie the whole sorry but diverting business.

These principles, I believe, are uniform everywhere, at least in free states. A Harding is put into the White House by precisely the same tricks and subterfuges which turn a village loafer into a constable, with a revolver on one hip and a flagon of seized evidence on the other. A Big Bill Thompson carries Chicago exactly as a Little Bill Thompson carries Gopher Prairie. There are devices that will set Republican hearts to leaping in Vermont—and they are the same that set Democratic hearts to leaping in Mississippi. It is one of the delusions of reformers, to be sure, that this is not so—that the political machine of a La Follette differs not only in degree but also in kind from the machine of a Charlie Murphy—that the votes of the virtuous are rounded up in ways differing from those employed in rounding up the votes of the damned. But no one believes it who has any practical acquaint-

ance with politics. The game is always run according to the same rules, no matter who is playing and no matter what the stakes.

But these rules remain unformulated. The apprentice must learn them by deducing them from the observed practise of the masters, or by trial and error on his own account. They are nowhere set forth in plain English, as the rules of golf, bridge and chiropractic are set forth. No expert has ever sought to disentangle the good ones from the bad ones, for the enlightenment and edification of those who aspire to the political career. Thus the bad ones flourish beside the good ones, and politicians remain inept and clumsy workmen. It is only the occasional genius among them who never makes mistakes—and geniuses are as rare in politics as they are in military strategy or the pants business. What is needed is an organization of the knowledge that they all share, each according to his capacity, and a competent criticism of it. In other words, what is needed is a political Aristotle, a Bacon, a Darwin, an Adam Smith. But the sheriff returns him *non est*.

II

The second of the books that I bawl for—an adequate treatise upon the technique of public controversy—is needed even more sorely, for controversy is the basic art in democratic government, as murder is the basic art in war. The most gifted of practical politicians, adept in all the sinister tricks of Tammany, would be helpless without the aid of rhetoricians—and what is rhetoric but the art of controversy? In the existing books (which run back to the Greeks) it is dealt with in a highly academic and ineffective manner. They discuss the syllogism and they discuss the metaphor, but what have syllogisms to do with making the plain people yell, and what have metaphors to do with rounding up their votes? What is needed is a far more realistic and practical work. It must concern itself, not with logic or poetry, but with the drawing of blood. It must tell the neophyte how to make the welkin ring. If it follows the case method, its cases must be drawn, not from the set pieces of Demosthenes and Cicero, but from the propaganda of the British Foreign Office, Tex Rickard and the Anti-Saloon League.

That public controversy actually has a technique—that the way in which it is carried on is far more important than its logical or even than its voluptuous content—this much must be obvious to anyone who has observed its great practitioners in action. I hazard the guess that one of its primary rules is to grab and hold the offensive. Who, standing before a mob, ever got anywhere by defending himself? I can think of no one. The mob is always in favor of whoever is giving the show—and the only kind of show it likes is one in which someone gets a dreadful beating. In the end, with the defense routed, it may indulge in a moment of sentimentality, and so call for quarter. But not while the show is going on. Not while there is any kick left in the loser.

The grand goblins of the Anti-Saloon League, all of whom seem to have been born with a high talent for controversy, turned this fact to their uses in the early and glorious days of their holy war. Not once did they let the janissaries of the Whiskey Trust take the offensive against them; always they held it themselves, and always they carried it on with tremendous ferocity. In consequence, all the odds began to run in their favor. The Whiskey Trust, thrown upon the defensive, seemed to *Homo boobiens* to be somehow dubious and evil. The very fact that it was defending itself was massive evidence against it. The Anti-Saloon League brethren, taking constant and instantaneous advantage of its distress, pushed the war against it *à outrance*, and presently it was wobbling all over the lot. To say that the mob was against the League at the time it forced the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution is absurd. The mob was over-

whelmingly with it, and for the plain reason that it was giving a brutal and gaudy show.

Unluckily, the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment took the offensive away from the League wizards, and put them on the defensive. They were in the uncomfortable position of a newspaper whose candidate for the Presidency has been elected: it is under the dreadful necessity of defending him, especially when he is plainly wrong. The dry boys have been in that hole ever since the passage of the Volstead Act, and the first attempts to enforce it. Its failure was quickly apparent to everyone not insane, and yet they had to defend it. What that defense has brought them to is now visible to the nobility and gentry. Their once all-puissant organization has begun to go to pieces. The flow of money into its coffers is ebbing; there are sounds of quarrelling in the tent of the General Staff. The end is not hard to see. The battle, at the moment, is a sort of stalemate, but if ever the wets become intelligent enough to launch into a vigorous offensive the Anti-Saloon League will blow up. And as its treasury empties, and its weaker gladiators desert, and its heroes are railroaded to jail the mob will yell with delight.

III

Here, perhaps, the Anti-Saloon League has suffered from the mere fortunes of war, which is to say, from acts of God. The fact that it is now in trouble is not due only to faulty technique, but to the lamentable circumstance that even the best technique has its limitations. Perhaps a treatise such as I call for might have warned its generals, and so made them better prepared for the swing of the tide, but certainly it could not have saved them: they were doomed from the moment they won, as professors of controversy often and perhaps usually are. But an adequate text upon the art they adorn might have at least rescued them from the folly of growing indignant about it. Here, indeed, they show a strange weakness, a curious incompetency. It was hard enough, being on the defensive at last, to stand up before the mob. But to stand up before it bawling is downright impossible.

Indignation, I believe, is the bad booze of controversialists. It can knock them off quicker than any other poison. I venture to guess that the book I propose, if it is ever written, will have a whole chapter on the subject, and maybe more than one. There are innumerable examples from the sad records of the human race. The States' Rights men, in the years before 1860, had all the better of the constitutional argument—until they began to grow angry. After that the winds began to blow against them. Bryan was winning his fight against evolution until he allowed the cunning Darrow to lure him into indignation. Wilson was a hero until he started to bawl against the Senate. Roosevelt was a demigod until he fell into a fury. The mob, which is the final arbiter in such matters, does not like indignant men. They strike it as funny. No doubt they really are. For though there may be ideas in this world worth suffering for and even dying for, it is hard to think of one that is worth getting indignant over. The Sacco-Vanzetti crusaders might have saved their babies if they had clung to the devastating austerity of Professor Felix Frankfurter and avoided the puerile yowling of striking garment-workers.

But I am not here to write a treatise on controversy, but simply to argue that it ought to be written. Let some skillful scoundrel tackle it, and without further delay. The country needs it as badly as it needs a wop in the White House. But let the author (or authors) not corrupt it with moral snuffling. Let them remember that the kind of controversy I speak of has no purpose to establish facts and spread the enlightenment; its sole purpose is to win.

H. L. M.

THE HEROES' UNION

BY O. L. WARR

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100% Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and Nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

Thus reads the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion, and thus reads the editorial masthead of the *American Legion Monthly*, *née Weekly*, its official organ.

Majestic, Rooseveltian, and euphonious, the title, American Legion, was first applied to a pre-war and pro-war organization born in *Adventure's* "Camp-Fire" department. The heroic Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Senior, after his appointment to a chairmanship in this organization, sent out his usual clarion-calls, and his never-failing aide, Major-General Leonard Wood, lent eager assistance. But they only brought down upon their heads the wrath of the American League to Limit Armaments, and the suspicions of President Woodrow Wilson and his Cabinet. The entrance of the United States into the *mêlée* caused the quick death of the organization.

But its title was too sonorous to remain long in the discard. Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, eager with the armistice to launch into a political career, was enchanted by the possibilities offered by organizing his fighting fellow countrymen. Fellow Lieutenant Colonels Bennett Clark, son of Speaker Champ Clark, and Eric Fisher Wood, presently joined him, and, fathered by the three, the second American Legion was born in Paris in 1919, on the day after the ides of March. Simultaneously, there came into existence on this side of the Atlantic the World War Veterans' Association of America. Alarmed at the appearance of competition, young Teddy hastened to call a convention of the latter group for the purpose of consolidation with the Legion. Meekly, most of those responsible for its formation obeyed, and Teddy appointed delegates to a caucus to be held in St. Louis in May.

But dissension arose before the caucus was called to any semblance of order, even before the delegates left their homes. The ex-service men of Texas disregarded Teddy's appointments and selected their own representatives, instructing them "to pack up their duds and come home" if they saw anything that appeared to be wrong. Nor did the course of the caucus run smoothly in the direction that its caller had hoped. Opposition to Teddy as the head of the organization rapidly developed. Reading the signs quickly, and following the example of his immortal father, he determined upon a dramatic refusal. For three hours after the caucus met, he declined steadfastly the chairmanship offered him by his own appointees. When the tumult was about to die and the urging almost ceased, he played his ace of trumps by springing to his feet and shouting: "I'll tell you just why I can't accept this nomination. They say I am a politician and that I formed this organization to make a grandstand play and—"

Shouts of "No, no!" "Make him take it!" and "We want Teddy!" were the sweet sounds that drowned out his voice. But the grandstander remained adamant, if a grandstander he was. And the caucus, eager to increase the enthusiasm of the lukewarm Texans, gave the office to a Lone Star colonel.

Other snags appeared. Should Negroes be admitted? The Southern delegates threatened secession. Should Regular Army men be eligible to membership? Again the debate was warm, and before it ended a Salt Lake City marine shocked his hearers by declaring that "This looks to me like some sort of a Bolshevist proposition."

Prohibition was carefully sidetracked, both in practice and in official discussion, though the leader of the California delegation had previously promised a row about it. Inside the hall of deliberation the subject proved tongue-tying. Action, pro or con, would have nipped too many promising political careers in the bud.

That the ceremonies of the first day should end without the dread Bolsheviki and I. W. W. getting a flogging would have been inconceivable. Resolutions of condemnation piled high upon the desk. The following was representative:

> *Whereas*, there is an element living among us who mistake liberty for license, free speech for anarchy, and who by their action and speeches and radical papers would revolutionize this government and make this land of freedom a land of free love,
>
> *Be it Resolved*, that this convention petition Congress that all members of radical organizations such as the I. W. W., Bolsheviki, and kindred organizations be deported, that a stop be put to the printing of their literature and that any one found guilty of distributing their literature be deemed guilty of a criminal offense.

Choosing that denunciation which contained the strongest invective, the caucus called it a day, and proceeded to unofficial and more pleasant activities. Came the second day, and the choice of a convention city. During the night, the Chicago delegation had placarded the hall with signs boosting the city of wind, gangsters, and Big Bill Thompson. Entertaining high hopes for Boston, one of the group from the Old Bay State went scalp hunting, declaring that "Chicago cannot have us now or any other time until Chicago has an American for mayor."

Rounds of applause followed this, and the Oregon delegation led a rapid movement to clear the walls of the offending posters. The spokesman of the defending Chicagoans urged that the delegates not impugn the patriotism of his fellow citizens because their city had "a mayor of which it is ashamed." In response, the Nebraskans vociferously declared that their vote was accompanied by the sentiment of "To hell with Big Bill Thompson!"

The denunciation of the Seattle Soldiers' and Sailors' Council on the ground that its membership contained I. W. W.'s and other radicals, and the unaccountable defeat of a resolution calling for six months' extra pay completed the exertions of the caucus. Home to their suspicious wives went the heroes, overflowing with zeal and satisfaction. One delegate, never having heard of Corporal Tanner, spoke truer than he knew when he offered as a slogan for the new organization: "The G. A. R. of the Future."

II

After the example of the G. A. R., and to the consternation of certain Southern history professors, the post was made the unit. More important, two dollars was made the minimum annual membership fee. The Caesars were demanding a rendering. Races for the organization of the first State posts were keen, and exclusive posts were organized by the men of various occupations, ranging from the mine sweepers' post to that of the League of Nations, composed of four Americans in Geneva. The itch to organize even spread as far as Buenos Aires. Nor were the educational institutions of the country immune, the Columbia University post leading the way.

Soon the lady warriors demanded equal rights, and the Edith Cavell Post, of more than a hundred Brooklyn Navy Yard yeo-

manettes, was the first to break the ice. In rapid order followed posts named for Betsy Ross, Martha Washington, Molly Pitcher, and Barbara Frietchie. But the black service men were left in the mire, ditched to prevent dissension. Sidestepping the race question, the caucus made each post the judge of its own membership and each State department the judge of its own posts. Consequently, nearly all the existing Negro legionnaires reside north of the well-known dividing line.

The usual drive for members was announced and one of the nation-wide chain-stores was prevailed upon to allow the use of a counter in each district as headquarters for the ballyhooing. The organization was incorporated by an act of Congress. Teddy toured the country. The coffers began to bulge. But even the adoption of a tasty lapel emblem failed to push the membership to the million mark. Developing policies turned the stomachs of many prospects, and after the peak of 845,000 was reached in 1920 the membership began to drop. Today, six-sevenths of the eligibles prefer to remain among the great unlegioned.

The wives were dissatisfied, too—suspicious of convention activities, and desirous of accompanying their spouses. The husbands, averse to the suggested supervision, aided in the formation of an auxiliary in order that the attentions of their better halves might be diverted from their unofficial entertainment. The scheme worked and is working. The ladies now spend their convention days in discussing their own problems, while their liberated husbands enjoy the night life of the convention city. Back home they do service at the local post banquets, and publish columns of booster stuff in the local papers. This auxiliary, now 200,000 strong, promises to overtop the organization of the men, though it is torn constantly, like the D. A. R., by petty personal and sectional strife. It has begun to invade the cradle in its rush for members, and has accepted as its youngest addition a female infant nine days old.

It soon became apparent that the Legion needed a publication of its own. With the blessing of Lord Northcliffe, and the avowed purpose of "fostering and perpetuating 100% Americanism," the first issue of a bellicose and bellowing journal appeared on July 4, 1919. It was a weekly, and during the following Winter there came a crash in its fortunes. After a month's absence, it reappeared, reduced in size, printed on cheaper paper, and minus its brilliantly colored cover. Six years later it quietly became a monthly.

But hard luck has pursued all things bearing the name of the organization. A passenger vessel called the *American Legion* began its career with a record-breaking trip to Rio de Janeiro, but soon thereafter it went on a rampage, sinking one Argentine torpedo-boat and damaging five others. Returning home, it was libelled for the death of a swimmer, and a collision with the steamer *Golden Gate* capped the climax. Its one chance for favorable publicity arose with the booking of return passage from California by President Harding, and died with his martyrdom. The similarly-named New York-to-Paris plane fell into a Virginia mudhole, with fatal results to the aviators.

III

The meetings of the local posts and the annual conventions are what have kept the Legion alive since the bonus raid. Members of the hick town posts assemble in second-story rooms overlooking side streets. The more urban and urbane use rathskellers and hotel dining-rooms. The liquor of the latter groups, when there is any, is served as cocktails, while the denizens of the Bible Belt hold their glasses below the table's edge and fill them from Mason jars or demijohns. All other features are strikingly similar.

After gorging, the members indulge themselves in gay song about old Macgregor's farm or the three blind mice. Then arises the speaker, often imported for the

occasion. Amid the tinkle of bottles in the smaller towns and the loud requests for cocktail dividends in the larger, (that is, when luck is running with the boys) the orator praises the memory of the man for whom the post is named, and denounces all men, women, and children who wear red. Then a lady sings, or gives an exhibition of the latest dance step. The legionnaires cheer for more. It has been rumored by Russian spies that sometimes, when none of the Auxiliary are present, the dancer appears very lightly clad, or even in the altogether. The meeting is closed with three cheers for the dancer and the speaker, and the members fade away.

An important duty is the entertainment of visiting notables. The posts of New York presented a silk American flag to the Prince of Wales in 1919, and did themselves proud when King Albert was a visitor. But the greatest of all their greetings was that given General Pershing soon after the formation of the organization. The high spot in the ceremonies was his introduction by the Hon. Luke Lea, a former United States Senator, to an audience of ten thousand legionnaires in Madison Square Garden. The introducer called for a foreign policy which would make America "the trustee of civilization," one that would

> regard rapine at our doors on the Mexican border as vile and unspeakable as when committed four thousand miles distant in Belgium, and treat and punish as murder the wanton killing of men, women, and babes, whether it occurs on the high seas or on the banks of the Rio Grande.

Amid loud cheers the Hon. Mr. Lea demanded incessant activity by the Department of Justice "until there is not a single half-breed, draft-dodging I. W. W. or bomb-throwing Bolshevik left in this country to break the peace." Overshadowed by Luke, the General voiced a cautious warning to the Legion to keep out of politics.

The grand splurges, however, occur at the annual national conventions, nine of which the world has so far managed to survive. The legionnaires are accorded the usual hand-shaking, back-slapping, Rotarian welcome to the city of their choice. For the duration of the convention all riot news is carefully suppressed, and reporters for the local journals discover the visitors to be models of decorum. But outside sheets are less considerate, and sometimes hint at rowdy behavior. Unkind snipers accuse the veterans of singing bawdy trench songs, and of indulging in crap games and free-for-alls, while the judicious observe with pain an increase in the number of bootleggers and ladies of accessible virtue. The local shopkeepers sometimes assert that their shops are less safe than those of Americans in China during anti-missionary movements, and theatre managers complain of prolonged visits.

To Ambassador Herrick belongs the credit for the arrangement of the 1927 meeting on foreign soil, with the privilege of marching under the Arc de Triomphe. The prudent opposition was overcome only by his constant yelling of "Come on over; the water's fine!" To drum up attendance posters advertising French liquors were displayed in the Christian Middle West, and the wrath of the W. C. T. U. descended upon the heads of the responsible committeemen. In addition photographs of pretty French gals with shapely extremities were widely circulated.

Twenty thousand, aided in part by legislative appropriations, were unable to withstand the temptation. But only 15% responded to the pious solicitations of the American merchant marine. All the others chose ships with bars. Six thousand watchful wives, with different but obvious intent, also made the trip. Many returned before their scheduled time because of financial exhaustion.

The first two annual meetings were favored with warm greetings from Marshal Foch. At the third he was present in person, led the parade, and made a speech. Another notable convention visitor and message-sender is Dr. Coolidge. Soon after the bonus had been passed over his veto, he warmed the cockles of the legionnaires'

hearts by sending a message to the St. Paul meeting. A year later the delegates at Omaha slept through a personally delivered address.

Of all the annually elected commanders, one Alvin M. Owsley made the most noise. Under his leadership, plans for the bonus grab were brought to perfection.

IV

"We came here to put something in the government, not to take something away from it," declared Teddy, Junior, when speaking at the first caucus against a resolution for six months' extra pay. The resolution was unanimously defeated. Never again, however, did a bonus resolution receive negative action at the hands of legionnaires. Within nine months the organization became a vast machine for pension-pushing propaganda. The first commander, Franklin D'Olier, endeared himself to those desiring a hold on the public teat. Warning Congress against "false economy," he protested the unselfishness of the organization thus:

> The American Legion asks for no bonus—that sounds too much like a gift or present from the government. It merely asks the government to assist the ex-service man in overcoming some of the financial disadvantages incidental to his military or naval service.

Later on Commander Hanford MacNider, now a jobholder in Washington, inherited the task of leading the bonus battle. He flooded Congress and the country with telegrams, interviews, and petitions. The aid of Aaron Sapiro, Henry Ford's late enemy, was invoked, but his efforts availed nothing, and so the resolution of the 1923 convention was strongly worded:

> That the time has arrived for the acid test of the government's intentions, as it cannot longer delay and retain the confidence of the veterans. . . . That we do hereby call upon the Sixty-eighth Congress to redeem its obligations by enacting the adjusted compensation measure.

Within the Legion the way of the bonus opponent was hard, and more than one opposing post felt the weight of the organization steam-roller. Units registering opposition were either censured, suspended, or expelled. Early in the fight, Commander D'Olier labeled those opposing the bonus "a new form of conscientious objectors." These objectors formed the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, and upon their heads descended reams of the *Weekly's* abuse. Those holding offices in the Legion were forced to resign. National commanders, in order to secure their positions, followed the crowd, as is evidenced by a statement of Commander Drain:

> I did not at first believe in adjusted compensation. You will remember that the American Legion did not propose it. It was urged upon us.

The urge was an inner one and its detection was not difficult. In spite of opposition and a brace of vetoes, the foray was staged as planned. With the most important work of the organization ended, Commander McQuigg attempted to bury the stench by solemnly asserting that the Legion had "never in its history advocated the passage of a bill which could be construed as a selfish measure." But the odor will not down. Nor has the national bonus been the sole interest of this "fourth branch of the government." More than one Legislature has sweated blood and dollars because of its activities.

On bended knee, Commander D'Olier begged for compulsory, universal military training, and the legionnaires roared approval. When the students of the College of the City of New York voted against its continuation there, the Legion post of the institution decried the decision in angry terms. But since the question meant little to the legionnaires financially, their noise-making talent was soon diverted into paths leading to greater rewards.

The Washington administration was pleased with the official Legion attitude toward the World Court. The convention of 1925 registered approval, and Commander Drain took care to give publicity to the fact. That of 1926, in accordance with the cooled enthusiasm of Dr. Coolidge, refused to reaffirm the position of the year

before. Thus, in a twelvemonth, membership in the Court had mysteriously become undesirable.

Since Prohibition was given theoretical endorsement by the Cleveland convention, the national organization has avoided the issue as carefully as have the two major parties. National Commander Edward E. Spafford recently raised an uproar with his proposal for a referendum of legionnaires on the question of Prohibition. But it was attacked by the more vociferous "dry" heroes, and the commander gracefully shelved it. No hesitancy, however, has been shown by the State departments. The New York veterans delight in hearing ex-Senator Wadsworth urge modification. In striking contrast, the Nebraska department once cancelled an invitation to Representative Hill, the Maryland super-wet, for fear that he might make an anti-Prohibition speech.

Attempted State legislation has ranged from the outrageous to the ridiculous. Worthy of the booby prize is a bill introduced in the New York Legislature making the unentitled wearing of the Legion button a misdemeanor.

V

Since the night of its conception the Legion has fought the I. W. W. and every other group advocating a change in the relations of labor and capital. It sponsored an "all-American" conference of sixty-two national organizations, resolved to stop the spread of radicalism. The conference barely survived the startling discovery that the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society was not represented. After lengthy deliberations, Sir Esme Howard was assailed for his remarks on America's policy toward Russia, and the legionnaires were urged to serve in emergencies arising from radical demonstrations or strikes. One George Hutton broadcast the following advice:

> In camp we obeyed army regulations, but when we got to the front we were often obliged to take matters in our own hands. I believe we are approaching the front now in civil life. If the authorities do not look into the matter, it is up to us to be in readiness in case we are called upon in an emergency.

Four Centralia, Wash., legionnaires, in an Armistice Day parade, were shot by members of the I. W. W. after continued provocation. The national convention, then in session, resolved that "whatever the offense, the Legion first of all stands for law and order." While this theory was being propounded two thousand miles away, a Legion posse was scouring the woods around Centralia, hunting all men with radical symptoms. The hunters were routed in a battle outside the city. Not to be outdone, they nabbed the unfortunate I. W. W. secretary, and a mob lynched him. Another fight, at Bogalusa, La., cost three lives and a dozen hospital bills.

Newspapers and army officers have encouraged the legionnaires to become the unofficial police of the nation by advising the public to "leave the Reds to the Legion." Many members gathered in Spokane to repel a rumored invasion of unknown size and source, an invasion which somehow never materialized. In Gary, Ind., Phoenix, Ariz., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Kansas City members also prepared for an active fight against enemies whose identity must ever remain a secret because of their non-appearance.

Socialist headquarters and printing shops have fared badly at the hands of the boys. A wrecking crew visited a Cincinnati office, pitched its contents into the street, and made a bonfire of them. The court verdict was for the Legion, and Frederick Reis, a legionnaire who gave damaging testimony at the trial, was carried to a high bridge and thrown into the river. The protectors of Minneapolis cleaned out a book-shop offering for sale the writings of Socialists, and the Oakland *World*, a Socialist weekly, was made bankrupt by repeated pillage. Occasionally an editor has been rawhided.

The late Eugene V. Debs was long an object of Legion attention. While he was

in prison, meetings to demand his release were taboo, and those disregarding the usual threats were forcibly escorted from the meeting places. President Wilson's refusal to pardon old Debs met with Legion acclaim, and rumors of his impending release by President Harding brought a cloudburst of opposing resolutions. Commander MacNider led the weeping and wailing when the protests went unheeded.

The deportation of Congressman Victor L. Berger was demanded, and when the offender essayed to speak in Boston, legionnaires guarded the doors of the hall. An engagement in Providence was postponed, and it was announced that he would speak there later. There followed a conference between Legion officials and the mayor, and soon the police commissioner ruled:

> To allow him to make an address in public here would permit him to further assail American institutions, besides endangering the public peace. We have decided to do everything in our power to prevent Victor L. Berger or speakers of a similar type from addressing public gatherings in Providence.

Threats of violence have usually been sufficient to cause city officials to refuse permits for meetings, and hints of political vengeance have brought the hesitant remainder into line. Irwin St. John Tucker, Scott Nearing, Kate O'Hare, and Big Bill Haywood are among those on the proscribed list. But George Wilson, a Farmer-Labor organizer who held liberal views and who had criticized the organization, was elected president of the University of Oklahoma in the face of unanimous Legion opposition. Protected by guards, he held his position for a month. Then the Legion opposition removed him.

Dudley Field Malone has also been included within the wide scope of the Legion's anti-Red antagonism. His application for membership in the Croton Post was unanimously rejected because, so it was argued, his audiences had shown by their applause that they were sympathizers with the Bolsheviki, and because he was counsel for the unrecognized ambassador of the Soviets. After his spirited reply, he was invited to address and to join the Cook Post in the same county. He spoke, but refused to sign on the dotted line.

The mania for Red-hunting still survives. Commander McQuigg, in 1926, voiced a solemn warning against "parlor Bolsheviki," and the Legion continues to clamor for the destruction of all who express any discontent with the distribution of wealth in these days of Coolidge prosperity. Nor is there any love lost between the Legion and organized labor. Trouble began when legionnaires who participated in a strikers' parade were requested to explain their action, while a group of strike-breakers were granted a Legion charter. Members of the Legion were excluded from unions in Detroit, New York, and Chicago. The United Mine Workers, the United Labor Council, and the Unemployment Council broke off diplomatic relations. Alarmed at the growth of opposition, Commander MacNider appeared at the Cincinnati convention of the American Federation of Labor and suggested an alliance between the two groups. The suggestion was politely applauded, and action upon it carefully avoided.

VI

Non-Partisan Leaguers have always incurred the especial hatred of the Constitution's volunteer protectors. So extreme were the opposition methods of Kansas posts that the national commander once attempted to call a halt. But the State Legion expressed defiance. Conducting the fight independently, its members tarred and grassed two League organizers and chased two other speakers away. But the League laughed last when one of its organizers was sued in the courts of Nebraska because of a statement concerning the Legion. The verdict awarded the plaintiffs one penny. The division of the spoils remains a mystery.

Competition is abhorred by all good legionnaires. Though their aims are largely identical, hatred exists between the Legion

and the Ku Klux Klan. Most of the conventions have condemned Klan activities, and anti-Klan bills in State Legislatures have received Legion support. Fisticuffs between the two groups of patriots are not uncommon.

But of all non-Reds, Jack Dempsey has been hated most. Pressure from above forced a Milwaukee post to nullify his election as an honorary life member. Manager Kearns begged that his *protégé* be given an opportunity to give testimony before the Legion's Supreme Council, but it refused to be contaminated by his presence.

Ingenuous arguments against the validity of his professional title were evolved. Governors were requested to deny him the privilege of fighting within their respective dominions, and the Department of State was urged to refuse him a passport. His retirement and the recognition of Carpentier as the world's champion were insisted upon, and one Southwestern post raised a pool to wager on the Frenchman. John Smith, chairman of the New Jersey Athletic Commission, proved himself a man after the Legion's own heart when he made the following announcement:

> In support of the American Legion I wish to state that Jack Dempsey is not good enough for the State of New Jersey and as chairman of the Boxing Commission I wish to go on record against Jack Dempsey or his manager, Jack Kearns, appearing in any boxing bout held within the confines of this State.

A Massachusetts post opposed his appearance on the screen, and as late as 1925, when it was proposed to attach his name to a school in his home town, Legion protests belched forth as lava from Vesuvius. Pæans were sung when the champion was battered by the learned marine, Mr. Tunney. But it soon appeared that the literary tastes of Gene rendered him unsuitable for worship by heroes, and the hosannas after the repetition were feeble.

The second largest portion of the enormous Legion spleen has been vented upon the celebrated Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, fugitive from the draft. His return from his asylum in Germany is periodically demanded by conventions, and he is the object of frequent vituperative articles in the *Weekly*. But he remains safe, and so the disgruntled legionnaires show their ill-will toward him by refusing to attach to their firstborn the name of the former President, that he bears.

Eamon de Valera, "President of the Irish Republic," and a thorn in the side of England, was not received with open arms by the Legion, when he favored the United States with his presence. The students at the University of South Carolina were saved from his infernal machinations when prominent legionnaire alumni forced the cancellation of a scheduled address, and the efforts of the Hornets' Nest Post prevented the citizens of Charlotte, N. C., from joining in his hellish plots against the Motherland. In Birmingham, Ala., resolutions were adopted requesting that the Governor proclaim him *persona non grata* in Alabama. Lack of power prevented the executive from complying, but he retained the support of the Legion by declaring that "Were I directing official of the Department of State, I would unhesitatingly order the deportation of de Valera without delay." The alert Methodist divines of Birmingham came to the support of the Legion, and as a result of their combined activities, the City Commission forbade a parade in honor of the visitor.

Little friendship existed between the legionnaires and the members of the late President Wilson's Cabinet. The Hon. Newton D. Baker was a target for many pointed barbs because of his lenient attitude toward conscientious objectors, and his removal or resignation was repeatedly demanded. Secretary William B. Wilson was also added to the blacklist when he upheld an assistant secretary who denied Legion nose-pokers access to the immigration records at Ellis Island.

But most of the politicians have been more obliging and subservient. All the major contestants in 1920 begged Legion support, and the victors expressed their gratitude with lucrative appointments.

To the distinguished Edwin Denby, overseas organizer, went the secretaryship that traitors later forced him to resign, and young Teddy was made an underling in the same department. The Hon. Thomas W. Miller, now of Atlanta, but then a member of two Legion committees, received the lucrative position of Alien Property Custodian. Ogden L. Mills, high in the New York organization, is today an understudy of Andy Mellon, while Hanford MacNider, former national commander, is comfortably ensconced in the Department of War. In all the States Legion leaders eat heavily from the public trough.

VII

German opera was once the great Hurlothrumbo of the organized heroes. No sooner had such entertainment been scheduled for New York City in the Autumn of 1919 than the machinery of opposition was put in motion. But all efforts for its prohibition were futile, and on the opening night two hundred and twenty-five policemen protected the singers from legionnaires while the opera was sung. Outside the theatre the crowd was harangued by a woman who called herself Carrie Nation. Masonry fell here and there, and one officer was struck on the head with a billiard cue. Milk bottles were also in evidence.

An order thumbscrewed from the mayor closed the theatre on the second night, and an injunction allowed it to reopen on the third. Three hundred policemen were kept busy by the crowd, and the skull of a sailor was cracked. Meanwhile, the entertainment on the inside was not entirely musical. Five aged eggs thrown from a box in the third tier kept the unfortunate warblers jumping. The odor was bad but bearable. When the audience left, and cracked under foot a number of small stink-bombs in the aisles, handkerchiefs were used as gas masks and the house was emptied in record time.

Once more the opera was given before a small audience. Then the local battle was ended by a court ruling that performances must cease pending the ratification of peace. The concerts of Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, who had appeared in Red Cross and other charitable performances during the war, were prohibited by the union heroes, and the Germanism of Mme. Johanna Gadski rendered her appearance in Los Angeles impossible. Other things German than music also troubled the Legion in those days. German-made poppies, films and toys were long under its ban, and those who aided starving Austrian and German children were branded as traitors to democracy. The contents of German language newspapers were carefully scanned for seditious statements, and the editor of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* was jailed for referring to members of the Legion as "bums and hoboes."

The horrifying discovery that Germany's percentage of illiteracy was smaller than that of the United States diverted the Legion's attention to the principles of pedagogy. From participation in the National Education Week programme, the activity of the organization spread to a movement for the compulsory teaching of American history and civil government in public and private schools, with a Legion committee examining the textbooks "to determine whether they are loyal."

But that campaign faded, as everything sponsored by the Legion seems to do, and community betterment is now its pet programme. There was an example of its unselfish service in this field in the aid rendered to the city of New York during the Winter of 1920, when a food famine threatened the snow and ice bound metropolis. At the request of the mayor, the Legion adjutant issued a call for 25,000 members to mobilize for snow removal work. Forty-two legionnaires, including one woman, responded to the call. The Legion officials then confidently predicted 5,000 workers for the following day. An even score appeared.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

HYMENEAL orgies in the grand old town of Andalusia, as described by the *Star* thereof:

> The eventful hour, being announced by the ringing of the old-fashioned wedding bells so unusual in present day customs, served to thrill and still the hearts of the merry-makers into profound quiet in reverence due the solemn occasion, which was broken as the last toll passed out into space and time by the soft finger tips on the piano by a Scottish appearing beauty, Miss Rosalind Prestwood, and a song by the gifted Miss Fay O'Neal; the soft music continued merging into the wedding march.
>
> Through arch-ways of white wedding bells and the aisle of the youth and beauty of the maids came the bride and groom, who were met at the improvised altar by the Rev. Father Pathe of Montgomery, who performed the sacred rights of husband and wife in a most impressive manner.
>
> The bride wore an elaborate gown of white satin with deep flounce of spider web lace with an occasional rose outlined with pearls. The close fitting bodice was heavily embroidered in pearls and rhinestones, which were sparkling under the heavy display of myriads of light portraying the appearance of celestial beauty.
>
> The bride, who is best described as the truest type of Southern beauty, possesses a gentleness and meekness of character that at once inspires a respect which soon warms into love. She has many to leave and yearn for her sweet association.
>
> Much can be said of the groom who is well and favorably known here. A sense of duty and an eagerness to faithfully discharge every trust has been a ruling force in his life.
>
> Now the still sacred moments were relieved by the brightness of Mrs. Simpson appearing in her beautiful going-away gown of black satin crepe, elaborately embroidered in orange and green, with which she wore a chapeau to match, to cut the lovely embossed wedding cake. The craving of amusement is a natural one, and within proper bounds was thoroughly gratified by the showering of rice, the memory of which will ever bring to the hearts a thrill of joyful recollections of youthful memories.

CALIFORNIA

ADVERTISEMENTS in the *Pacific Police Magazine* of Los Angeles, "devoted to police coöperation and criminal apprehension":

Phone Westmore 1085
J. M. PITCHER
GRAPE AND CIDER PRESSES
CROWN CAPS CORKS AND BOTTLES
MALT SYRUP AND HOPS
KEGS CROCKS GLASS CONTAINERS
1915 So. San Pedro St. Los Angeles

WESTLAKE BOTTLE SUPPLY CO.
BARRELS, BOTTLES, CORKS
MALT, HOPS, SYRUPS, ETC.
Everything for the Home Bottler
DELIVERY SERVICE OPEN EVENINGS
Washington 5966 1552 West Sixth St.

Imported and Domestic Wholesale and Retail
WESTERN BOTTLE SUPPLY CO.
EXTRACTS, FLAVORS, ESSENCE, ESSENTIAL OILS, CORDIALS, CORKS, BOTTLES, AND BOTTLERS' SUPPLIES
Phone OLympia 3410 4314 Sunset Blvd.

CONTRIBUTION to American æsthetic and criminal history by the Hearst papers:

> Hollywood is celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its founding by Kansas Prohibitionists.
>
> Officially, Hollywood was born in 1887. In that year two former residents of Topeka, Kan., Mr. and Mrs. Horace Henderson Wilcox, subdivided a fig and apricot orchard. The center of this orchard is now the intersection of Hollywood boulevard and Cahuenga avenue, Hollywood's Broadway and Forty-second street. The saloon was banned from the start. When a hotel was built it was minus a license to serve liquor. The name of Hollywood was affixed to the future film metropolis because Mrs. Wilcox liked it. She and her husband adopted it for their orchard after Mrs. Wilcox, while traveling in the East, had made a train acquaintance of a wealthy woman whose country estate was named Hollywood.

OBITUARY notice in the Pasadena *Star-News:*

> IN MEMORIAM
> TOMMY TIPPLES
> A GOOD CAT
>
> Awoke to consciousness on this plane of life April 28, 1913.
> Fell asleep October 20, 1927. He was beautiful, dignified, gentle, a lover of peace.

CONNECTICUT

CRITICAL *obiter dictum* in the celebrated Hartford *Times:*

A man who thinks that Theodore Dreiser is a better novelist than Hugh Walpole would fall for anything.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE Associated Press provides material for the schoolbook manufacturers of the future:

Mrs. Lita Grey Chaplin, divorced wife of Charlie Chaplin, was received today by President Coolidge, who expressed the hope that she was enjoying her visit in Washington. Mrs. Chaplin and her mother, Mrs. Lillian Grey, were presented by former Governor Spry of Utah, who now is Commissioner of the General Land Office.

FLORIDA

LETTER from an outraged 100% American in the Tampa *Morning Tribune:*

It Seems funny doesnt it that some one is always trying to kill the goose that seemingly layes the golden egg now I have read quite a few articles in the Tampa *Morning Tribune* in the past few days about the Catholic church and that we are about to face a regin in this country if the Hon. Al Smith is nominated to the Presidency race that will be pulled of in the near future or thereabouts now it dont seem possible that a Nation that is more than two thirds protestants would think for one second of trying to put a man like Smith up for President in this land of ours that is supposed to be a free country dont they know that a catholic does not believe in Jesus Christ but dont believe any one that does is in their right mind dont they know that anyone that takes the oath of a Catholic is not only swearing his life away to this releigon if that is what you could call it any stretch of the imagaination but he is also swearing that he hopes that all kind of damnation will befall his soul if he dosent do exactly as the Pope in Rome tells him to do and not what anyone in this world tells him to do outside of this supposedly super being the Pope in Rome do they know that they are fixing to place a country that was raised directly againt this kind of thing in the hands of Jeporday (is that spelled right) well do they know that some of the vowes taken by a Catholic is even though we have to go into the wombs of the unbeliver (or that is to say the protestant) woman and dash the Infants head out even before it is born we shall do so we shall do any thing it makes no difference how dasterdadly and beyond all else get the protestant out of the way Damm their rotten souls may they rot in filth and die in slime for they are not with us so they must be against us, may they be all kinds of things happen to them may they die from all manner of filthy sickness may they be crippled maimed blind parlyized may they suffer all manner and kinds of terror so that we (the Catholic) can destroy them off of the face of the earth the dirty swine eaters. now just think of putting a man like that at the head of this Government.

SAM JONES.

RECREATIONS of a Key West holy man, as reported by the *Citizen* thereof:

A most unique shower was given by the ladies of the Ley Memorial Methodist Church at the new parsonage on United street last evening. The Rev. E. L. Ley, dressed as a bride, was the *honorée* of the occasion, and he was showered with many gifts from the 100 guests present. The pastor provoked much merriment with his antics and poses in bridal costume. Games formed the main diversion. The ladies served punch and crackers.

GEORGIA

INCIDENT in the life of the Aframericans of Dahlonega, as reported by the illustrious *Nugget:*

Uncle Jim Austin and Bula Edley, colored, were married on the 9th instant by Squire Jim Abercrombie. The bride is 25 and the groom 88. Both have been married before and have children. The night after the wedding Dillard Austin came home drunk, and after retiring wanted the daughter of Uncle Jim's wife to bring him a drink of water. The old man objected to this, saying he would carry the water himself. But Dillard did not want to drink any water except that delivered by a female, and got mad because he could not be waited on as directed. Then a fuss arose and the great big stout young son struck his old gray-haired father on the head with a gun, bending the barrel, breaking the stock and nearly putting one eye out. A warrant was sworn out, but the hard-hearted Negro left out before the sheriff and deputy reached him.

THE sublime process of legislation in the Georgia Reichstag, as reported by the eminent Atlanta *Journal:*

A committee amendment was adopted limiting the amount of tax imposed upon automobile rental agencies to a maximum of $1,000.

Another committee amendment was adopted increasing the tax upon cemeteries from $50 to $100.

FROM a bulletin of Mercer University:

A Christian is a communicating personality, communicating with God through Jesus Christ and communicating for Jesus Christ with the world.

A Christian church is a group of communicating personalities, organized upon the New Testament plan, communicating with God through Jesus Christ and communicating for Jesus Christ with the world.

A Christian school is a group of gifted and thoroughly trained communicating personalities, organized, communicating with God through Jesus Christ and communicating for Jesus Christ with the expanding minds of the youth whom they teach.

Mercer University, founded by the Baptists of Georgia and supported by them for nearly

one hundred years, is seeking to realize in every possible way this definition of the Christian school.

ILLINOIS

INCIDENT in the Christian life of the great town of Homer, as described by the local correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune:*

Mrs. Charles Johnson, who choked on an apple at a church contest Friday evening, was reported well on the way to recovery this evening. During the heat of the excitement when it was being decided who could consume an apple the swiftest, Mrs. Johnson choked, broke up the party, and was unconscious for several hours.

Aurora dispatch in the same eminent journal:

Addressing a convention here of the American Saxon Federation, which is founded on the belief that the Anglo-Saxons, as descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, are God's chosen people, Judge J. J. Dubois of the Chicago Law School said: "The Anglo-Saxons are back of our educational system; they are back of our churches; they are back of all our great movements. They are responsible for practically every benevolent and charitable enterprise that was ever started."

Judge Dubois said that he was in Saxony at the start of the World War and that these people were praying for peace, the Prussians alone being on the side of war.

The convention closed after repeated addresses had been made in which quotations from the Bible and discoveries by archeologists were cited to prove that the Saxon lineage dated back to King Solomon and before.

INDIANA

THE Hon. Meredith Nicholson protests against the inscrutable ways of God:

We spent millions of dollars for education in Indiana and yet there have been as many as 300,000 men and women affiliated with the Klan, who parade through the streets carrying fiery crosses and singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

IOWA

RAW material for Ring Lardner from the McGregor *Times:*

While Homer Minney was at work Wednesday at the Bickel Meat & Grocery Co., he noticed a large tarantula on a bunch of bananas. If anybody would of became in close contact with this exceptionally large spider, it would of proved fatal to them.

KANSAS

ADVERTISEMENT in the Charleston, S. C., *Evening Post:*

DISCOVERED—The Truth about God, Soul and Imortality. All about it in 50c book. Order from discoverer. W. H. Kerr, Great Bend, Kansas.

LOUISIANA

THE religious life in the city of Dunn, as revealed by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

The Rev. Bob Williams' arm was badly swollen today and his hand was useless as the result of a bite by a moccasin last night. He let the reptile sting him in services at the Apostolic Church to prove to his congregation that he could not be harmed because he was a child of God. He has refused to call a physician.

MINNESOTA

FROM the classified columns of the Minneapolis *Journal:*

LOST—Small wicker stand that holds the Horn of Plenty, belonging to Job's Daughters, Bethel No. 1. Phone Col. 2800.

MISSISSIPPI

MIRACLE revealed by the celebrated *Baptist Record* of Jackson, the Confederate Los Angeles:

Brother T. F. McCrae, in the discussion of Prohibition at the Copiah Association, told this story of the good providence of God. He said that Evangelist T. T. Martin has been recently holding a meeting in one of the churches of George county. In his sermons he spoke vigorously against bootlegging and blind-tiger whiskey. Some of the bootleggers sent him word that if he didn't let up on this business, they would take him in hand and what they would do to him would be aplenty. Of course, he did not let up; but rather was emboldened to condemn their business. They were determined to carry out their threats and with this purpose in mind got in a car and started by night to the church. They were speeding at a rate which indicated they were patrons of the blind-tiger. But before they reached the church, a cow lying beside the road rose immediately in front of the car. The car struck the cow and was wrecked. One of the men was instantly killed and the other was very seriously injured. The Lord said a long time ago, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

MISSOURI

THE immortal Pastor William L. Stidger, pastor of the world-famous Linwood Boulevard Methodist Church, of Kansas City, as reported by the *Journal* of that great city:

Edgar A. Guest is the man on whose shoulders the mantle of Walt Whitman has fallen.

NEW JERSEY

SWEDENBORGIAN miracle reported in Camden, the old home of Walt Whitman, by the alert Associated Press:

> Physicians and a nurse at the Homeopathic Hospital were administering oxygen to Dr. Oscar L. Gumbrecht, 59, who seemed to be dead. Eventually he murmured: "Why did you bring me back? I was in Heaven. I saw the angels and I heard them." He died five hours later.

NEW YORK

CONTRIBUTION to the Higher Criticism by the erudite editor of the Warwick *Advertiser:*

> Warwick was unquestionably created first, even though Genesis does not mention the fact. The rest of the world was merely an afterthought.

CIRCULAR distributed on the streets, avenues and boulevards of Harlem, the Aframerican Paris:

LECTURE

JESUS IN NEW YORK

HIS ARRIVAL AND PRESENCE
BY REV. C. SMITH

Fellow of the College of Professors, Mexico City
PROVED BY A "CLOUD OF WITNESSES"
NO MORE WAITING FOR MILLENNIUM

ANSWER TO ALL SCIENCE and Scientists, Divinity Professors and Philosophers invited to contest. Experiences of Oriental Lands and Life from the mighty Amazon among Slaves and Whale Hunters, The Jungles, Travel by Water and Mountains, Life in Caves underground, etc., etc. Human Skeletons found in Cages to fit Bodies made by Cruel Masters; Mummies Discovered in Pyramids and Buried Cities.

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING
ORGAN RECITAL AND VOCAL MUSIC—
SALVATION ARMY BAND IN ATTENDANCE

THE LECTURER leaves for England shortly. This is your only opportunity to hear of Phenomena which has not happened before and may not happen again.—I MUST PASS ON to other Cities.

RUSH MEMORIAL A. M. E. ZION CHURCH
58–60 West 138th street, New York City
REV. G. MELVILLE OLIVER, D.D., PASTOR
WEDNESDAY EVENING,—8 P. M.
REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., Pastor of Brooklyn Congregational Church invited and expected to attend.
COME SEATS FREE

REASSURING words from *America*, "a Catholic review of the week," edited by the Jesuits:

> A theologian may be a respectable married man, with a large family, and a private still.

THE Rev. Dr. Clinton Wunder, pastor of the Baptist Temple of Rochester, in the *Life Association News*, organ of the National Association of Underwriters:

> I think if I were not a minister I would want to be an insurance underwriter. I believe the business of insurance is a religious one.

OHIO

SCIENTIFIC news from the Massillon *Press:*

> George Bauer, a Cleveland man, claims he has cured cases of infantile paralysis in from 20 to 30 minutes with the simplest of nature's remedies—a lemon.
>
> His method consists of applying slices of lemon to the underside of each knee joint, to the concave side of each elbow joint, under each armpit and at the top of the head. The slices should be kept in place by a bandage.
>
> The internal treatment consists of a mixture of equal parts of lemon juice, sweet oil and sugar, administered in teaspoonful doses every three hours to children under four years of age and in tablespoonful doses three times a day to children between the ages of four and twelve.
>
> Bauer recommends that where there is fever, the patient should have a slice of lemon bandaged behind each ear. He says he has been familiar with the remedy for forty years and that it never has failed to effect a cure.

A WORLD champion arises in the celebrated town of Bryan:

> While several bands played and hundreds of people stood in the streets and cheered, Charles Leichty descended from his perch on the Williams County Court-house flag pole here today to claim the world flag pole sitting championship. Leichty remained on his perch twenty-one days, having been shaved by a barber, who climbed the pole at the end of the first week. Food and other necessities were taken to him by friends who climbed the pole.

OKLAHOMA

PATRIOTIC dithyrambs in the distinguished *Times* of Oklahoma City:

MY LAND, OKLAHOMA

We're down here in Oklahoma,
Where you never have the blues
Where the year around sweet flowers
are grown,
And the majority of the people
leave the alcohol alone.

Where the traffic cops and stop
lights
Are always on the job;
And when you turn a corner
You don't expect to get a jog.

They have rules and regulations,
That law and justice have to
make;

And if you "do not choose" to keep
them,
Our jails are hard to break.

Where they have the modern peni-
tentiary,
And they treat the whole world
fair,
Where the rich and poor alike,
Are contented with their lair.

Where the big girls, like the wee
ones,
Are innocent of guile;
Where the people every day,
Will turn to meet you with a
smile.

MRS. LEE BRANTLEY,
429 West Elm

OREGON

THE 100% American spirit in Salem, as revealed by a public notice in the *Morning Statesman* of that great town:

To Whom it May Concern—

Milton McGuire wants it known that from now on and henceforth he will render no more services for customers of an establishment owned or operated by a Jew either by birth or nature.

How the wowsers of Portland are making that wicked city a purer place for Christians to live in, as disclosed by a dispatch from there to the Medford *Mail-Tribune:*

The municipal motion picture censorship board issued a fiat forbidding movie theaters to show films in which one actor thumbs his nose at another. The exhibitors must expurgate the offending sections from films.

RALLY call sent out to all lovers of *belles lettres* in the West:

PARLIAMENT OF LETTERS, SEATTLE

GREATEST TWO-DAY CONVENTION EVER HELD IN THE WEST, ASSEMBLING WRITERS OF POETRY, FICTION AND THOSE WHO ASPIRE TO BECOME PROFESSIONAL WRITERS, AND CLOSING WITH A BANQUET.

As indicated by above lines and announced by a general committee in charge at Seattle, there will be held in the Northwest a convention of writers and delegates from poetry clubs and writers leagues from the Western and Pacific Coast States and the Canadian Provinces to hear programmes and discussions of subjects of greatest interest to the literary workers of the West.

The general committee in charge of this convention centers in Seattle for all local writers—the invitations to delegates being of the broadest character but confined to writers and literary workers, headed by Miss Pamelia Pearl Jones, a member of the faculty of the School of Letters of the University of Washington, and a member of the Seattle Poetry Club, Seattle Verse Writers, local Drama Leagues and newspaper writers interested primarily in literature.

The *Lariat* is joining in this movement and asks you individually to correspond with Miss Jones at 4350 Pasadena place, Seattle. See announcements in the *Lariat*. Let us make it a hummer for better literary work in the West, and for better results for the writers, whether it be newspapers, magazines or books of the general market. From date receiving this, give it your support if you love literature and the great writing art for its own sake.

The editor of the *Lariat* has given his own time for five years ending January 1, 1928, to building up a writers' magazine on these same lines, paying all bills, expecting no reward but the promotion of the noblest cultural and æsthetic principles involved in the writing art, and to help the humblest disciples of literature. Let the West and Western authors, and those ambitious to join this great profession, be heard from on this occasion.

Very cordially
COL. E. HOFER
Editor the *Lariat*
First National Bk. Bldg.,
Salem, Oregon

PENNSYLVANIA

WORKINGS of the Higher Powers in Pittsburgh the glorious:

Police last night were guarding the home of Mrs. Christina Amend, 4063 Cabinet way, to check thousands of curious flocking to the house since the outline of the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared on one of the walls. The outline is said have been seen a week ago, a few hours after one of the Amend children knocked a statue of the Virgin Mary from a small pedestal. Since that time thousands of persons from all sections of the city have filed in and out of the house. Priests, nuns and Catholics from the district are among those who came.

Last night the throng became so great that calls were sent to the city detective bureau and the Forty-third street police station to clear the streets. Police then refused admission to the house, and thousands who arrived later were turned away. Police and detectives said the outline is shown plainly on the wall, and that it seemed to become plainer the longer they looked.

THE Hon. Jay E. House, staff philosopher for the Curtis publications:

In the sense that Rockefeller has done more for humanity than Brahms, we are inclined to accept Mr. E. W. Howe's estimate. Mr. Rockefeller's beneficences to humanity may be understood and appreciated by everybody. Brahms contributed something to the few, and bored, and still bores, millions of others stiff.

RHODE ISLAND

MYSTERIOUS public notice in the Newport News *Times-Herald:*

K. K. K. K. NO. 117

NOTICE OF CHANGE IN MEETING

The date of the meeting has been set up two days. Next meeting will be on the Dark Day of the Wonderful Week of the Terrible Month.

Hour: Terrible, Hideous, Sorrowful.

SOUTH DAKOTA

EXTENSION of the affectations and false pretenses of civilization to Sioux Falls, as reported by the *Sunshine Magazine* of that aspiring town:

A certain lady in town is accused of a rather odd habit. She is in a position where she is expected to make a good many calls on her lady acquaintances. But strange to say, the lady's card is much more in evidence at the houses of her friends than the lady herself. It is reported by a relative that the lady detests calling so much that she has her secretive son watch when the ladies leave home, and then leave his mother's card.

TENNESSEE

TRIBUTE to a Tennessee worthy in the illustrious Chattanooga *Times:*

When beards marked the fashion and the noble quality of manhood, Mr. Maynard's long and wavy brown beard was of the most distinguished. Mr. Maynard has never been sick, does not use tobacco in any form, nor indulge in coffee. When occasion demanded he has pulled his own teeth, and, of course, he never shaves.

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Graham Walker, evangelist, preaching at the Broadway Christian Church of Knoxville, the Athens of the South:

THE LATEST NEWS FROM HELL

WEST VIRGINIA

SOCIAL news from the Buckhannon *Record:*

In the Adrian news last week the marriage of Miss Pearl Hefner and E. C. Roberts was announced. The name of Mr. Roberts should have been George Miller.

WANT AD in the Charleston *Daily Mail:*

Wanted, Dishwasher with knowledge of law and medicine who can give free legal and medical advice as added attraction to customers. Matthews' Café, 18 Summers st.

—*adv.*

WISCONSIN

THE Rev. Dr. James M. Johnson, vicar of St. John's parish, Wisconsin Rapids, as reported by the Cape Girardeau, Mo., *Southeast Missourian:*

Ministers are high-powered realtors, selling subdivisions in Heaven.

CONTRIBUTION to toxicology by a Neillsville reader of the Chicago *Tribune:*

With further reference to hoop snakes, I wish to state that, although they are very rare, they are found occasionally in Wisconsin. In fact, this Summer while hoeing my potatoes I heard an ominous sound and, looking along the row, saw what appeared to be a large hoop approaching me. Not knowing what else to do, I hurriedly stuck the hoe into the row and jumped to one side. The hoop snake struck the hoe handle a mighty blow with its stinger, and in five minutes the hoe handle turned black, swelled up, and burst with a terrific noise.

SAMOA

THE solemn work of elevating the backward peoples, as revealed by the *Auction Bridge Magazine:*

Readers of *Auction Bridge Magazine* will be glad to learn that one of its subscribers, Stephen V. Graham, Captain, U.S.N., who is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Knickerbocker Whist Club, has recently been assigned to duty as Governor of American Samoa. Word has just been received from him by the magazine to the effect that he is going to endeavor to inprove the game of Auction Bridge in the American colony there by introducing Duplicate.

OTTAWA

SCIENTIFIC news from the eminent Ottawa *Journal:*

Some brilliant interpretations of character from handwriting were given the members of the Lions Club at their weekly luncheon at the Chateau Laurier by F. D. Jacobs, the Dominion's graphology expert. The lecturer, given samples of the members' writing, gave many pithy and accurate sketches of their characters and special qualifications. The handwriting expert claims that it is possible to tell the sex of future children by a study of the parents' writing and in this connection ventured on forecasts for individual members. Particularly interesting were his warnings in regard to health and the means which should be taken to avoid indigestion, weakness of the eyes and other troubles. The hearty thanks of the meeting were extended to the speaker by Dr. Percy Nesbitt.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

CHERBOURG dispatch to the Paris edition of the world-famous Chicago *Tribune:*

Notables disembarking from the *Arabic* included: Mr. E. L. Baker, head of the furniture department of James McCreery and Co., New York; Mr. H. O. Hope, of the J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; and Mr. Robert Espie, Jr., of the Metal Arts Studio, Chicago.

THE MIND OF THE GENERAL

BY E. L. M. BURNS

> He has no real work to keep him from going mad, except housemaid's work; all the rest is forced exercise, in the form of endless rehearsals for a destructive and terrifying performance which never comes off, and which, if it does come off, is not like the rehearsals.
>
> —*Bernard Shaw*

It is impossible to deny the essential truth of this pronouncement on the peacetime activities of the soldier. In this article, I propose, firstly, to inquire why soldiers are inevitably demoralized in peace, and secondly to suggest a means for avoiding this demoralization for some of them.

In theory, the soldier, when war is not actually raging, should be preparing himself for it. The first difficulty arises when he asks his political masters what war he should prepare for. He cannot make any rational plans for the defeat of his country's enemies until he knows who those enemies will be, what their resources are, and what they are likely to do. On the Continent of Europe the desired information is usually readily forthcoming, but in the great Anglo-Saxon Empires, it is not, for these Powers, as everyone knows, never engage in a war of aggression, but keep up their armaments only to preserve their incomparable institutions and rightful possessions against the assaults of an envious world. In theory, they will attack nobody, but other wicked nations may attack them. An element of vagueness is thus injected into all the ideas on war of the American or British soldier, and he has a tendency to devote himself to windy theorizing or to an old-maidish attention to *minutiæ* instead of to a realistic examination of concrete problems.

However, even if he does not know definitely who his enemy is to be, the soldier is not precluded from the study of strategy, though he must waste a lot of time planning for wars which will never happen. The industrious map-and-statistic hounds of the General Staffs can plot out plans of campaign against every conceivable enemy or coalition of enemies. But this is only the beginning of the soldier's problem, for no one has the hardihood to claim that any plan of campaign will bring a certain victory. The first clash of arms may alter everything, and the finest strategical combinations, unless they are accompanied by tactical victory, will achieve nothing.

How can the tactical victory be obtained? By properly training the troops in accordance with a sound tactical doctrine, and providing them with the most effective armament available. But money for armaments is scarce, and the soldier can seldom get the kind he wants unless he can demonstrate that a probable enemy is ahead of his own army in equipment. Thus, if he doesn't know whom he is to be called on to fight, he won't know what weapons his army should have.

Suppose, however, that all his reasonable requests in the matter of armament have been met. There is still the problem of tactical doctrine. Tactics is dependent on the effect of weapons, and the effect of a weapon can only be proved in battle. All tactical doctrine which takes account of the effect of unproved weapons, or of the use of proved weapons on a greater scale than in the past, must be largely guess work, and it is about ten to one that it will be errone-

ous if it has been evolved more than ten years after the army has had war experience. This is the soldier's second and greater difficulty.

The Great War provided a brilliant example of the inability of soldiers to foresee the effect of weapons. The deadlock on the West Front ensued because of the tremendous power of the defensive, when organized properly with machine-guns and wire obstacles. The military history of 1914–18 is that of a series of experiments in tactics intended to overcome this preponderance of the defensive. No high commander could solve the problem until many methods had been tried and failed, with a heavy price in blood paid for each trial. Probably the worst and bloodiest failure was that of Foch, at the Lorette and Vimy Ridges in 1915. It is also reported that some years before the war he attended a demonstration of airplanes, put on for the French army authorities. When it was over, he remarked to a companion that no doubt aviation was all very well as a sport, but that for war purposes it was not worth considering. So much for the tactical prescience of the soldier who came out of the war with the highest reputation!

II

Having discussed the chief difficulties which beset the soldier if he tries to prepare for war in any rational manner, let us consider the training he actually receives for grappling with these difficulties. I pass over the period he spends in military academies before being commissioned, for he rarely learns anything there that he will remember, outside of habits of discipline.

The junior officer in peace time must perfect himself and practise his men in the drill of his particular arm of the service. These drills were originally designed as the most efficient means of changing formations on the field of battle—from march formations into fighting order, and so on. Now, when men no longer fight shoulder to shoulder, new drills for the battlefield have had to be devised, but still the old drill persists on the barrack square. In a regrettable number of cases more pains are taken in training the men in empty ceremonial than in the actual business of fighting. The close-order drill of a unit is supposed to be a sure indication of its discipline, and any colonel who neglected it would be in danger of having his command adversely reported on by the next general officer inspecting. Comparatively few officers make anything properly describable as a fetish of close-order drill, but most of them have to waste a great deal of time on it.

Administration preëmpts a good third of the officer's working hours. He must discipline his men, see that they wash their necks and shine their shoes, and make sure that their equipment is complete and serviceable and that they are properly housed, fed, and have suitable recreation. In the British Army he must conduct them to church on Sundays, and the American officer is likewise charged with a certain supervision of his subordinates' morals and spiritual welfare.

There are a thousand other small details to be attended to. The business might be expected to develop foresight and initiative, but it can only do so to a limited extent. The reason for this is that every officer has some immediate superior who must be consulted before anything at all novel is undertaken. He is under the guidance not only of his watchful superior, but also of dozens of books full of regulations, supplemented by innumerable circular letters and general orders from all military hierarchs and cabals.

The military ideal is to have everything uniform, and to have a regulation covering every imaginable contingency—to describe minutely not only what must *not* be done, but also what *is* to be done and how to do it. The disastrous results to initiative can be easily seen. Most officers grow to have a horror of administration, which means to them paper work. A few, of course, who have a formal and legalistic tendency, take

to it with delight, and become expert obstructionists and buck-passers—professors of red-tape. Once war breaks out, ninety per cent of the regulations so important in peace are thrown into the waste-paper basket, but their evil effect on the intelligence of the officer persists.

Another large slice of his time is taken up in teaching, of one kind and another. I believe that this is especially true in the United States Army today: complaints are made that the regular army is so busy training the National Guard and Reserve Forces that it cannot find time to train itself. The blighting effect of a prolonged pedagogical career on the intelligence of any except extraordinary persons is a matter of common knowledge. A short spell of teaching probably is of benefit, for the teacher has to learn his subject. But what does the officer have to teach? The doctrines discussed in the first part of this article, which, it was found, are in all probability nonsense. If he is kept at it too long, these doctrines will be so ground into him that he will be incapable of regarding them critically, that is to say, incapable of military thought. When a new problem presents itself, he will not try to solve it by common sense, conditioned by his experience, but will rack his brain for regulations and precedents.

It will be generally admitted that these activities are little suited for the development of military genius, but still the officer can study privately, and moreover a great number of schools have been established for the inculcation of the military art in all its branches, from grand strategy down to army cooking and horse-shoeing. With the middle grades of these institutions—the Service Schools of Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, etc.—we are not concerned here; they merely teach the technique of the arms or the application of the tactical doctrine (of dubious value) discussed above. We may, however, inquire into what the student at the central War College learns, and consider whether it will make him better fitted to command troops.

The student has to devote much of his time to the study of military history. Nearly every great commander who has been asked for a recipe for success in war has said that the secret lies in reading of and pondering on the campaigns of the great captains. Napoleon's dictum in this sense is often quoted by generals when they lecture to juniors. But the French general, Colin, who has been at considerable pains to investigate the military education of Napoleon, has come to the conclusion that his reading in military history was very superficial! Probably, if the truth were known, the other great ones who claim to have learnt their art by reading military history spent less time at it than many a soldier who has ended his career as a half-pay major.

My private idea is that if the great commanders did gain any benefit from their perusal of the accounts of the stratagems and assaults of Hannibal, Turenne, Frederick the Great *et al.*, their doing so is just as much a proof of their genius as is their winning of battles. Most military history is intolerably dull and badly written, and the universally applicable lessons to be deduced from it can be written down on a page of foolscap, and have been enumerated by military writers time and again. I do not say that reading military history is entirely without value, but much study of it can never turn a soldier into a Napoleon, though it may possibly turn him into a military historian.

Another means adopted for training commanders and staffs is to carry out exercises, either on maps, or on the ground, without troops. These depend for their value on the imagination of the directors and participants. Unless they are able to imagine accurately what the conditions of war will be, the exercise will be of little use. The rules of the game are the articles of military doctrine of the army, and if that doctrine is not sound, the exercise may be worse than useless. The same applies to manœuvres with troops—the purpose of which is said to be to prevent

generals from becoming stupid. How futile manœuvres can be if the underlying doctrine is faulty is illustrated by the pre-1914 French Army.

For some years before the war, in accordance with offensive *à outrance* notions, the commanders at the grand manœuvres were urged to display *cran* and yet more *cran*. This quality is the same that a football coach refers to when he speaks of pep and guts. It finally came to the point that the French general commanding on manœuvres who did not rush bald-headed for the enemy, whatever the situation might be, was in danger of losing his job. The fruits of this training were the Battles of the Frontier, where in a week the French Army had such losses, particularly among its regimental officers, that it never really recovered from them.

III

War games are perhaps the best training available for commanders on account of the element of competition involved, but they have their limitations, which are recognized, and it is customary to conclude them when the opposing forces have come into contact—when tactical action begins. General von Hoffman remarks that he had often taken part in war games based on the invasion of East Prussia by the Russians, and that the opening moves for the Tannenberg battle were taken in accordance with the lessons learned in them, but that the magnitude of the victory was really due to the incompetence of Samsonoff and Rennenkampff, and the general inefficiency of the Russian staff and signal services. In the war game the Germans can hardly have calculated that they would be presented with the dispositions and plans of the Russians, through their being sent out in clear language on the wireless!

The best that higher military education can do, given the best material available, is to turn out efficient staff officers. The function of the staff officer is to translate or assist in translating the conceptions of his commander into action, by means of orders, instructions and supervision. Staff officers can be trained, and are trained, but there is no means known at present to armies to develop commanders—men with the type of mind which can evolve original conceptions and combinations, and penetrate the enemy's designs. In fact, the conditions of military service are all against the development of this type of mind.

The commanders in an army in peace time are nearly all old men, and old men, though they may have wisdom, lack mental agility. No other system than promotion by seniority, with a certain amount of weeding out of incompetents, is possible. Promotion by selection would soon degenerate into promotion by favoritism, with political influence, cliques within the army, injustices, rivalries and jealousies undermining the morale of the force. Soldiers, particularly those under forty, recognize the evils which the holding of command by men past their prime entails, but so far no practicable way to avoid it has ever been found.

General Hunter Liggett observed in an article recently that it is a very bad thing for a general officer to be fat—especially if the fat is above the collar. Alas, the avoidance of mental fat is likely to be far harder for him than the keeping of his weight within limits! He has been exposed for maybe thirty years to the intelligence-atrophying effects of routine administration without responsibility, of pedagogy, of the repetition of dogmas, and of a training for war which is probably entirely out of touch with the reality of war. He is not permitted to express political opinions audibly, or even vent opinions on the state of the forces for which he is partly responsible, if they conflict with those of higher authority. Again quoting from Bernard Shaw,

> Soldiers pay the penalty of their slavery and outlawry by becoming, relatively to free civilians, destructive, cruel, dishonest, tyrannical, hysterical, mendacious, alarmists at home and terrorists abroad, politically reactionary and professionally incapable.

If the last accusation were not true, the others would not matter so much. The public hires a captain of bravos to direct whatever wholesale slaughter is necessary to preserve the homes of the nation in security and prosperity, so that the young generation may therein be taught the Beatitudes. It has a right to be indignant if he proves incapable of the task.

If professional soldiers, who have been with the colors and studied their profession for twenty to thirty years will not be likely to make good commanders of the nation's armies, where are leaders to be found? Should amateurs be drafted for the posts of commanders-in-chief? Mr. Winston Churchill is credited with having proposed that he should be entrusted with the command of the British armies in France in 1916, but he found no seconder for his motion. It has also been hinted that Mr. Roosevelt aspired to high military command when the United States entered the war. The reasons why such appointments are unlikely to be made is probably because the politicians, though they may be skeptical of the ability of the professional soldiers, would be afraid to sanction such an unheard of experiment as putting a civilian at the head of the nation's forces. If his command resulted in disaster, the politicians who had appointed him would be hanged, and if he succeeded, he would become such a national hero that he would eclipse all politicians, and probably grab power at the conclusion of the war.

Even if an amateur were appointed, he would not be likely to achieve anything very brilliant, because he would not have that knowledge of the capabilities of his instrument which is the foundation of all military combinations. An army is such a complicated machine nowadays that several years' study and experience are necessary to give anyone a sound working knowledge of its component parts and their functions—how it fights and moves, and how food, munitions and its other multitudinous requirements are provided.

IV

With the professional soldier and the amateur ruled out as possible commanders, who is left?

To answer this question let us consider the careers of some immensely successful soldiers, admittedly masters of their trade. Passing over those who from earliest manhood spent the most of their lives in war, which is the best preparation of all for command, we find another group who have had active service early in their lives, then spent a period where they were chiefly concerned with other matters than military, and again returned to war, to achieve great success.

In this group we find Washington, who after the French Wars was for fifteen years occupied with politics and the administration of his estates; Stonewall Jackson, who after the Mexican War taught elementary mechanics (in a Military Institute it is true) and also a Negro Sunday-school; Sherman, who went into banking and other business ventures and studied law; McClellan, who, after the Mexican War, was engaged in important surveying and railway work, interrupted by a military mission to the Crimea, and finally resigned to become president of the Illinois Central Railway; and Grant, who found peace time soldiering so intolerable that he resigned and took up the dreadful occupation of husbandry. Lee, while he did not resign from the army, was employed on the construction of coastal fortifications and as superintendent of West Point—jobs which can hardly be described as soldiering, pure and simple.

More modern illustrations are provided by Sir H. A. Lawrence, who, after a period of soldiering, was engaged in finance, and ended the Great War as Chief of Staff to Sir Douglas Haig, and Currie and Monash, militiamen before the war, and at its end commanders of the Canadian and Australian Corps respectively—the two most powerful fighting organizations in the British forces.

The careers of these men suggest a method for preventing promising military brains from decaying or ossifying. In the words of Stonewall Jackson,

> A man who has turned, with a good military reputation, to pursuits of a semi-civilian character . . . would have more chance of success in war than those who had remained in the treadmill of the garrison.

Let promising officers of about ten years' service, who have shown themselves capable in their military duties and who have original and active minds, be kicked out of the army on half-pay. Jobs might be found for them with patriotic bankers, bond houses and industrial corporations, or they might even go into politics. If they were any good, they would probably prosper in these employments, and be far happier than they would be in the restricted sphere of military employment. (Every intelligent soldier in peace time spends many black hours pondering on the uselessness of his life.) If they found they could not succeed, they could be taken back into the army.

They would keep their places in the army seniority rolls, receiving promotion in their turn, and would return for refresher courses of about a fortnight every year or so, in which their military knowledge would be brought up to date. In the event of war breaking out, they would be allotted commands where they could exercise their talents—say a brigade or a division for those who had attained the rank of major or lieutenant-colonel. The success which they had attained in civil life would determine the importance of the command they would be given. They would be supported by the best procurable staff officers, who would do the devilling for them. Their future would be in their own hands then. Reading the accounts of the history of the A. E. F., one is impressed by the rapid promotion of officers who proved their competence—brigadiers and generals of divisions who rose to command of armies in less than a year, while bunglers and slowpokes were sacked with admirable despatch. It is to be hoped, for the glory of American arms, that such a practice will obtain in future.

By the adoption of this scheme, there would be provided a supply of commanders who would have a good grounding in military knowledge, a background of other activities to free them from dogmatism and prejudice, and fresh and active minds to bring to the solution of the problems of command. Also, an army which would overwhelmingly be made up of hastily trained civilians would probably have more confidence in leaders who were known to be successful in civil life.

The plan is commended to *militaires* and other patriots who are concerned with the defence of their land. But simple and reasonable as it is, I am afraid there is small chance of its being adopted.

THE WALRUS OF MORON-LAND

BY LOUIS SHERWIN

I can but wonder what will become of the *Times* editor when the breath leaves his feculent body and death stops the rattling of his abortive brain, for he is unfit for Heaven and too foul for Hell. He cannot be buried in the earth lest he provoke a pestilence, nor in the sea lest he poison the fish, nor in space like Mahomet's coffin lest the circling worlds, in trying to avoid contamination, crash together, wreck the universe, and bring again the noisome reign of Chaos and old Night. The damrascal seems to be a white elephant on the hands of the Deity, and I have some curiosity to know what He will do with it.

THUS spake Brann the Iconoclast: the object of his philippic was the late General Harrison Gray Otis, editor-in-chief, sole proprietor, and guiding genius of the celebrated and incomparable Los Angeles *Times*.

In these later days you never hear him mentioned in the same breath with William R. Nelson, Henry Watterson, Charles A. Dana or Edward P. Mitchell. They contrived to be great editors without ever ceasing to be men of letters and gentlemen. But Otis began and ended his stormy career with the literary standards of an Ohio country printer and never suffered the taboos of the gentleman cult to cramp either his diction or his conduct. Yet the fearsome thing he created is alive today, and full of vigor, while the work of his great contemporaries is a legend and a memory to mock all newspaper men who respect their craft.

He took hold of the Los Angeles *Times*, now so rich, when it was a practically bankrupt sheet in a still impecunious, charming and hedonistic little town. He built the paper up into the largest in the world—and perhaps the stupidest. He boosted his town into one of the most prosperous in the hemisphere—and the most ignoble. He became the most feared and hated man in Southern California, and he died without a real friend on earth outside his own family.

To America at large it required a dynamite explosion to make him known, and even so, the exploit of the McNamaras has been long since forgotten by most people. Nevertheless, this alumnus of an Ohio backwoods printery, who never became emancipated from its standards, stood out savagely and effectively against that stream of democratic bilge to which all his betters succumbed poltroonishly or at best with feeble protests.

Unionism in all its forms, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, Prohibition—all the nostrums and puerilities that plague us today were blown out of his bailiwick by his gales of scorn and invective as long as he lived. He had more courage than all the other newspaper men of America put together. Every publisher, every editor, every writer, every reader, whether of books, magazines or dailies, is worse off today because there was only one Harrison Gray Otis, and he was hidden in that brain-forsaken blight of a town where no civilized person wants to remain.

He tackled the most formidable enemy that anybody in the craft can pick—the union. And he won every fight. He kicked the labor boys out of his own plant and saved all of Southern California for the open shop and the Doheny idealism. He did not confine his scrapping to the printers; he took them all on, and beat them so badly that finally they tried to blow him to Jehovah, him and his plant.

II

To peruse his paper—especially his own lubrications therein—you never would have imagined that he was a kinsman and namesake of the proud and costive Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, Mass. Nevertheless, it was so. I find records of no less than three Harrison Gray Otises in the American *opéra bouffe*, all descendants of James Otis, the Patriot. A cadet branch of these codfish magnificos migrated to a farm near Marietta, Ohio, where our hero was born in 1837. In the little old log school-house and in a backwoods academy at Lowell, O., he learned that the boy stood on the burning deck, that the *Mayflower* brought none but saints in search of liberty, that Great Britain was inhabited solely by ruthless tyrants, and all the other wisdoms purveyed at such institutions. He also attended a commercial college in Columbus. But he soon perceived that book learnin' was vanity, for he left home when he was fourteen to take a job in a printing shop in Sarahsville, O.

Having no flair for the celibate life, he married, eight years later, Miss Elizah Wetherby of those environs. The good damosel was a poetess of the Felicia Hemans school. Otis became not merely a devoted American husband, but a podsnappy admirer of her attainments. He kept, one might say, his literary taste in his wife's name. In all his eighty years the only advance he ever made over the standards of the Third Reader was to adopt the judgments of this bucolic Sappho in all questions æsthetic.

At this point I find myself on the verge of saying: "With such a Petronius to instruct it in the beautiful arts, can you wonder that Los Angeles has become the dowdy citadel of Bœotia that it is today?" On second thoughts, I wonder again. Could a man of parts, of sensibility and discrimination, have acquired the influence that Otis enjoyed there? One thinks of Denver, lapping up the *obiter dicta* of Tammen, the ex-bartender, and Bonfils, the quondam real estate speculator (to be euphemistic). Then there is Seattle, the appanage of Blethen. Even such a comparatively civilized place as San Francisco would not support Fremont Older—a decent fellow and a gentleman, despite his schoolma'mish passion for reform. For all their good taste in food and wines and their *joie de vivre*, the good burghers of Yerba Buena still look upon the late Henry Miller as a fine actor, and upon Joaquin Miller as a poet. Their favorite editors are Mike De Young and W. R. Hearst. In short, one of the few generalizations not immediately ridiculous is that every community gets the sort of newspaper it deserves. But this muddle of *post hoc* and *propter hoc* must be solved by somebody younger and wiser than I. May I offer it as a theme for second year English in the University of Southern California?

For the next twenty-three years Harrison Gray Otis did everything befitting a prototype of that great President—also an Ohio editor—who coined the elegant word normalcy. The fires of the honeymoon were hardly cold before the Northern States decided to secede from the Union and force the Southerners to join them. Otis did no better and no worse than the majority of oafs in his State. He enlisted in the war as a private, and emerged, having taken part in fifteen major engagements, a twice wounded captain in the regiment of which Rutherford B. Hayes was colonel and William McKinley second in command. But despite the approval, thus engaged, of two great statesmen, his lot for the ensuing decade and a half was only that of so many other dreary Ohio veterans. He became, to all appearances, an incurable jobholder, a leather-bottom, as they call the animal in France. He served as a compositor, for a while, and then as a foreman in the Government Printing Office, at Washington. He became the editor of the *Grand Army Journal;* he always worked the G. A. R. racket for all it was worth. Then he got, for the first time, a taste of real newspaper work. He went to California as editor of

the Santa Barbara *Press* and acquired the *cacoethes scribendi*. And then he moved to Los Angeles.

There, in the paradise of the Methodist and the chiropractor, of the theosophist and the realtor, of the Rotarian and the wowser, they came to call him the old Walrus and to this day they tell you why. In 1878 the immortal Rutherford B. Hayes tried to give his former messmate a soft job as collector of the port of San Diego. The nomination was opposed vehemently for reasons I have not been able to discover, but which were evidently no secret to the nominee, for he presently asked his old commander to withdraw his name. A year later a post fell vacant that nobody wanted—Treasury agent on the islands of St. Paul and St. George in Behring Sea—and Otis got it. According to his patent of office, he was assigned to enforce the terms of the lease of those islands. In plain words, he was a copper on the seal poachers. Thus he came by the honorable name of the Walrus. After three years' service he returned to the States—and declined a couple of soft jobs as consul at Apia and Tien Tsin.

He was forty-five years old when he began his real career by buying a quarter interest in the Los Angeles *Times and Mirror*. I have no information to indicate that this was a sign of acumen. The town which now sprawls all over the map was not taken seriously in 1882. Although Collis P. Huntington had just completed the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fé had not yet reached the place. San Diego, from all appearances, was a much more promising location. But Otis and his wife seem to have been hopeful, for during the next lustrum and a half they drudged and sweated heroically. He was the editor, the publisher, the business manager, the advertising manager and the office boy of the *Times*. When all his other work was done, he would turn to at midnight and edit State news to save the wages of a $25-a-week copy reader. The gifted Elizah was society editor, fashion editor, household editor, poetry editor, literary editor, and dramatic editor. They were, I believe, pioneers in devoting an unprecedented amount of space to women's guff, but don't hold that against them: it would have happened anyway. I am sure they had a scrumptious time. He was free to wave the Bloody Shirt with both hands and feet. She, for the first time in her decorous life, had a publisher for all the exemplary verse she could produce. And how that estimable lady did produce! And the noble old Walrus printed tons of it.

I am sure that a New York journalist trained in the school of Dana or Godkin would have come a pathetic cropper in Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, I don't know of anybody from the East, other than Otis, who has ever succeeded in that depressing capital of Moronia. I have seen several virtuosi of the blue pencil try, coming in with a loud tan-tan-tara. They usually ended on a suburban sheet in Pasadena or reading copy in Arizona. But what was difficult for the star from Park Row was duck soup for the printer's apprentice from Ohio. He knew, consciously, that folks like to read their names in the paper. So everybody south of the Tehachepi enjoyed that luxury in the *Times* at least twice a year—unless they got on the blacklist. He also knew, instinctively, that almost everybody likes to see somebody else kicked, if possible below the belt. Even if he did not know it instinctively, he liked to do it anyway. And the old Walrus had a flair for picking goats.

In four years he and his gifted consort bought control of the *Times*. Whether they had outside help in procuring the capital does not appear on the record. Perhaps it was not needed, but if it was there was probably no difficulty about getting it. It was the era, you will remember, of corporation baiting in California as elsewhere. The Southern Pacific was the big political issue west of the Sierras. Collis P. Huntington ran the State because if he had not he would have been run out of it. The case for him and his compeers was just as good as,

if not better than, that against them, but most of their champions were stupid hirelings who thought to help their paymasters by lathering them with greasy eulogy. The *Times* had no space for that sort of tripe. Instead, Otis turned his guns upon the corporation baiters. "Socialistic freaks" was the label that he plastered on them. His campaign began to be noticed. He began to make money.

III

But the fight of his life, the fight that was to put him into the class with Big Money and make his name stand out above those of his betters, did not begin until 1890. Before that he had left labor alone. The *Times* had been an obedient union shop. Grumbling, of course, but yielding out of expediency, he had met from time to time the increasing exactions of the walking delegates. But when he had been in full control of the paper only four years a new and exasperating demand made him blow up with a loud, reverberating roar. It was not a question of money, to do the old bravo justice. He always boasted, without contradiction, that good men made more in his composing-room than under union rates. He never flinched at paying the highest wages in order to get the best operators.

The demand that put the burr under his saddle was the rule that ties the competent fellow down to the pace of the blockhead. It is, as I suppose most people know, an implicit law of organized labor that, no matter how good a comrade is, he must not work so rapidly and efficiently as to throw his lazy and half-witted mates out of their jobs. This rule cripples the publishing business of America today, as it cripples other industries, and has driven more than one editor and proprietor out of the field altogether. Let us suppose that you are eager, as was a friend of mine recently, to start a small weekly. The stuff can be set up properly by three first-rate compositors in four days, earning seventy-five dollars each. The delegate, however, has a couple of unemployed dubs for whom he must find jobs. So he won't allow you to begin with your three good operators. You must have five at sixty dollars each. To the postulant publisher starting on a shoestring, a composing-room pay-roll of three hundred dollars instead of two hundred and twenty-five may and frequently does prove prohibitive. The result is that neither the competent fellows nor the union's pet imbeciles have the employment they need.

Against all this the Walrus rebelled. There was nothing miraculous or *übermenschlich* about his tactics. He used the weapons at the command of any other newspaper owner who had the nerve. Financially he was weak. The *Times* was by no means out of the woods. Business men who sympathized with him secretly were afraid lest open support of him might jeopardize their trade—the usual sort of poltroonery. But Otis was hot for war, and did not wait for the unions to boycott him. He boycotted them. He got the jump on them from the start. He never allowed them to put him on the defensive, which was the practise then of all other employers. The first shot was his: he threw the unions out of his plant and made it an open shop on a piece work basis. He did not lock out the union men: he offered the highest wages for the best and lured away many of the most competent and intelligent from his adversaries. Before they could even think up any new synonyms for "unfair," he had heaved the first carload of bricks. "Boycotters, grafters, industrial assassins," he called them. They winced for, curiously enough, the horny-handed brethren are as thin-skinned as Chihuahua puppies. "Corpse defacers" he shrieked at them in 96-point type on one occasion. Poor lambs, they yammered with indignation. Even the toughest brass-knuckle artist among the pickets wept into his beer over the names he had been called.

Nor did he confine himself to words. He lit a back-fire behind the Los Angeles

unions that is still, ten years after his death, scorching their tails. He organized a union of employers, a union against unionism. This was the celebrated Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association—the M. & M., as it is generally known. It became powerful at once, and began to run the town like a house of correction. Before long it was as much as your existence was worth not to join it, if you were in business there. Every contractor, every merchant, every man or firm in Southern California that hired anybody else was browbeaten and terrorized into line. Many were willing enough, as soon as they could be assured of protection against the vengeful boycotting or sabotage of the labor *mafiusi*. The others, if they did not yield to cajolery, had to be taught that the scorpions of the employers' *mafia* could hurt more than the whips of the employés. The banks, naturally, were very susceptible to persuasion, so the recusant soon found himself cut off from credit and customers alike. Department stores, manufacturers, jobbers, all were hoisted on the band-wagon.

The fight was soon over. Within a few months it became evident that the old Walrus had done an unprecedented thing: he had licked the unions. Moreover, they stayed licked. One by one his intimidated advertisers discovered that they had not suffered a penny's worth by supporting him. And he had made the fracas so vivid and picturesque that his circulation had gone up enormously. The *Times* had become *the* paper of the Southwest. The local Babbittry had been taught how easy it was to smash the unions by using their own methods against them. They did not realize until later that they had only swapped masters—that they now had to toe the mark drawn by Harrison Gray Otis. He was now a power in Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, he had acquired a son-in-law and a coadjutor in Harry G. Chandler, who had begun his career in the *Times* office as a circulation clerk. No more hard-boiled lad ever came out of New England, so Chandler quickly grew into a *wazir* after the old Walrus's heart. He took the weight of business detail off his father-in-law's shoulders and was, to all intents and purposes, his *alter ego*. He is now the guiding genius of the *Times* or, I should say, head of the company that publishes it for the paper, like many others of its prosperous kind in America, has no more individuality today than a cash-register.

I think it would not only bore Otis as much as it does you or me; it would annoy him excessively. He died in 1917, and until then it was not only a consistent but a virulent and effective antagonist to the Prohibition nonsense and all its effluvia. With hordes of halitositic Methodists overrunning Southern California from the Middle West, the region naturally offered fertile ground for propaganda from Westerville, O. One dervish after another was sent out to bring Los Angeles into the Mohammedan camp, but while Otis lived they were always driven back with tin cans tied to their tails. They captured a few small outposts, such as Santa Ana, and delivered them into the hands of the bootleggers. But the sweeping scorn of the old Walrus kept the city itself uninfected.

His body was hardly cold before Chandler flopped the paper. This was, of course, an entirely impersonal business manœuvre: Chandler himself is no more a wowser than I am. And though it continued to belabor the posteriors of the unions, its fulminations lost gusto, and the raciness and temper departed from its pages. The bludgeon became a bladder. The *Times* of Otis, in short, shed its character. Aside from the difference in type display and syndicate features, you would be hard put to it today to distinguish it from the *Examiner*, its only rival. In playing up psycho-pathological scandals and *crimes passionnels* it frequently outdoes even the Hearst sheet. However, the stockholders—Chandler being most of them—have not suffered. It is difficult to kill a newspaper of such size and prosperity. It goes on prosperously—full of dullness and imbecility, but also full of advertising.

IV

There was no mistaking the *Times* for the *Examiner* while Otis was alive. I happened to wedge my name into his pay-roll soon after Hearst, who was then turning handsprings to catch the labor vote, had yielded to the persuasion of the union spellbinders and invaded Los Angeles. (Many a quart of red ink it cost his accountants!) When you worked on the *Times* in those days you were not reporting for a newspaper; you were embattled for a Cause. *Examiner* confrères were not rivals but enemies. Friendly intercourse with them was taboo. To be seen drinking a harmless, necessary glass of schnapps with Charley Van Loan or Fred Bechdolt—then hirelings of Hearst—was almost as much as your job was worth; it earned me more than one serious admonition from seniors of the staff. This made me rather a solitary figure in the office, for two glasslets of beer was the capacity of the *Times* crowd—an earnest, much married lot for the most part.

There was no dirty trick, we were taught, to which the knaves on the *Examiner* would not stoop. It was seriously believed—as a matter of fact, there is a formidable affidavit extant to the effect—that when a union lobbygow was trying to hire the foreman of Otis's press room for Hearst at an unprecedented wage, he made it a *sine qua non* that the other should first wreck the *Times* presses! *Times* reporters returning from important out-of-town assignments were met at the station by a bodyguard lest they be kidnapped by Hearst *bravi* and their notes or photographs stolen.

One morning the *Times* came out with the scoop of the century plastered all over its first three pages. The city had for years been quietly preparing to build an enormous aqueduct from the Owens River Valley. In order that the poor, downtrodden farmers in that region should not get wind of the project and hold the wicked city up for blackmail, all the Los Angeles papers had agreed to suppress the news until the necessary land had been acquired. The *Times* broke the agreement, double-crossed everybody, and beat the town by a day. Lordy, how the others yelped! And nobody saw the humor in the situation.

The following day I got ocular and aural evidence of the fear in which not only Otis but all his staff were held in that borough. The mayor had been eloquently virtuous in publicly denouncing the bad faith of the *Times*. While I was sitting at my desk that afternoon in the city room the door opened and in stalked Hizzoner, formally and fashionably adorned in tail coat and billycock hat. He had come to apologize to the city editor for his voluble expressions of indignation.

"You know how it is; I really was obliged to do it," etc.

"That's all right, Mr. Mayor," said the city editor patronizingly. "Hard names don't hurt us."

The fear thus instilled by Otis made the *Times* an easy paper for which to get information. He was one of the wofully few editors who really backed up his men. Not merely in a grand-stand manner, but solidly and constantly and always. If you were covering a public department and any jack-in-office was niggardly or disingenuous in handing out the news you were free to roast him until he squealed for mercy. The City Hall reporter in my time, for instance, was the most detested fellow in the building. But he was so heartily feared that there was seldom a day that he did not beat the enemy.

It was the most curiously organized sheet I ever encountered or heard of. There was no managing editor, no news editor, no night editor. The city editor and his assistant shared all these functions between them—but not their salaries. The assistant made up and put the paper to bed. There was no copy desk and I don't believe any story was ever cut in that office. For this there was a sound, business reason. Otis, having learned the power of combination, was bound it should never be turned

against him by his advertisers. So he made space extraordinarily cheap in order to drag in the maximum number of customers. His slogan was a line of reading matter for every one that was paid for. Consequently, he had to use a prodigious amount of white paper, and every story was almost twice the length any other editor would have allowed. That is how the *Times* became literally the "largest paper in the world."

My *lues Boswelliana* does not drive me to the extent of setting down a catalogue of all Otis's triumphs. Of his exploits as *Feldmarschall* against the Filipini you will have to read elsewhere, and then judge for yourself whether the Congress was justified in thanking and giving him a general's rank or whether his enemies were right in calling him not a battle-scarred but a battle-scared veteran. Like the deputy Gallio, I care for none of these things, though I find a charge of cowardice incompatible with the rest of his record.

His rout of the unions in 1890 was not his last experience at that pastime. Nowhere outside California could he have found stronger temptation to resume it. In San Francisco they ruled the roost, to the everlasting shame and disprofit of that most charming town. In 1894 they tried to bring Los Angeles into camp again by means of a railroad strike. Naturally, the old Walrus plunged into the brawl on the side of Huntington and Ripley, with every epithet in his *Schimpflexikon* and every resource he had learned four years before. He took advantage of the occasion to consolidate the strength of the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association. The ensuing defeat of the sons of toil left him stronger than ever. But not any better beloved. Many of the captains, sergeants and corporals of industry on whose side he fought hated him as virulently as any walking delegate. But they dared not say so out loud.

The longer the roll-call of his enemies, the more prosperous he grew, and the larger the circulation of the *Times*. Also, 'tis said, its blacklist, though of that only three living people can tell with accuracy. Whenever the blasts of invective against him were particularly tempestuous, Otis would take a boyish pleasure in publishing his balance sheet by way of reply. It would show a net profit of from $300,000 to $500,000 a year. He became the owner of a young province in Mexico, and of stocks and bonds all over the place. He shared with Hearst the accusation of trimming the policy of his paper to protect his financial interests across the border. He was one of the few men to lock horns with his old ally, the formidable Collis P. Huntington, and win. Otis wanted the Federal government to build a harbor at San Pedro; Collis P. wanted it at Santa Monica, where he owned property. The harbor is at San Pedro.

V

In October, 1910, the old Walrus suddenly became famous all over the world. For some years the terrorist wing of the labor unions in the West had been beyond control of the sober element. The murder of Governor Steunenberg in Idaho was followed by similar demonstrations elsewhere. Why Otis was not one of the first victims is a puzzle to me. It was inevitable that he should be on the list. The irony of it was that the final attempt on him was the means of putting an end to all such activities. The *Times* plant was destroyed by dynamite and bombs were found outside his residence, as well as outside that of the secretary of the M. & M.

Otis cashed in on it for all it was worth. It was splendid propaganda for him. He traveled all over the country declaring it was "nothing less than the crime of the century and deserves to be punished accordingly." The labor boys were out of their wits with dismay and went to the length of alleging that he had planted the bombs himself. One Andrew D. Gallagher, a union potentate of San Francisco, had the old Walrus arrested for libel, but nothing

came of it. The upshot of the whole business was that the heavy villains were caught, and the secretary and treasurer of the International Bridge and Structural Steel Workers were railroaded to prison, and Babbitts throughout the United States breathed easier.

Undoubtedly Otis was not nice in his choice of weapons nor hampered by archaic notions of chivalry. There was a time when the *Herald*, now issued in the evening and controlled by Hearst, was a morning paper and in opposition to the *Times*. Heydeson, its proprietor then, was about to be married. The general's gallant notion of congratulating him was to publish a scurrilous sneer at the expense of the bride. Heydeson a few evenings later rushed into Otis's box in the Mason Opera House and pulled his snout *coram publico*. He was too old to be larrupped as he deserved.

Again, in a campaign against the wind-sucking Hiram Johnson, an item derogatory to that Senator's father was sent the rounds of all the newspapers in the State. Every other editor ignored it, knowing that such missiles are usually political boomerangs. But not so Otis. He published it with trimmings. The result showed that he knew his man. If Johnson had had the sense to pay no attention to it or to say only, "This is the sort of enemies I have," it would have gained him thousands of votes. Instead, he went loco at a political meeting in Los Angeles and made this muddy attack the text and excuse for a two-hour diatribe against Otis. Nothing could have pleased the bellicose old Walrus better.

Thus I mourn the late General Harrison Gray Otis. His methods were not pretty and if you opposed him he would trample on your bowels, figuratively, with as little compunction as Big Bill Haywood would do it with his boots. He perpetrated injustice to an extent probably colossal, against which the fact that he was indulgent to his own weighs very little with me. But he hated the wowsers and despised the Uplift, and while he lived they had to keep their place. If there had been even a mere dozen more Otises throughout the country, it would be a more agreeable place today.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Biology

THE LENGTH OF LIFE OF THE MODERATE DRINKER

By Raymond Pearl

In "Alcohol and Longevity" [1] there were presented life tables embracing some 5248 persons, living and dead, from the working-class population of Baltimore, divided into groups according to the extent and regularity of their alcohol consumption during life. The life tables demonstrated, so far as could be judged by the sample of lives there considered, that "the moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages did not shorten life. On the contrary, moderate steady drinkers exhibited somewhat lower rates of mortality, and greater expectation of life than did abstainers. This superiority is not great in the male moderate drinkers, and may not be significant statistically. But it certainly gives no support to the almost universal belief that alcohol always shortens life, even in moderate quantities."

A recent reviewer of this book has questioned the validity of the basic data from which the life tables were completed, in the following words: "Can one ever obtain trustworthy knowledge of the drinking habits of the individual?" Criticism of this kind has been made by others. With due consideration of the gravity of the implication, such criticism seems to be irresponsible, in the sense that it necessarily involves no examination whatever of the internal statistical coherence or cogency of the data; or of the specific probability that they may be reliable; and finally precisely the same remark on the same grounds could equally well be made regarding any collection of statistical data about the condition of any human attribute, when the information must of necessity be derived from the testimony of the individual himself. All that such criticism says, in fact, is the trite platitude that all men *may* be liars. Everyone will agree to this generalization. But it requires no extraordinary acuteness of mind to perceive that the truth of this generalization does not in the least prove that all men *are necessarily and invariably* liars. Yet it is this second inference which is almost always made by the innocent mind seduced by such a plausible question as the one quoted.

Such criticism, in one form or another, has been directed at virtually every specific attempt to contribute statistically to the science of human biology, relative to any human attributes which involve an emotional element, however slight. There is plainly no completely devastating way by which criticism of this kind may be met. Instead the human biologist must content himself with the slow, patient piling up of more and more data. As evidence accumulates, if it is invariably self-consistent in what it shows, within the limits of error of sampling, the ancient red herring that all men may be liars becomes less and less effective as a trail diverter. It finally becomes unthinkable that so large a body of people could be brought by any conceivable scheme to prevaricate in just the right way to produce the observed statistical result, all together, at just the right time. Even a Rotary Club cannot be depended upon to act with such single-minded unanimity as this hypothesis demands.

The purpose of the present paper is to recount briefly the results which have been gained from the study of a new and entirely independent set of data regarding

[1] By Raymond Pearl; New York, 1926.

the effect of moderate drinking upon life duration.

For some time past I have been engaged in the study of the autopsy records of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. The first 7500 of the autopsy protocols have been abstracted and the information they contain has been transferred to cards for statistical study. Among other items there was recorded in this work whatever information existed in the clinical history regarding the use of alcoholic beverages by the patient. Omitting the cases in which there was no information in the history regarding alcohol habits (of which there were 3907), and those in which the statements made on the point were so lacking in precision as to make it impossible to conclude more than that the person had at some time in life used some alcohol as a beverage (of which there were forty-two), we have the number of cases shown in the following table of persons twenty years or more of age at the time of death, in which the information recorded is believed to be critically accurate:

Group	*Abstainers*	*Moderate Drinkers*	*Heavy Drinkers*
Male white	239	713	418
Male colored	85	435	340
Female white	119	66	10
Female colored	75	95	23
Totals	518	1309	791

There are thus 2618 persons for whom we have definite records as to alcohol consumption, on the one hand, and age at death on the other hand. These persons belonged to all classes of society. They include rich and poor, laborers and loafers. As a group they are far less homogeneous than the group studied in "Alcohol and Longevity." One thing that they have in common, however, is that they died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and were there autopsied. The statements which they made as to their alcohol habits were given to the hospital physician under whose care they were, as a part of their medical history. It was information given in some sense "under the fear of death." They were persons who had come into the hospital because they were ill and hoped to be cured, or at least benefited by medical or surgical treatment. Under such circumstances they were likely to tell the truth as they knew it regarding their alcoholic habits. Anyone who is ill and hopes to be made better will try to be as exact as possible about a habit which both he and the physician believe may have a significant bearing upon his present state, the method of treatment to be adopted, and the prognosis. Indeed, his eager desire to put the physician in possession of all the facts which may possibly have a bearing upon his case often leads to a garrulity over details which sorely tries the patience of the clinician.

The rubrics "abstainer," "moderate drinker," and "heavy drinker," have precisely the meanings here as the same terms did in "Alcohol and Longevity." These are:

1. An abstainer is a total abstainer who has never used alcohol in any form.

2. A moderate drinker is one who uses alcohol in any form (beer, wine, or spirits), but in small amount at any one time and never enough to become intoxicated.

3. The heavy class includes those persons who are positively known to have been in the habit of getting drunk; either as an occasional spree, with abstinence in the intervening periods; or with moderate drinking as above defined in the intervening periods; or regularly and frequently; or without precise record of the frequency of intoxication. The average ages at death of these autopsied persons are shown in the table on the next page.

As compared with a general population, the part of an autopsied population here discussed is, as a whole, inferior in average duration of life. This has been shown to be true of the Johns Hopkins Hospital autopsies as a whole. In this respect, and also in the respect that the mean age at death of the females is lower, generally speaking, than that of the males (instead of higher as in the general population) the part of the autopsy material here dealt with ap-

Group	Average Age at Death (Years)	Differences in Average Ages at Death (Years)	
Male white, abstainers	50.05	Abstainer—moderate	=0.34± .80
moderate drinkers	49.71	Abstainer—heavy	=2.41± .83
heavy drinkers	47.64	Moderate—heavy	=2.07± .55
Male colored, abstainers	41.30	Heavy—abstainer	=3.54±1.22
moderate drinkers	42.45	Heavy—moderate	=2.39± .66
heavy drinkers	44.84	Moderate—abstainer	=1.15±1.21
Female white, abstainers	46.40	Moderate—abstainer	=0.92±1.44
moderate drinkers	47.32	Moderate—heavy	=5.10±2.75
heavy drinkers	42.22	Abstainer—heavy	=4.18±2.61
Female colored, abstainers	42.67	Abstainer—moderate	=1.26±1.36
moderate drinkers	41.41	Abstainer—heavy	=3.12±2.11
heavy drinkers	39.55	Moderate—heavy	=1.86±2.04

pears to be a fair sample of the total autopsied population from which it is drawn. In other words, the cases for which information is available as to alcoholic habits appear not to be sensibly differentiated in other respects from the rest of the autopsied group.

The colored persons in this experience have lower mean ages at death than the corresponding groups of white persons. Again the result is in agreement with the autopsy experience as a whole, and with general population figures. The Negro seems always to be a poorer life risk than the white, under American urban conditions.

There is no significant difference between abstainers and moderate drinkers, in respect of mean age at death, in any of the four groups. In two groups (male white and female colored) the mean for the abstainers is slightly higher than that for the moderate drinkers, while in the other two groups the opposite condition appears. With the exception of the male colored group, the mean age at death of the heavy drinkers is lower than that for either abstainers or moderate drinkers.

What the present material shows, in short, is that, in the first thirty-four years of operation of the Johns Hopkins Hospital all of those patients in its experience over twenty years of age who came to autopsy and were known to have been moderate drinkers (as defined) died at approximately the same average age as did all of those patients over twenty years of age who came to autopsy and were known to have been total abstainers. Thus material from a totally different source, collected by entirely different persons with no possible thought of its use in the present connection, representing a different portion of the general population, and of a high degree of critical accuracy, essentially confirms the main conclusion of the former study, embodied in "Alcohol and Longevity." This autopsy material gives no evidence that moderate drinking shortens life.

Music

THE KETTLE-DRUMS[1]

By Grace Overmyer

At an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall last Winter a kettle-drummer was signally honored. Following a performance of Richard Strauss's "Burlesque" for piano and orchestra (with the timpani almost contending for second solo parts) the surprised player of the musical caldrons was hauled out of his conspicuous obscurity at the back of the stage to share the applause with the piano soloist.

[1] The author owes acknowledgments to Karl Glassman, of the New York Symphony Society; Albert Ritter, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Maurice Van Praag, of the New York Philharmonic, and Benjamin Sachs, of the Friese School of Timpani and Percussion.

Though the Strauss "Burlesque" (composed in 1885) had been performed many times in American concert-halls, this recognition of the man behind the drums had had few, if any, precedents, and served to suggest in a striking manner the increasing prominence of the kettle-drums as members of the orchestral family. Ever since the modern orchestra began, indeed, the once crude and humble kettle-drums have steadily evolved to keep pace with the growing complexity of music, and today one finds many composers assigning them melody parts in the score.

The kettle-drums are, first of all, actual musical instruments, capable within their compass of speaking distinct tones as clearly as any other instruments. Though possessing great tonal power, they are not essentially loud in effect, but are capable of delicate shadings and *pianissimos*. Their tuning, wholly dependent upon the ear of the player, must often be accomplished under the most distracting circumstances, while the rest of the orchestra is playing.

To the concert-goer who likes to chain the harmony together by listening particularly to the deep-toned instruments at the back of the orchestral stage, it may sometimes seem that the kettle-drums have a tonal affinity with the double-bass. But this is not really so. For far from being in the double-bass register, the kettle-drums are in the same tonal register as the violoncello, and even the 'cello can go an octave lower than the lowest note of the timpani. The tonal range of the four drums used in the average score may be defined for convenience as extending from the first E flat below to the first B flat above middle C—the largest drums naturally emitting the lowest tones.

Edgar Stillman Kelley, in his recent book, "Musical Instruments," dwells considerably upon what he is pleased to call "the parallel development of music and the instruments through which it has found its utterance." In the case of the kettle-drums this hand-in-hand development is strikingly demonstrated. Thus, to meet the exigencies of modern composition, which, even so long ago as the middle of the Nineteenth Century, had not only increased the prominence of the kettle-drums, but also given them much more difficult work to do, mechanical drums came into being. These, the invention of a German kettle-drummer, Ernst Pfundt (who is known to have published a timpani method in 1849) differ from the ordinary kettle-drums in being equipped with pedals whereby the pitch can be changed more quickly than with the tuning screws. Despite some opposition on the part of musical purists, who believed the mechanical drums deficient in purity of tone, these long since achieved a place in all orchestras maintaining a standard repertory.

Unlike their more aristocratic sisters in the symphony, the kettle-drums have had few eulogists, and such biographical treatment as they have received is of somewhat fragmentary, even, in some cases, contradictory, character. There can be no question, however, that the melodic use of the drums is the newest phase of timpani art, and it seems reasonable to believe that its possibilities have only begun to be realized. In this departure Wolf-Ferrari is generally believed to have led the way with his cantata, "The New Life" (composed in 1903), wherein seven timpani voices are melodically interwoven with the answering voices of two harps. Sibelius, the Finnish composer, in his Seventh Symphony (with the exception of his "Tempest" overture, his latest work), employs the kettle-drums with flutes and clarinets in contrapuntal melody. John Alden Carpenter's First Symphony, composed in 1917, and bearing the programme title, "Sermons in Stones," opens with a melody for four timpani. Humperdinck, in the dream music for his opera, "Hänsel und Gretel" (1893), introduces brief passages of melody for the drums, which are a prediction of this tendency. A composition quite new—Janacek's Sinfonietta, first performed in America by the New York Symphony Society last Spring—contains pas-

sages which promise to become notable examples of melody playing for the drums. The creation of a seventy-four-year-old composer, the Sinfonietta is altogether modern in orchestration and employs the timpani with the bass trumpets in contrapuntal melodic effects. For the performance of this composition five small drums, tuned to the highest ("piccolo") register, are necessary.

Had the kettle-drums made no progress since Beethoven, they would still have a very real claim to fame in the fact that it was the master of Bonn who first perceived and utilized their musical properties, as we understand them today, and wove them into the very fabric of his symphonic tapestries. "Beethoven," says the British authority, Cecil Forsyth, in his book, "Orchestration," "found the drums, so to speak, in the kitchen, and elevated them to the clouds. . . . Down to and including Beethoven's day two drums only were used. The smaller had a chromatic passage of a perfect fifth, from B flat to F; the larger, a similar chromatic passage from F to C. Invariably the smaller drum played the tonic and the larger the dominant, a perfect fourth lower. Beethoven did not alter the mechanism, pitch, or compass of the drums, but he enlarged their scheme of tuning. In the first place, he put the tonic at the bottom whenever he wished. The drums were now in a perfect fifth and this gave him access to various new keys."

The observant concert-goer of any time needs hardly be reminded of the magnificent use which Beethoven makes of the drums in the great symphonies. He gives the instruments important solo parts in the *andante* of the First, in the transition from the *scherzo* to the *finale* of the Fifth, where, as noted by one commentator, "the soft pulsations of the drums give the only signs of life." He definitely assigns descriptive passages to them in the storm movement of the Sixth Symphony. He uses them in octaves in the Eighth and Ninth, employing them so prominently in the *scherzo* of the Ninth that this movement is sometimes called a kettle-drum concerto.

The kettle-drums are not mentioned among the instruments composing what is generally regarded as the first orchestra in the modern sense—that organized by Monteverde for the performance of his opera, "Orfeo," in 1608. They were, however, employed by the great classical composers, though usually in a somewhat simple manner, as when the message of the music naturally demanded an increased *forte*. The earliest use of the drums in solo passages is frequently ascribed to Beethoven, but an earlier example is discovered to exist in Purcell's opera, "The Fairy Queen," written in 1692.

Musical historians state that the kettle-drums are of Arabian origin and that they were "originally quite small, a half gourd covered with a dressed skin, and could be conveniently held in one hand and played with the other." They were introduced into Europe toward the close of the Thirteenth Century, and the large-sized instruments were first brought to England "by that musical enthusiast, Henry VIII, who sent to Hungary for specimens of their cavalry kettle-drums and equipped his own mounted regiments with these improved instruments."

"The earliest use of the word kettle-drums," says Forsyth, "appears to be in a letter from Sir T. Seymour to Henry VIII, in 1548. In England they were commonly known as nakers, from the Arabic *naqqareh*, though the word in English seems to have had real currency only in the Fourteenth Century."

The tradition which long limited the kettle-drums in an orchestra to a single pair, and which largely confined their employment to compositions of a martial character, may possibly be traced to the military use of the instruments, which long antedated their orchestral use. In the cavalry regiment, the drums, often elegantly panoplied, were suspended from the shoulders of the drummer's horse, one on either side; and a European commen-

tator, so recently as 1914, remarks that thus employed in the cavalry they "still cut an imposing figure."

Credit for first increasing the number of drums in orchestral scoring is generally ascribed to Meyerbeer, himself a timpani player, and noted as the creator of many new and intricate rhythms. He employed four drums for the overture of his opera, "Robert le Diable," and this, at the time of its composition (1831), was regarded as a distinct innovation. It has more recently been established, however, that Weber used three drums in the overture to "Peter Schmoll" as early as 1807.

Of the purely musical use of the kettle-drums in modern scores there are no more notable examples than the timpani solo in the Funeral March in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," the music for the entrance of the gods in "Das Rheingold," and the dragon scene in "Siegfried." Strauss's "Salomé" and "Elektra" offer other distinguished examples of their effective, artistic use. "Elektra" requires five kettle-drums. The familiar "Cellini" overture of Berlioz makes use of four drums and three players. In his "Fantastic" Berlioz makes use of four drums and four players. In the same composer's Requiem, written in 1837, he attempted the use of sixteen kettle-drums, tuned to different pitch, and operated by ten men.

The "climax of noise" with the drums (to borrow Arthur Elson's phrase) having been achieved by Berlioz, and the climax of art in their use having been realized in the compositions of Beethoven and Wagner, it was obvious that the Twentieth Century composer, to do anything new or distinctive with the drums, must needs invent a new form.

Surprisingly, perhaps, the most distinguished young wild men of music have done nothing startlingly original with the kettle-drums. For the most part they have seemed content to use them in combination with the other instruments of percussion as useful accessories in the production of tone color. Stravinsky offers a striking exception in his most famous work, "Le Sacre du Printemps," which makes almost constant use of the piccolo drums.

Honegger, in his much discussed "locomotive symphony," "Pacific 231," employs the kettle-drums not at all. Other noted young moderns, famed for their dissonant originality—Prokofieff, Milhaud, Hindemith, Ernest Bloch—judged, at least, by such of their compositions as have been heard in America, all use the drums, but do nothing exceptional with them. Deems Taylor employs the drums "with nice effect, but very discreetly."

Discretion, indeed, would seem to be a necessary qualification of the composer in using the drums. And discretion, plus musical taste, a perfect ear, and manual dexterity of a high order, are but a few of the prerequisites of that oft-neglected but wholly indispensable individual who plays the drums. In a great American orchestra today there is a kettle-drummer who is an accomplished pianist and violinist, and who, until a few years ago, was director of his own conservatory of music in Germany, where he numbered counts and countesses among his pupils. Most good kettle-drummers are proficient in the use of at least one other instrument, and all are gifted and highly skilled musicians. It was the late Gustav Mahler who called the kettle-drummer "the conductor from the rear."

ENGLISH A

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

In the older colleges of this country, the chairs of English are of comparatively recent origin. The colleges were founded to train parsons and to educate gentlemen. A parson, being concerned with Hebrew and exegetics, had no need of English literature, and a gentleman acquired at home such knowledge of it as was seemly. A certain skill at public speaking was recognized as desirable, however, and the chairs of oratory designed to furnish it to parsons and gentlemen alike were the germ from which the English Department, now usually the largest in every college, developed. This slow development paid little attention to the writing of English, and courses in composition were at first uncommon. Proficiency in writing was supposed to come to well-bred men as a natural result of studying the classics. Such an assumption was by no means absurd so long as college students came from families of established cultivation. Two generations ago the average undergraduate was a literate man and wrote well according to the flowery standards of his day.

But with the increasing vulgarization of American society and the democritization of the colleges that accompanied it, the old assumption became untenable. Passable English could no longer be expected of the undergraduate, who tended more and more to spring up from the towpaths and the sticks with only the James A. Garfield tradition as preparation. The colleges then universally established courses in composition, which attracted those who had leanings toward journalism, the less idiotic kind of orators, and dilettante youths who found them a pleasant substitute for requirements in Greek, Hebrew, or the moral sciences. That is to say, they wholly failed of their object, for those who registered for them could already write respectably, whereas the illiterate avoided them.

So, about the time when the nation spontaneously decided that only the college-bred could succeed in business, say thirty-five years ago, the colleges all over the country suddenly realized that they were graduating an annual crop of A. B.'s who could not write a passable business letter, still less a literate report, review or feature article. Harvard was, I believe, the first college to institute the obvious remedy for this defect, and within a few years every other college in the country followed its lead. A course in the writing of English was required of every student before he was certified for graduation. At first some institutions permitted the student to take that course at any time in his undergraduate career, but it became obvious that the faculty at large, which had to read theses and reports, might as well benefit by the increased literateness presumably conferred by the required course. Thereupon the requirement was universally set for the freshman year.

Such was the genesis of English A. It is variously doctored, variously disguised, and variously taught, but it is a recognized institution in the colleges. From the one-building Baptist university in the piney-woods country to the most impressive metropolitan rolling-mill it is a convention and a commonplace. The three thousand bachelors of arts and science that are spawned in June from a Middle-Western university have approached their degrees

by many avenues. Some have specialized in the history of art with minor groupings in Sanskrit and the philosophy of Spinoza. More have devoted themselves to the economics of banking, the theory of salesmanship and the psychology of success. More still have records that reflect the problematical frequency of ten o'clock classes and the fraternity check-lists of snap courses. These last have done their work in such diverse fields as the appreciation of music, hotel management, radio announcing, the theory of home-beautification, personnel methods in the movies, and the psychology of handbill-distribution. But whatever avenues they have taken, they lead back to a common plaza. They have all had English A.

This blanket-prescription, it must be considered, performs a double function for the State universities. They are wedded to the democratic theory of education: all students that the high-schools of the State certify for graduation must be admitted on request, no matter how moronic or incompetent they may be. Obviously, even a university whose standards permit it to award the A. B. for courses in bee-culture and embroidery must devise some sort of screening process to sift out those who cannot be educated at all. English A, though perhaps the most elementary course in the curriculum, is a handy tool for the purpose, and everywhere, at midyear or afterward, scores of freshmen troop home to begin a life dedicated to an even humbler culture than that conferred by the State university. Till they die they will cherish a vague resentment of the system that denies a man four years of college on the ground that he cannot learn to put verbs in his sentences—sentences, by God, that he wouldn't have written if they hadn't forced him to. Meanwhile, those whom the screening process has spared plod onward till they have finished English A, and so have demonstrated that they belong in the college scene.

The private institutions, those which can limit their enrollment, never permit the hopeless prospects to register, and so do not need to make a guillotine of English A. Experience has taught them, however, that whatever else they may assume a freshman to possess, they cannot count on his being literate. Therefore they, too, cling to the required course, in various ways modified and humanized, but at best appalling. So diverse are the sources from which they draw and so diversely prepared the freshmen who come to them, that a growing dissatisfaction with the blanket-requirement is everywhere evident. The plight of the well-prepared student is receiving attention—and indeed no greater agony is readily imaginable than that of a man who knows how to write decently and yet is forced to gear his mind down to the inanities of English A. At Harvard and several other Eastern institutions it has long been possible to "anticipate" English A by passing an advanced examination. This practice has recently spread to all the private institutions of the Atlantic seaboard and to their analogues on the Pacific Coast. Before long, at all institutions that admit freshmen by examination only, it will probably become the custom to excuse from the requirement everyone who makes an honor grade, A or B, in English.

II

Such a development will allay immeasurable suffering. It will not, however, have any effect, even in the private colleges, on those who cannot make the honor grade. Nor will it in any way affect the fortresses of democratic education, the State universities and the small colleges that lust after enrollments the size of Columbia's. These must keep the universal requirement. And, however idiotic the system may appear, no improvement on it has been successfully developed anywhere. In effect, English A will go on till Doomsday.

It is a paradoxical and equivocal course. Nothing in the colleges is more grotesquely taught. It is so mechanically organized that any intelligence, student's or in-

structor's, is caught helpless in the gears. Lately, the Department of Education has been turned loose on it, so that stupendous insanities have been added upon chaos. It is universally loathed by those who teach and those who take it, and it is attacked by all the other departments of the college, which, seeing their own registration lessen as courses in salesmanship and chautauqua technique multiply, resent the English department's prerogative of compelling all comers to register in it. And yet, for all this, it generally gets results. Students do usually write a little better when they have finished it than they did when they began. It requires a vigorous optimism to attribute as much success to any other course in the colleges.

They swarm in from the prairies and the swamps and the farmlands all about, four thousand freshmen newly come to the State university. Some of them come decently prepared from private academies or metropolitan high-schools that know their business, but in the main they are so much leaf lard—sterile, inert, soggy. They are formed into from one hundred to one hundred and fifty sections, each presided over by an instructor. I can attest the paralyzing effect that the first sight of them has on the instructor. Dazed, bewildered, self-conscious, depressed, they sit before him like so many drawn carcasses in a refrigerating room. They are incredibly docile and propitiatory, incredibly stupid, incredibly hidebound.

The sum of the instructor's job is to teach them, in three sessions a week over a semester or a full year, how to write a grammatical sentence. To that end a tremendous machinery has been developed. They are furnished with the specified manuals, grammars, and correction charts. In the more pretentious colleges they are given, besides, an intricate note-book wherein everything they will do in the course has been set out for them, leaving them nothing to do but to fill in the blanks. Their way has been made as plain before them as pedagogy can mark it out.

Perhaps the end I have described, the ability to write a grammatical sentence, seems a lowly one. Surely, one might think, a college freshman may be trusted to write a ten-word sentence according to the conventions of the language. Well, in good years, when the better high-schools of the State send their best students to State U, fully 10% of them can be trusted to do so, and these exceptional ones are in for a weary time in English A. But the rest, though they may have taken honors in English at Waukesha High and edited the *Waukeshan* there, are quite virgin of such knowledge. Many come from city slums or rural foreign colonies, where Yiddish, German or Norwegian is normally spoken and where, perhaps, the early primary grades are conducted in it. Many more, though innocent of foreign tongues, have never heard literate English spoken except by the alumnæ of cross-roads normal-schools that teach the high-school classes. Few have been forced to do enough writing to acquire any familiarity with English idiom. That is why English A invariably becomes the very course in high-school composition that is announced as a prerequisite for it.

I quote from a freshman theme—preserved in my notes not because it was exceptional but because the definition it contains amused me. This freshman, given some leeway in his choice of subject, had elected to tell me why it was that his very soul thrilled to poetry, and had found himself obliged to define poetry. He wrote: "I think that Poetry are words Placed in harmony or rhythm, that having an emotionally reaction upon the reader. Usually in the form of Rhythm. It is a defanite arrangement of words. The defanite arrangement not meaning does not mean not flexible but altering to suit the author."

This is, I grant, somewhat worse than the average freshman's work when he comes to English A, but not much worse, for the man was in my section and not the sub-section to which we relegated the impossible ones. The average freshman, read-

ing his theme over, would have crossed out "not meaning" or "does not mean" in the fourth sentence and would perhaps have been faintly troubled by the second. He might even have spelled "defanite" correctly. But on the whole he would have been satisfied with the passage and rather proud of its intellectual content.

III

The problem is, how to teach such students that they must not write such English. Probably the most effective method is the one that may be called evangelical or, in the luncheon-club sense, inspirational. The instructor who daily preaches that such English will result in the freshman's failing to get a job when he graduates will eventually inspire his section with a passion for reform. "Business letters" are a serviceable text: if you keep pointing out that Smith and Brown's "Manual of Composition" fits the college young to dictate to stenographers, you will move them to study it. They will argue, reasonably enough, that it would be better to make the stenographer study it, but you have a sound rebuttal. An executive, you tell them, emphasizing that magical word, an executive likes to be in a position to correct his stenographer. That clinches the matter. You have proved that facility in composition has a cash value. The section warms to its work. You have now only to assign themes.

The theme-system varies with the college. The parent-course began by requiring a short daily theme, the "one-page theme" that has become notorious, on the theory that daily practice was the best means of acquiring skill. The daily theme is preserved in many colleges, but perhaps a greater number, fearing that the system developed an ability to write a paragraph but left the student helpless beyond that unit, have abandoned it. Instead, they require a longer theme every week and, usually, an ambitious effort of four or five thousand words to be written at the end of the course. Here the weekly theme is the basis of instruction.

Theme-subjects are generally uniform in all sections. A professor is usually given executive charge of all freshman English, and he wears himself thin designing an outline for instructors to follow. The department, harassed by the educators, lusts after standardization. The subjects that the head of the course assigns are those which he believes to be as nearly foolproof as possible, for both students and instructors. They are usually a devastating bore. Here is a typical one from the outline of a college in the far West: "Write an account of a game (500 words). Include description, but be sure that the description heightens the interest of the narrative. Aim to secure suspense and climax which will surprise the reader." The result, of course, is predeterminable. Thirty to the section, four thousand frantic students sit down to describe how Homeburg High was being walloped by an invading team when, in the last sentence of the theme and the last second of the game, Ole Swenson, though battered and bloody and probably depressed by the faithlessness of his sweetheart, carried the ball ninety-nine yards for the winning touchdown.

The instructor has from two to four sections, and so must be surprised by Ole's heroism from sixty to one hundred and twenty times. Yet the boredom of such an assignment is inconsiderable compared with that which comes when the outline goes on to direct the freshman to discuss his motives in coming to college, analyze his emotions on being pledged to a fraternity, or describe the wondrous beauties of the dawn. Give the freshman a chance for rhetoric and you will understand the statistics of academic insanity. And if rhetoric is maddening, the abstractions of "exposition, argumentation, description and narration" are positively lethal.

Subjects for themes must be assigned. The innocent instructor who tells a section to "write on anything that interests you" quite wastes the week's effort. Not one

freshman in thirty has sufficient originality to be anything but saddened and bewildered by such a command. He will pour out his soul on any subject given him, but he dries up when he has to choose his own. Invariably a class so directed will gather round the desk, when the hour is over, and plead for a fixed topic. Tell me what to write about, Mr. Brown!—it is a cry straight from the depths of human despair. If the instructor remains stubborn, half the class will hand in no themes at all, and the other half will avail themselves of last week's topic, old themes from the files of the fraternity, or new productions based on memories of those done in high-school. I should not, however, be quite so sweeping, for in every section there is sure to be one student, always a girl, with a passion for autobiography. Such co-eds revel in the chance thus offered for personal confession, and manage to create chances when none is provided. My five years of teaching English A gave me a full dozen of such specimens.

There was, for instance, a tall bovine creature, distressingly plain, who had investigated the fringe of Chicago's near-Bohemia and, inspired by the feeble radicalism on tap there, had determined to taste life by acquiring a lover. One memorable theme described how she lured a prospective victim to her home, one evening, when the family were out of town. She disappeared for a moment and returned clad in the most sensational nightgown obtainable at Marshall Field's, bearing a pint of gin in one hand and a copy of "The Rubaiyat" in the other. Poor ambitious girl! She explained how the bewildered victim had fled howling, not even waiting for a drink. Nothing on the near North Side had prepared her for that.

And there was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, homelier even than the aspirant to Bohemia, who had a set of unsatisfied longings that would frighten a psycho-analyst. Nothing I could write on the back of her themes or say to her from the rostrum was biting enough to halt the autobiography—her themes were a weekly catharsis. I learned about her physiological difficulties, her girlhood speculations about the Facts of Life, her search for men who would enlighten her. When she met, at the poetry club, a handsome young man who seemed magnificently amorous, I learned how she sewed feathers to her garters to give her an air of voluptuous mystery. When the garters, and a fourteen-inch cigarette holder desperately adopted, failed to land the young poet, I learned how she wept over his photograph and meditated suicide. And then, toward the end of the year, in a theme somewhat more reticently allusive than usual, I learned how at last she had found a simian truck-driver from the city who was willing to enlighten all she desired.

IV

The theory of instruction in English A is reasonably sound. The student writes a theme. The instructor reads it, calls attention to errors in grammar, rhetoric or taste, and writes pertinent criticism or advice on the back. The student then, using the manual as a guide, corrects the errors or, if the original is hopeless, rewrites the theme. It is a drearily mechanical system, but I do not see how it could be improved. The critic must not suppose that English A attempts, or can attempt, to develop writing ability or teach style. One could not hope to teach four thousand students to write. The standard of achievement is everywhere set as low as possible, but everywhere the English department is under fire for its wildly impractical demands.

At the college that I have just quitted the minimum requirement may, perhaps a little sweepingly, be thus described: the student, at the end of a semester of eighteen weeks, must be able to write a theme without committing what are known as the "period fault" and the "comma fault." The "period fault" may be observed in the second sentence of the passage I have

quoted from my poetic freshman: "Placed in harmony or rhythm, that having an emotionally reaction on the reader." It is, in the language of the texts, "a pseudo-sentence, without subject or finite verb." The "comma fault" is defined in a learned potboiler as "presenting as a single sentence two or more grammatically complete sentences that are not connected by coördinating conjunctions or separated by semicolons." The same text (I collaborated in the production of it) illustrates the error with this sentence: "He had failed in his career, failed in love, failed in honor, accordingly, he determined to end his worse than useless existence."

One is to understand that the error here would not have been committed if the author had used a semicolon instead of a comma before "accordingly." One may think that these are arbitrary or emptily pedantic requirements, for only the hopelessly illiterate commit the first error, and the second is not an error at all outside the pages of a freshman manual. Still, to ask a student to learn how to avoid them in the course of four months is a moderate requirement. It nevertheless endangers the standing of the whole freshman class. Early in the course the wholly stupid are weeded out of all sections and herded together for spoon-feeding. Of those that remain, about five out of fifty will fail to master the two principles I have mentioned, and from five to twenty more will slide by only because the instructor dares not let his flunk-list get too imposing.

The manual used for correction is a volume of pedagogical rules. A staggering number of such texts are on the market. I have examined about fifty, and have helped to write one. They are signal evidence of the ignorance of the college students to whose instruction they are addressed. The best of them are the work of intelligent men who have taken time off from collating Elizabethan texts to fund a new car or a Summer abroad. The worst are the work of professors of education who have devised a scientific method of eradicating the comma fault. Most of them are reactionary and unrealistic, taking no account of the living language and expending much effort on fine-spun pedagogical abstractions that have no bearing on the actual writing of English. When my collaborators and I prepared to issue to the world a manual that sanctioned the split infinitive, admitted *so* to standing as a "coördinating conjunction," looked untroubled upon the use of *which* as an adjective, declared that some period faults and comma faults were unobjectionable, and admitted that the formal rules of grammar need not always dictate the management of verbs, pronouns, and participles, we felt that we were exposing ourselves to the ridicule of the whole profession.

It is, however, only fair to say that the conservatism of the text-books is not wholly due to professional mulishness. Rather, it proceeds from a hard-boiled experience in teaching college students. The questions of taste that govern the use of *ain't* or of the split infinitive are altogether too mysterious for the freshman. He will only feel himself betrayed and abandoned if asked to consider them. You cannot tell him that *ain't* is sometimes an agreeable and effective way out of a dilemma, but sometimes an atrocity. However you phrase the proposition, it will reach his consciousness and remain there as a blanket permission to use *ain't* in all circumstances whatever. From that day on he will write, "Michigan ain't likely to win the Big Ten championship, for their team ain't what it was last year, and I ain't convinced they ever will be again." And when the instructor protests, he will triumphantly point out the authorization in the text. No, you tell the freshman that *ain't* is never permissible, in any sentence whatsoever. Then you repeat the interdiction three times a week throughout the semester, flunking every theme in which he uses the word. Perhaps, after eighteen weeks, you will have suggested to half the class that the use of *ain't* is sometimes inadvisable.

Themes and the text, then, are the ma-

terial of class-room work. The instructor uses both as the basis of his lectures. He reads from the last week's themes, carefully adjusting his sarcasm to the limited intelligence of the class. He points out merits and mistakes. He discusses the assigned pages of the text. He labors to give the dreary routine some interest, some faint stirrings of life. If he is inexperienced and hopeful, he lugs in quantities of good writing—accepted classics, contemporary novels, the brighter weeklies and reviews —reads them to the class, and implores them to learn from the example. If he is old at the game, he sticks to the matter at hand, the work done by his own students, and doggedly hammers away at its immense inertia.

His sympathy goes out to the six or seven alert and intelligent students in every section, for he knows that he is desperately boring them. But he must ignore them, who do not need his efforts, and address the inert mass. They sit patiently before him, dazed, bewildered, uncomprehending. They honestly desire to learn, but they resist instruction. Nothing matters much, he decides: they are impermeable. So year by year he abandons more of his forensics and vaudeville, and with them all that is positive in his teaching. He instructs entirely by fiat and negation. Don't say "we was." Don't say "kiddie, girlie, alrightie." Don't say "it is impossible that there is any book written along this line." Don't say "a dull thud was heard." Don't use an adjective when an adverb is called for. Don't get your pronouns crossed. Don't write on both sides of the paper. Don't forget to write your name on your theme.

If he abandons this nauseating method he may save his own sanity, but a fog will settle over the dim minds from Homeburg High, and they will end the course no better equipped than when they began it. So long as he sticks to it he may justify himself by the reflection that he is doing something to keep the college literate, to raise the standard of business correspondence, and to give his students some return for the trust they have confided to him. Slowly, as the semester goes on, the themes improve. Comma faults thin down to an average of two a theme. Sentences that would not disgrace a country correspondent begin to emerge here and there. A few of the likelier students anticipate the pages of the manual that deal with diction. By the end of the course, the average student will be writing as well as he was supposed to write when he was a sophomore in high school.

V

The able teachers of the department do not, in most schools, have anything to do with English A. The average professor of English, I must assert in spite of the slurs cast upon him, is an intelligent and capable fellow. Several selective processes have operated on him. The rigorous discipline of the Ph.D., though often devoted to trifling subjects, is a test that nincompoops cannot survive, so that the threshold of qualification is high. Promotion is not often conferred upon fools, dullards, or incompetents, and a man who has become an associate or full professor is likely to be a good man. But such men will not waste their time teaching freshman composition. They devote themselves to their private interests, philology, criticism, or the history of literature. The tedious job must be left to instructors, section hands, and assistants.

Here an economic factor operates. A State university, with an annual freshman registration of four thousand, cannot afford to pay eighty thousand dollars for tuition in one course. Still, there are one hundred and fifty sections that have to be taught. The department, acting on the only assumption possible, that anyone can teach freshman English, hires as half-time instructors seventy-five students of the graduate school, who serve for their own tuition and a meager sum in cash. For the most part these budding M.A.'s are cap-

tious hayseeds from the sticks—normal school graduates eager to amass enough hours in Education to fit themselves to be principals of cross-roads high-schools, elderly virgins who are taking a year off from teaching the fifth grade to prepare themselves to teach the seventh grade, or, at best, potential high-school teachers too broke to pay for another year of study. Not one in thirty hopes to be a college teacher, not one in fifty ever is.

Their intelligence would hardly turn litmus paper. They are likely to be aware of their own unfitness, and so tyrannical. They are certain to be distracted by the effort to teach others while doing their own studying. With the best will in the world, a man who is trying to write a master's thesis will not be able to give his pupils the attention they require. And so English A is made still more mechanical and arbitrary by the incompetence of its faculty. What little vitality is possible under the system is altogether frustrated. At one university two "comma faults" in the course of the year will flunk a student, however brilliantly he may write. At another, instructors must exchange themes, so that no man reads or grades the work of his own students. At a third, the student's passing depends not at all on his work or his instructor's opinion of it but on the manipulation of a sort of educational slide-rule operated by a committee that never see the freshmen, nor read their themes. These absurdities seem incredible, but they arise from an honest effort to compensate for the incompetence of the doodles that conduct the sections.

The university with which I was recently associated escapes the worst of these follies, but the results are still dreadful. Its freshman class never exceeds one thousand, and it requires four semester-courses in English; therefore it is able to hire full-time instructors who are far better qualified than the neck-shaved drudges of the State U's. The superiority, however, goes no further, for it is still assumed that almost anyone can teach composition. The stiff selection of the Ph.D. has not yet operated on the faculty of English A. They are nearly always literate, but they are usually little more.

There was, for instance, Joe X, who, when a slack season depressed the real estate game, remembered that he had an A. B. It was not one that would be widely recognized in the profession, but still it was an A. B. His first shock was the discovery that in the second half of English A he would have to teach poetry. He inquired just what poets were considered elevating in academic circles and, on being told, decided that they might bear looking into. Did any of us have a book of poetry? he asked. In May he remarked that he had heard of a library on the campus—now, if he'd only known of it earlier he would have used it. He is probably the only college teacher who ever held up a model to his students the prose style of the late President Harding. He had read in a newspaper, he said, that it observed all the classic traditions. In the literary end of the course he was spelling Shakespeare's heroes *McBeth* and *O'Thello*, and his major contribution to scholarship was the identification of Michael Cassio with one Cassidy who, he said, was one of the Irish adventurers that had made Venice great. We lost Joe when the chairman of the department had to bail him out of jail for accosting a woman in a movie.

Then there was Y, a Kansan who had his moments of grandeur. Across his breast hung a double row of keys, crosses, rosettes and dinguses that symbolized all the prizes for distinction in rhetoric, oratory and debate offered by some lean-to university in the hinterlands beyond Wichita. Following his triumph at Cornopolis U, he had taken a year at Harvard, and there had acquired an accent to astonish the prairies, the *Ersatz* New England accent that can always be spotted by its broadening of the *a* in *hand* and *have*.

One-half of his duty, as he conceived it, was the communication of this grace to his students, and the other half, since he was

a Kansan, was the preservation of their souls. His classes alternated between drill in swallowing the consonantal *r* and harangues on the moral life. Perhaps once a fortnight he took up questions of composition and there, you were to understand, the blend of Harvard and the Cornopolis Literary Society was omniscient and infallible. The student who ventured to dispute his fiats received an F for the course, and anyone who laughed was fired. Once a stubborn youth maintained that a word which Y had questioned in his theme was spelled correctly. He dragged to class the twelve-pound bulk of Webster's New International Dictionary, opened it on the desk before Y, and awaited action. There was silence for a moment while Y read the entry and the class held its breath. At last, with measured finality, Y drew a fountain pen from his pocket, crossed out the word in the International, and wrote in above it the spelling he had ordained.

Not to forget Z, upon whom a great silence sat. He once called formally on me, coming at one in the afternoon and remaining until six. In the course of those five hours he spoke exactly one word: it was yes, and was to inform me that he would have a highball. For one semester his classes did not differ materially from that visit. He would come into the classroom, sit down at the desk, gather up the day's quota of themes, indicate a half-dozen pages of the text for the class to study, and then sit there motionless and silent while his students worked mathematics assignments, caught up on their geology reading, and chatted sociably. After ten minutes, or a half-hour, or sometimes fifty minutes, he would rise, remark, "I guess that's all today," and amble off.

But at midyear a startling change occurred. Z became energetic and extremely vocal. We now learned that he was a surveyor temporarily down on his luck—and that he was hard-boiled. He began to address his class as "youse guys" and to belabor them with fragrant oaths. His new method was not quite grammatical and it lacked precedent in the Department of Education, but his classes began to turn out work. He hurled a chair at one sprawling freshman and invited another one, a fullback, to "get up out of that there desk, you washout, if you want to get slapped down." We all swaggered a little with this muscular vindication of academic dignity, but his co-ed students grew vaporish and so he too left us.

But such chaps as these at least had color. They gave the day's grind adventurousness. And therein they differed from the average, the patient nonentities who go thrice daily to the class-room and there repeat their memorized discourses. These draw diagrams of modifiers and pick out topic sentences. They quote what Woolley says about commas and what Wendell says about coherence. They devise jingles to illustrate the comma fault. They analyze, they define, they codify. The fog of their lives is filled with shapes of monsters—pronouns that have vague reference, distorted parallelism of clauses, the dangling participle, the "due to" error, the anticipated antecedent, the incomparable absolute. They construct intricate charts for the avoidance of these reefs.

The game they play with such solemnity is a blend of all the philological puzzles that have of late years amused the populace, but they have drained away all possibility of amusement. It is a game less intelligent than crossword puzzles, and less mature than the "This to That" craze that has broken out in the newspapers. It is a silly, tiresome, utterly mechanical charade that has no sense in it. And if the colleges should be reproached for universally offering a course that has no relation to writing and no bearing on education, they have an unanswerable comeback. Does anyone suppose that in any university anywhere can be gathered together four thousand or one thousand freshmen capable of learning how to write a literate sentence or being otherwise educated? If anyone does, let him teach English A for a year.

BRIDAL POND

BY ZONA GALE

THE Judge had just said "Case dismissed," and a sharp situation concerning cheese had thus become negligible when, before the next case on the calendar could be called, Jens Jevins came forward and said loudly:

"I wish to confess to the murder of my wife."

Now the court-room was still, the fierce heat forgotten and the people stupefied, for Jens Jevins was the richest farmer in the township. No one tried to silence or delay him.

He faced now the Judge and now the people, his face and neck the color of chicken skin, his tossed hair like a raveled fabric, his long right arm making always the same gesture. His clothes were good, and someone had pressed them.

"I planned to kill Agna for a long time. There was a time when for a week I slept with a pistol under my pillow, hoping for the strength to shoot her in her sleep. When I could tell by her breathing that it was time, I'd get up on my elbow and look at her, but I never had the courage to use the pistol on her—no, though I sat up in bed sometimes for half an hour with my finger on the trigger. Something would delay me—our dog would bark, or the kitchen clock would strike, or I would imagine my father shaking his head at me; and once she woke and asked me whether I had locked the porch door.

"Most of that week the room was as bright as morning, because the moon shone in, but as it rose later and hung higher, the room grew dark. And it seemed wrong to shoot Agna in the dark. Then I thought of a better plan."

The court-room was held as a ball of glass, in which black figures hang in arrested motion. The silence was not vacant, but rich and winey, like a rest in music. It was the rest in the tread of a giant, one step, one step, and men crushed and powerless. The Judge, the bailiff, the spectators were crushed and powerless, all with staring eyes, and their short breath caught through the mouth. Jens and Agna Jevins, they were known to all, and he so prosperous; and she a small complaining woman, who took prizes, with whom all must have talked on bright mornings, after she had lain asleep, close to death.

"At the south of our lot," Jens Jevins continued, and conversationally, quite quietly, as if he were talking to some surveyors, "there is a long slope and then a pond, where in my father's time they took out clay to make bricks. This place is not fenced; is separated from the highway by a few alders—some of you know," he said, with an air of surprise, remembering the spectators as living beings who had experienced his highway and the sight of his pond. "I would go down there sometimes on Spring evenings when the boys were catching frogs, and last week I went down, and they were catching frogs. And it was the night the Alexander boy fell in—well over his head he went, for the pond is above seven feet deep there, and sixteen farther out. I that was standing near was able to seize on him—I mention this because pulling him out put in my head the idea of what to do to Agna.

"So the next night I waited till late and I said to her that we might walk down and watch the boys catch frogs. She was

glad to go and mentioned that I didn't often invite her to take evening walks any more, and we went down the slope. But I hadn't waited long enough, the boys were still there. She and I stood on the rim of the pond, and I edged her towards the place where the Alexander boy went in, and saw how easy it would be to send her down and keep her from climbing out. Only the boys were still there.

"It was dusk and the cars from town came down the highway and took the turn beyond our alders, and it looked as if they were all coming straight on to us, till they swung the corner. She says, 'What if one didn't see the turn and came crashing on to us?' and she shivered and said her shoulders were chilly, though the night was warm, and she wanted to go back to the house. So we went back and I read the evening paper aloud, about a young couple that had got married that day at Sun Prairie and had had a great doings. She said she wished we were starting over, and I said 'I don't' and went to bed.

"But in the night I woke up and thought of what she'd said. What if we were starting over? And what if I'd murdered her early, say, on the honeymoon? I saw that I couldn't have done it then. I wondered how I could do it now."

II

Now the Judge found his voice, and leaned down as if he were ill or drunken and said from his throat: "Why did you want to do it?"

Jens Jevins looked astonished. "I didn't *want* to do it," he said, "but there was thirty-seven years of it already and there might be twenty more."

Having answered, he continued:

"I began to see that what wasn't tragedy now would have been tragedy then. I thought of us driving through the country, if we'd been in the days of machines, like the Sun Prairie couple. Agna and me, you understand—and her young again. Her in the same blue dress, in the seat beside me. Me in a new suit, and shoes with the new not off the soles. Us talking and laughing, our valises stowed in the back. Going along the road. Along the road that swung round by our place, and turned the corner by the alder trees. Dark it might be, or maybe a fog would have come down. We'd be talking and laughing, and the road strange, and I'd miss the turn, and the car'd come skimming between the alders, and across the base of the slope, and making for the clay hole. Spite of all I could do, setting the brakes, on it'd come, heading for the clay hole. In the dark or maybe in the fog. And we wouldn't know we'd left the road, till I'd see a light from somewhere lapping on the pond, and then it'd be too late. Straight in and down—in and down. Nothing I could do. Agna in her blue dress. On the day of our wedding.

"But now it was thirty years and past, and twenty more to come. I woke her up. I says, 'I can't sleep. It's warm. Let's go down and walk out somewheres.' She laughed and grumbled some, but she went with me. She was always one to go with me. We put on little and went down the slope to the pond. It was deep dark—the light of a star was deep in the water. We heard the frogs and smelled the first wild grape. I took her to the place where the Alexander boy had slipped in and where it was hard for anybody to climb out. I waited a minute. Another car was coming along the road. 'When it turns the corner,' I thought, 'when it turns!' Its lights shone straight and strong, they blinded us, they came on and on, towards us. Agna says 'It's coming, it's coming! . . . ' For the lights made no turn at the corner. The lights shot out from the alders. I could hear the talking and laughing in the car. In less than a flash of time, the car shook the ground around us, and went crashing down and down into the deep of the water. But first the lights of the water, or of the dashboard, or of the sky, or of heaven struck full on their faces that were still laughing. Well, there on that seat I tell

you I saw me in my wedding suit that was new, and beside me Agna, that was young again.

"There was a cry from Agna that was young and from me where I stood—and I saw what I'd done—reached back into the past and killed her that it was tragedy to kill. It was so that it had found me out. God had done it to me—just that way. I see it so. . . . All night I've walked in the woods, waiting for the time to tell. Now you know—now you know."

Jens Jevins stood head down, abruptly distracted, listless. The hundred voices in the room burst their silence. And after the first words, crude and broken, the women were saying: "Walked all night in the woods? But somebody has just pressed his clothes for him!"

Now the sound of running feet and the cries of men reached the room, and as these increased none knew whether to run down in the street or to stay in the court-room, where Jens Jevins might say something more. But now a great gasping voice cried from the stair: "Car gone into Jevins's clay hole!" . . . and immediately the room was emptied of all but those who must stay, and Jevins, who seemed not to have heard.

As one man, and he breathing his horror, the town of Tarnham ran down the highway, and did not take the turn, but kept straight on and flowed over the green and spangled slope and surrounded the Jevins pond. Some highway men, placing signs, had seen the corner of a top protruding from the water.

And now policemen and firemen were lifting from the water, slowly and with sickening lurchings and saggings, a black coupé, new by the signs, and within it, the seated figures of man and woman. And all about them, on sides and back of the car, were gay ribbon streamers, white and pink, and the lettering said: "Yes, we're just married." And such signs were also pasted in paper, and from them was dangling a water-soaked old shoe. A young chap, he was, with his hands still on the wheel and the emergency brake set, and a rose on his coat lapel; and his young bride, in her neat gown of blue, had her hands folded in her lap, over a little silver bag.

Now the sheriff came leading Jens Jevins and pushed through the crowd, and the people moved respectfully, for the tale of the court-room had not yet gone about. The sheriff and Jens Jevins went to the two figures, taken from the car and covered on the grass, and Jens said in a loud voice: "There we are!" And now he shouted in agony, "Agna, Agna! Jens!" and cast himself on the ground beside the two still figures.

III

The people were stupefied, not knowing what to feel, with the men and women from the court-room murmuring his story. Jens Jevins—and he so prosperous and known to them all. They had seen him yesterday, buying and selling. Could his wife have been in the car, too—the complaining woman, who took prizes?

No, for here she came walking down the slope from the house, wondering at the crowd gathered about their pond. She looked questioning, in her neat black dress and her striped scarf, and they made way for her; and a neighbor who had been in the court-room cried: "Mrs. Jevins, Mrs. Jevins! The car that you saw last night go into the water had a bride and groom!"

But Agna Jevins said: "What car? I saw no car go into the water."

"What! You were not out here in the night and saw this car. . . "

"I?" cried Agna Jevins. "I was in bed the whole night, and Jens too. What car . . . ?"

They told her. She covered her eyes and said, "God forgive me, I heard a cry and thought of saying so to Jens, but he was sleeping soundly."

Jens and the sheriff moved toward her, and when he came up to her Jens began speaking softly: "All our friends, Agna,

thinking of us through the night. And who could have imagined that we were spending the whole night so, side by side; and with the sunrise, we still so near to each other, saying nothing. Who could have told us in our early youth: 'You will rest on that night in a bed of ooze, and none shall know or care that you lie passionless and forgotten'? Who could have known that our wedding day and our death night would be one, because of a pond beyond alders, pleasant and secured? We have died with our dream and our happiness upon us, neither trouble nor weariness has touched us, nor the slow rust of unending days. I have no need to send you to your death, for we have died in the safety of our youth and not in the deep of days already dead. . ."

They led him to his house. Weeping, Mrs. Jevins said:

"It must have come on him all of a rush. For I pressed his clothes and got his breakfast and he went out of the house. And nothing had changed."

The legend grew that Jens Jevins had had a vision of that happening of the night, and that it had sent him off his head.

CROWDED

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

When I was a little boy reading American history for the first time there was a paragraph in one of my books that struck me as offering the most delicious bit of humor ever printed. It told of a group of pioneers who pulled up stakes and moved hundreds of miles away because ten or twelve additional families had recently settled in their State, thus crowding it beyond human endurance! These settlers were not yet numerous enough to be safe from Indians, they had almost no roads, and all of them, pooling their knowledge, couldn't have made a decent map of the State; yet some of them felt crowded and cramped! The whole story of mankind, I thought, could furnish nothing funnier than that; it seemed so obvious to me that the primary need of those pioneers was not fewer neighbors, but more. But in the years that have followed their point of view has become somewhat clearer to me. Crowded is a relative term and every man's definition of it will depend upon his experience, or, more accurately, upon the environment in which he spent his boyhood.

Like millions of other Americans I spent mine in what I now realize were relatively wide open spaces. Not until I was about thirty years old did I know life in big cities, and I have never ceased to be puzzled by it. My first impression of New York was pop-eyed amazement at the patience of crowds under insults, indignities and outrageous discomforts, many of which appeared to be inflicted with callous, wanton contempt for the victims. Yet they were not only patient, they actually laughed. For example, I found that the subway jammers amused them. I had been told about the subway jammers but I didn't believe the story until I witnessed their performance, which is, briefly, to use their knees, shoulders or whatever parts of their anatomy may be most convenient for jamming customers into already crowded subway cars.

I have lived in Mexico and I stand ready to bet ten dollars against a plugged nickel that a subway jammer wouldn't last half a day anywhere below the Rio Grande. Someone would casually cut his throat, and, if subsequently charged with murder, would be horrified. Our Latin-American cousins know very little of political liberty and generally make a botch of it, but they have an instinctive passion for personal liberty and as fine a sense of the dignity of the individual as the modern world can show. Almost all of the ancient world had this sense. But we are losing it, largely because we are becoming crowded, although sometimes we seem to be trying to make a virtue of the loss, as if we would boast of the disaster and call it progress.

In this connection I think of that astounding institution, the American traffic cop. With what incredible assurance he goddams an offending driver! And if the driver objects to being goddamed he will find himself arrested. In that event there will be only two witnesses, the cop and the defendant. The cop's testimony will be accepted at par, and the defendant, by an already well established and nationally accepted tradition, will come before the bar of justice branded as a perjurer before he opens his mouth. This is neither sound law nor substantial justice. The only excuse for it is that our highways are over-crowded.

In the emergency something must be done, so we strip the individual citizen of his rights and kick his shins. To Hell with him! There are too many of him anyway.

I have been present when Texas rangers arrested dangerous killers— in fact, I have known Texas rangers all my life—but I have never heard one goddaming anybody. They had elbow room and their nerves weren't jumping.

II

To me one of the greatest mysteries and monstrosities of the modern American city is the business office "equipped with all modern conveniences." I occupied one for three years and maintained, or attempted to maintain, communication with about a dozen others. In less than a month I had discovered that it was impossible to do business in my office, so when I really had to confer with someone I took him to lunch or to the club. If I had to prepare a document or read one—and this made up the bulk of my work—I came back after dinner or took the papers home with me. Sunday was the most welcome day of the seven; frequently I could clear up a whole week's work between ten in the morning and half past six in the evening, because on that day none of the "modern conveniences" was working. For five or six months I said nothing about my methods, lest someone discover that I was a poor, benighted country boy who didn't know how to use city equipment, but in due time I observed that nearly everyone else worked just about as I did.

The trouble with a modern office, however, is not so much its "modern equipment," although some of that is bad enough, but the fact that it is a target for literally thousands of people whom one does not wish to see and could not, by any remote chance, help in any way. And yet they will employ fraud, force, or any other means to enter. Their excuse is: "We've got to live." But there are so many of them that I have often been tempted to reply: "Why, not necessarily." One spends a staggering sum to make their approach easy, and then must double the sum to support an organization for fighting them off. But the trouble and expense do not end there, for the barbed-wire entanglements designed to stop them at the outer railing may also stop someone you really want to see. I have been most effectively and permanently stopped in that way after having been urgently summoned.

There was a man who had written me five letters asking me to call at his office. I knew in a general way the nature of the business he would propose and it didn't interest me very much, so I put off the call longer than I should, for I had great respect for the man himself. Eventually, however, I presented myself at a little slot in a pane of frosted glass, labelled "Information," and gave my name and the name of the man I wished to see. The young woman behind the glass wrote these names on a card and then asked me to state the nature of my business. That, I judged, might be confidential, at least so far as the man was concerned. As for me, I wasn't greatly interested, but I told the young woman that he would recognize my name. She hesitated. "You won't state your business?" she asked.

"No," I said. "It isn't necessary."

Evidently that struck her as highly improbable in view of the fact that I was asking for the head of the firm, so she repeated her original inquiry: "Whom do you wish to see?" Again I told her and this time added: "Just between you and me and the switchboard, young lady, my heart wouldn't break if I fail to see him. He wants to see *me*. I know that because he wrote me several letters in which he said precisely those words. Now if you will give him my name I'll bet that he tells you to bring me in. But if he doesn't recognize the name, why, I will go right away from here and never bother you again."

"I don't recognize your name," she said.

"No," I agreed, "I didn't think you

would. The correspondence was not between us."

She disappeared and presently returned with reinforcements. I confronted an extremely angry little man who fired at me: "Who are you and what do you want? I don't know you." It wasn't the boss at all. That young woman had simply summoned help to get rid of a lunatic. My first impulse was to bump their heads together, but after all, why? I'd been in their situation and understood it.

"I had some business pending with Mr. Blank," I misinformed the angry little man, "and he made me a proposition, so I came around to tell him that I don't like his proposition and the deal is off. If you will deliver the message, that's all."

There ended what might have been at least a cordial acquaintance, if not profitable business, for I respect the man; but life is so complicated that I have never seen him, although he pays for excellent elevator service to transport callers up to his office. No doubt shoe polishers, typewriter repair service salesmen, necktie peddlers, and many others appreciate it.

Among my associates during the period when I occupied an excellently equipped and continuously bombarded office was a remarkably capable international lawyer who had the misfortune to be named Wilson. There are so many Wilsons! Consequently his name, when presented, was seldom instantly recognized. Moreover, he could very seldom state his business. For one reason, it might have required half an hour and given Information brain fever. In consequence, he failed many times to break through the barbed-wire surrounding corporation executives who paid him retaining fees adequate to hire an army of Informations. With delightful indifference he would return to his office, and later, when an excited client telephoned, he would say: "Why, I *did* call, Jim. I called at eleven o'clock but I couldn't get in." They finally had to evolve a special arrangement for him; it could just as easily be employed in every office every day. The chief executive would leave word with his barbed-wire that he was expecting Mr. Wilson, and "Don't let him get away!"

It was the general opinion among Mr. Wilson's clients that his insistence upon this arrangement was very amusing, but I never thought so. After all, it strikes me as in the last degree boorish to request a man to visit your office and then subject him to interrogation as though he were suspected of foul designs. But we are crowded, and most of those who call are nuisances, so everybody has to appear before the bar of Information, convicted in advance, and there try to prove his innocence.

Business of quite large proportions was carried on in this country before the office arrangements of today had been invented, and the same old informal offices would still serve if the hordes of barbarians intent upon invading them could only be poisoned.

III

My start in life in the year 1905 took the form of a job as cub reporter for the *Daily Express*, a morning newspaper of San Antonio, Texas, and I was very shortly thrown into contact with the wise, the wealthy and the powerful of that community. Obtaining interviews with them proved to be no more difficult than getting central on the telephone. Nobody of any importance maintained barbed-wire entanglements in front of his private office. Many of them didn't have private offices. One of my very first assignments was to get information from five or six very wealthy ranchmen. I found four of them playing dominoes in a big office that they used jointly; it was on the ground floor and wide open. There was no office boy, but a newsboy had wandered in and was watching their game. Please don't fall under the misapprehension that this was the wild and woolly, primitive Southwest; it was not. Two of the men sitting in that game were directors of national banks. The stakes of the game were four glasses of iced lemonade, which they were then sipping.

At desks nearby sat their stenographers, accountants and other office assistants. Over in one corner of the room a cattleman was engaged in a long-distance telephone conversation with his agent in St. Louis. Parked at the curb outside were their automobiles, one imported.

These men represented wealth and big business but the era of the leisurely conduct of affairs had not yet quite gone. It was going fast enough, but I remained happily unaware of the fact and assumed that all the world was just about like this; indeed, that it always would be. Everyone I had ever met assumed that everyone he met was all right until he proved himself unmistakably otherwise. The Southwest is properly proud of that tradition, but privately I doubt that we invented it or owned the copyright. Unless I am very much mistaken it was the common American attitude toward human contacts everywhere, except in a few congested places. For the thousands of men who, like myself, grew up with it the subsequent changes have been very confusing.

Now let's skip a few years; ten will be about right. They were very busy ones for me. One day it occurred to me that more than anything else in the world I wanted to go swimming. Fortunately I was within fifteen minutes of salt water, so I asked the hotel clerk for directions and started out. At the beach I stopped, appalled. There must have been not less than 5,000 people in swimming, and for no logical reason that I can think of I couldn't go swimming with 5,000 people; not even with the whole Atlantic Ocean furnishing the water. It was simply too many people for one swimming hole, and I left.

Some months later I discussed this difficulty with a friend and he immediately suggested a solution, which was that I should join his club. They had a wonderful swimming-pool, he said; moreover, he would be delighted to present my name, and just as soon as he returned to my office he would telephone the secretary to send me an application blank. I received it the following day and learned with interest that I had to be sponsored by three members, investigated by a committee, and finally voted on by the entire membership; all of which, of course, is perfectly natural, customary and right, but it was the first time in my life that anyone had proposed investigating me and I felt that they ought not to do that unless I were charged with a crime. Moreover, I had been invited to join. It was an inevitable and essential part of my pride that I didn't need investigating; the whole procedure clashed with everything in my background. Reason argued, but emotion balked. However, I think I might have won that fight, eventually, but for one line in the application blank. It asked if I believed in a Supreme Being. Assuming that I did, it struck me as putrid to be testifying to it for no better reason than that I wanted to go swimming. Still vivid in my memory were those beautiful, clear Texas streams, the Comal and the Guadalupe, with swimming holes every twenty yards. To have to sign anything at all, or pay anything, or even wear a bathing suit in order to go swimming has always seemed to me ridiculous. But it isn't any more.

A few years ago I went out to see Coney Island and the other nearby resorts for the first time. Row after row of men and women standing in line, waiting for bath houses. Some of them had been there three hours; the lines were a city block long. On account of the rush, prices had gone up and I was told that some of those people would have to pay $5 for the use of a bath house. As for me at that time, I wouldn't have stood in a line for admittance to Heaven. Now I can, on occasion, stand in line for ten minutes. In New York it appears to be the favorite pastime, and one finally compromises; but at first it seemed to me that anyone who would stand in a line for more than two minutes ought to have a ring put in his nose and a nice little chain attached to it. When people become that numerous in one small space, the sight of them causes an angry lump to come into my throat, and I want to see how fast I can get away from

there, and how far. That is the principal reason why I no longer think those pioneers who emigrated from one wilderness to a newer one were altogether incomprehensible.

In New York I know at least six men who love swimming just as I do, and have precisely the same difficulties trying to find water, although the map says there is a lot of it nearby. Only one of them has really solved the problem, and he and I go swimming together once a year. He has an ocean-going yacht, and when it finds a place in the Atlantic that isn't too crowded he signals the engine-room to cease firing; then we hang our bathing-suits on the flagpole and plunge over the bow. I have often wondered how many thousands of dollars our annual swim costs him. But while he still insists on swimming without a bathing suit, regardless of cost, he has made much more progress toward adjustment to the modern urban environment than I have, for he not only drives his own automobile but even has a hunting license. I have never owned any kind of license except a marriage license and I used that one only once. I nearly had a hunting license one time, but it turned out that I hadn't been in the State long enough, so the trip was called off. Good Lord, how times change! Scarcely anyone seems to bother nowadays about this complicated multitude of licenses. Why, I haven't been wearing long trousers twenty-five years, and yet so many changes have been forced upon us by the enormous growth of population within that tiny period of time that already I begin to think of Davy Crockett as a boyhood contemporary and reach for a white beard three feet long!

IV

During those happy years when I used to laugh at the pioneers who emigrated I did not realize how near I was to their day. Indeed at the time they seemed closer to George Washington or even Julius Caesar than to me. Trolley cars passed in front of our house at five-minute intervals; mail was delivered twice a day; automobiles were chug-chugging over our paved streets, and nearly everyone agreed that San Antonio was an up-and-coming modern city. If anyone thought otherwise it was certainly most ungracious of him, for we followed the New York fashions as to clothes and eventually applauded nearly all of the Broadway successes in our Grand Opera House.

That I had advantages other than these did not occur to me until long afterward, but they were vastly more important in coloring my point of view than the modern conveniences of which we were all so proud. For example, it was my custom on Friday afternoons in Winter, as soon as school was dismissed, to stroll out across the prairies and shoot a few rabbits, quail and doves. Ranches and large farms extended not only up to the city limits but actually crossed them. Within an hour after I had closed the front gate my hunting expeditions were yielding dividends. I have shot literally hundreds of rabbits and other small game within the city limits of San Antonio.

There may have been a prohibitory ordinance, but if so I had never heard anything about it; anyway, no amount of game would have tempted me to shoot near a house nor in the general direction of cattle. There was no need for any such asinine recklessness as hunters now commit every season; broad, open acres beckoned, and since I did not bother anyone I never encountered complaints, although a great deal of my hunting was done between my eighth and twelfth years. Within fifteen miles of San Antonio there were quite a number of farms and ranches where I was welcome to spend the night. Frequently I would make a trade with my hosts on the basis of one shot-gun shell for each bird or rabbit in my game-bag. Thus they obtained an unexpected treat for supper and I renewed my supply of ammunition, which enabled me to prolong the joyous outing over the week end.

Among both hunters and fishermen there were codes of honor that must have been very old before I was born, because everyone seemed to be acquainted with them and no one that I ever knew disputed the fact that they were fair and just. Hunting and fishing seasons opened and closed by general consent almost as definitely as the doors of a national bank. Shooting birds on the ground was indecent, and disturbing their nests ranked with the unmentionable crimes.

I shall not attempt here to recite the whole code because it is not essential to the point I wish to make. Suffice it to say that we had a code; all of us knew its provisions and I honestly believe that at least 95% of us followed it, no matter whether we lived in the city or the country, and regardless of our ages. Now all of this is regulated by law, but the game is about gone and so are the fish. State and national hatcheries send out millions of baby fish every year, but even that isn't a success. The hothouse minnows, it seems, don't survive.

I almost went fishing about five years ago, but a freakish turn of luck put me down for the count even after I had been warned that I would need a license and had agreed to go through the ordeal of obtaining one. The official who was to issue it maintained headquarters right at the water's edge and I marched up to him feeling proud of myself for being in such a sensible and pleasant humor. There were three other men ahead of me, so I waited, and during that little interval everything went wrong. The three prior applicants, it developed, had the wrong kind of tackle. It was illegal tackle and the deputy game-warden, or whatever he may have been, was outraged. He proceeded to give the offenders a bawling out that ought to have lasted them a lifetime, and they took it with stolid indifference. Scenes such as that are puzzling to me. If the men violated the law I couldn't understand why he didn't arrest them. And if their error was innocent, surely a warning was sufficient. In either case I saw no occasion for delivering a philippic and nearly bursting a blood vessel. At last he turned to me and barked: "Let's see yours," meaning my tackle.

"I'm not going fishing," I said. "I'm with my friend here who wants to show you his license." And then I said to myself: "Now, what on earth made you do that? There's nothing wrong with *your* tackle." But fishing, just at that time and place, had suddenly become too complicated and crowded. I prefer to conduct mine in a leisurely, haphazard manner. The essence of the sport, as I see it, is a contest between me and the fish. When the game becomes three-handed, with a game warden in the third corner, I would as soon play solitaire. That part of me which you may identify as a grown man can find plenty of things to do besides bait a hook; the fisherman in me is a barefooted boy about thirteen years old, who never saw a piece of illegal tackle and wouldn't know what to do with it if he had a boatload. When he went fishing it was usually with other kids like himself; they were not accustomed to joining gangs from which the goats had to be sorted before the sheep could play. For that kind of game and that kind of gang we had an appropriate insult: "Down the alley for you!"

It was my intention about two years ago to take up automobile driving in a serious way, because walking now comes under the head of hazardous occupations; in fact, this is much more true out in the suburban countryside where I now live than in the heart of a city, where traffic gets a red light signal once in a while. I decided that I would drive at least one hour a day, and pursuant to that resolution bought a car.

"We'll stop here just a minute," the agent said, "and get you a temporary permit." And I said "Oh," because I hadn't thought of that phase of the matter. Being the special and particular kind of a fool I am, it had not occurred to me that I wouldn't be allowed to drive my own car without the sovereign State's permission. My intention had been to drive for an hour or so

along about midnight, that being the hour when I usually quit work. If there was enough traffic on the road to offer even a small probability of accident I wouldn't care to drive, anyway, but of course the State authorities didn't know that. Anyway, the agent got the permit for me; and I, without realizing it, lost my enthusiasm for driving. Some two weeks later he had to get a second permit for my third driving lesson, for it seemed that permits were good for only ten days. And then he brought me a pamphlet containing all of the State traffic laws. I would be examined, he said, to see if I knew them; also, I would have to prove to an inspector that I could drive. Then I would get a license. Now all of this, I know very well, was just as it should be, but I have never touched the steering wheel of an automobile since. These preliminaries simply brought home to me the fact that driving an automobile is another of the overcrowded sports.

While agreeing that they are absolutely necessary, nearly everyone finds such regulations oppressive and that is why they are so persistently evaded. It is difficult for a busy man to memorize all the traffic laws of his State and municipality, so he doesn't. As a matter of fact, he cannot become a safe driver in ten days. He applies for his license just as soon as he can turn his car around; and, as a rule, he gets it through the influence of the dealer who sold him the car. That dealer knows which examiners are strict, and avoids them. Also he cultivates friendships among the examiners and thus obtains influence which he exerts to place incompetent drivers on the highways as rapidly as possible.

Now, it happens that I am just old-fashioned and bull-headed enough to prefer not to have a license to drive a car until I am absolutely entitled to one. That is not due to excessively high regard for the law, but to concern for my life and limbs. I should prefer not to be one of our annually slaughtered twenty thousand. For anyone who takes that position it is not a simple matter to take up driving.

V

Whenever I read a book or magazine article in which the importance of wholesome recreation and exercise for men in sedentary occupations is stressed I wonder if the writer knows the real reason why so many men neglect to do the things he advises. The writers usually ascribe our carelessness to ignorance and address their arguments to our intelligence, seeking to enlighten us on physiology. My impression is that fully 90% of the city-dwelling men of my acquaintance who fail to take adequate, pleasant exercise are checked by the same obstacles that floor me. Finding a place to play is now a bewildering task. The sort of exercise that appeals to men and women who grew up in some comparatively uncrowded place seems a simple thing, and they think it ought to be obtainable without difficulty. When they find it hedged about with all sorts of unexpected conditions their interest lags.

Not long ago I made a solemn compact with a friend that we were to go swimming together once a week. On the following Friday we set out, pleased with ourselves because we had both remembered the day and hour. This, we thought, augured well for the future. But it didn't, for we had selected ladies' day at that pool, or perhaps it was just ladies' afternoon; I don't know. Anyway the thing seemed to be more complicated than we had expected and neither of us has ever mentioned the compact since.

"Don't go to your golf club once a week and play your head off," a friend of mine was advised by his doctor. "Go often, and take it easy; nine holes will do you more good than eighteen."

Well, my friend travels two and a half hours to get to his golf club. Golf means a day for him. No wonder he overdoes it! And still less wonder that others commercialize their club memberships. Golf is expensive.

For millions of people in New York City and quite a number of others just to go

swimming means a day. On Summer nights I have seen hundreds of them sound asleep in trains returning from the beaches, sweating, snoring, and utterly tired out, not because they had been in swimming but because there is such a lot of hard work attached to a modern holiday.

During the Summer swarming thousands from the cities trickle along the highways through the Ramapo Hills of Northern New Jersey where I live. They are in search of fresh air and the exhaust pipes of their automobiles spread a stench for miles around. Then they complete the desolation by littering the landscape with the débris of picnic lunches. Even the front lawns of cottages in small communities are not immune. They have no respect whatever for private property. They raid little truck-farms, orchards, and even flower gardens. One of my neighbors, a woman, went out one Sunday morning to discover two men, three women and four children harvesting everything on the place—berries, flowers, beans, tomatoes; nothing was overlooked.

"This is private property," she informed them.

"Go to Hell!" was the answer.

"I am going to call the police," she threatened. And she did call the police—while the intruders laughed. Before the cops arrived the place had been sacked and the vandals were on their way. They didn't even hurry. Evidently old offenders and able to estimate the rapidity of police movements. Such outrages as this are now common all over the United States. The explanation is: crowded. There was a day when a householder attacked in this manner would have shot to kill. But if anyone did that now the country wouldn't be considered safe for democracy.

In view of what has happened to the privacy of city homes, however, it is unreasonable to ask city people to respect the privacy of any other homes. Their telephones, door bells, speaking tubes, dumb waiters, and mail boxes are bombarded daily from morning until night by strangers.

"I wish to speak to you about your son, Harold," says a voice in the speaking tube. It is a woman's voice and pleasing; it recommends her. Mrs. Smith touches a button that unlocks the door. She is expecting Harold's school teacher or Sunday-school teacher or music teacher or, at the worst, some other mother who may wish to report that Harold has given one of the boys in the neighborhood a sock on the jaw.

The lady enters, seats herself, and states that she has learned by careful inquiry that Mrs. Smith loves her son, Harold; presumably, then, she would not permit him to grow up a moron. This danger, however, confronts the little darling unless he is supplied with Smooch's Simplified System of Synthetic Science, one dollar down and fifty cents a week.

The energetic woman who makes this call believes that she has a God-given right to do it. She's got to live, hasn't she? But, Lord, there are so many millions of her!

THE FUNDAMENTALISTS' CASE

BY MAYNARD SHIPLEY

The illustrious author of one of the earliest of modern prophecies of "The Collapse of Evolution" is Professor Luther T. Townsend, D.D., S.T.D., M.V.I. This revealing masterpiece of iconoclasm is, so we are told, "the outgrowth of a lecture delivered in Boston, December, 1904, under the auspices of the American Bible League." Dr. Townsend exults in the fact that while "commendations from many persons" have been received, no evolutionist so far has had the hardihood to offer "any criticism of it."

He deeply regrets, in his "Introductory," that until the Darwin-smashers came upon the field, "the theory of evolution was quite as often presented with about as much reverence and certainly with as much unction as the doctrine of vicarious atonement." But from now on things will be different, for evolution has been exposed as a fraud on a par with the late Dr. Abrams' oscilloclast or the late Dr. Wilshire's magic horse-collar. As Dr. Townsend says:

> The leading word in our topic, *collapse*, describes a thing that has tumbled into such ruin as will scarcely permit reconstruction. There is, too, suggested by the word the idea that there has not been given sufficient support, as when a poorly-framed house goes to the ground, or that there had been too much inflation, as when an overblown bladder or something else bursts.

Professor Townsend admits that "during twenty years, or more, beginning near 1880," the "superstructure builded by advocates of evolution" was rather imposing, and that until Fundamentalist experts began to examine its specious claims it "seemed as impregnable as those of any human invention or speculation that ever had a name in science or philosophy." But conditions now, "in the present stage of scientific inquiry," are quite otherwise. The stately edifice of evolution is now seen to be only "a poorly constructed affair, supported by not one single well-established fact in the whole domain of science, philosophy, or religion."

This conclusion had the unqualified support of that once renowned biologist, Dr. William Jennings Bryan, who declared that "there is not one fact in nature that supports the Darwinism hypothesis. All the facts of nature are against it." "The Bible," said Dr. Bryan, "not only does not support Darwin's hypothesis, but directly and expressly contradicts it."

And as if these highly competent authorities had not sufficiently crushed the Darwinism hypothesis, the Rev. Dr. Theodore Graebner, professor of theology in Concordia Theological Seminary (St. Louis), adds something more: "It is evident that the evolutionary theory not only contradicts the Bible story of creation, but, if true, deprives Christianity of every claim of being the true religion." In brief, the trouble is, as Dr. Bryan himself was quick to grasp, that "Darwin does not give God a chance." "Never," declares Dr. Philip Mauro, editor of the *Last Hour*, "has there been a doctrine so audaciously proclaimed in direct and defiant opposition to the truth of Creation, revealed in the Holy Scriptures."

Evolution, already tottering, was doomed to certain "collapse" when to the assaults of the savants I have quoted was added the invincible verbosity of Dr. William Bell Riley, one of the founders

and now executive secretary of the World's Christian Fundamentals Association. In 1923 appeared his challenging opus, "Evolution or Inspiration?". In it inspiration wins, hands down. Consider the tremendous force of even a single item:

> The fact that we keep the occidental dress as the Germans do, and a veneer of manners, will in no wise save our morals nor lend any conceivable escape from that savagery which produced the late World War, the war for which a single man —Nietzsche, the ablest exponent of evolution yet produced—was most responsible. . . . A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect. . . . The Book of God clearly affirms man's divine origin [from clay in the Garden of Eden] and the Book of Nature knows no argument to the contrary! He is a direct *creation*, not a natural evolution. . . . Evolution has well-nigh wrecked every land that has adopted it.

To which the Rev. Alexander Hardie, A.M., adds: "Evolution and Christian Science are the finest examples of mental imbecility. . . . The two most over-rated men in all literature are Charles Darwin, the base-minded, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the feeble-minded." Let all these gentle evangelists be consoled by Dr. Billy Sunday's news report: "Charles Darwin is in Hell!"

II

"Darwinism is dead, and will soon be buried without hope of resurrection," says Dr. H. C. Morton, author of "The Bankruptcy of Evolution." Darwin "threw out, in his book, a series of speculations and suggestions, without any basis of fact," adds the Rev. J. J. Sims, "well-known lecturer on 'The Bible and Science,' and author of 'The History of Satan.' " Darwin presented "plenty of speculations, but no scientific fact. Disappointment set in among the real scientists. . . . Mendel's law of heredity has given the death blow to evolution."

Dr. Sims is fair enough to admit that, after all, Mr. Darwin was not wholly to blame for the foisting of the hoax of evolution upon a Christian world. "The evolution theory originated in the dense darkness of Greek paganistic materialism, about six centuries before Christ," and was dispelled, presumably, by the white light of Christian doctrine during the enlightened era from 400 to 1600 A.D. "Astruc, a drunken licentious doctor of Paris," having wickedly suggested that the Bible was compiled of "different manuscripts," was eagerly "taken up by infidel German professors," who, having thus "lost the restraining influence of the Bible," were receptive to thefallacious persuasions of evolution. "It was Nietzsche's advocacy of evolution that captured the German people." Haeckel, apparently, becomes a figure in the apostasy only when a McCann needs his "forged drawings," or a Riley or a Straton requires him as a scapegoat cause of the World War.

Dr. Sims assures us that "if Germany had remained true to the Bible, and rejected evolution, there would have been no Great War." But cheer up: "Now, in the third decade of the Twentieth Century, oh! what a change! Scores of the leading scientists of the world are crying, 'Darwinism is dead! and Evolution is its winding sheet!' " Realizing at last that it was the dastardly evolutionist Nietzsche who led them to defeat, "nearly all the scientific leaders of Germany are now opposing evolution." Behind "all this pseudo-science, Satan, the arch-enemy of God, is moving. He makes these evolutionist professors his ministers, to carry on his work of deceiving and murdering souls, for we are told he was 'a liar and murderer from the beginning.' . . . Think of it—Jesus, the Son of the Living God—evolved from scum, with a long line of bestial ancestry!" What, indeed, had the infidel evolutionist to offer in support of his "guess of biologists?" Let Sims answer:

> The modern evolutionist claims from fossils two cases for evolution, the horse and the ape-men. Strange, isn't it, they can only find two, when there should be thousands? In "God—or Gorilla?", Dr. Alfred McCann, a keen logical thinker, has analyzed these two "complete" cases—and behold! one of them is a farce, and the other a forgery!

Certain materialistic scientists have given out the impression that the fossil remains of plant and animal life, mostly of species which are not to be found among living flora and fauna, prove that ages before the creation described in the first chapters of Genesis many forms of life existed on this globe, millions of years ago, long prior to the appearance of even the lowliest mammals or birds. The teeth of most of the more ancient animals plainly show, these villainous evolutionists hold, that these vertebrates were carnivorous, preying upon one another, long before the Fall of Man which brought sin and struggle and death into a world peopled only by innocent vegetarians—tigers and cows and snakes and hyenas all browsing peacefully off the same bush, or grazing lovingly together in the verdant meadows.

"It is not probable," says the Rev. Leander Sylvester Keyser, A.M., D.D. (professor of systematic theology in the Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio), "that God would have pronounced the whole creation 'very good,' if the world was filled with ravenous carnivorous beasts preying upon one another, and if primeval man was near akin to the animals, and was engaged in a life-and-death struggle for existence with them. Neither is it inspiring or congruous to suppose that God would have originally created men and animals under such a cruel and fearsome régime and with such ravenous proclivities." Therefore, "the fact which now prevails universally in nature and the order of the world, the violent and often painful destruction of life, is not a primary law of nature." Nature became "red in tooth and claw" only as the result of Adam's sin. "The creation suffered a lapse." The Fall of Man made her what she is today.

But, asks Dr. Keyser, do not the rocks and the fossils tell a different story? "Did not the evolution of all things require many, many millenniums?" So believe some scientists, those who are evolutionists. But Professor Keyser is constrained to "write under the hypothesis of evolution, 'Not proven,'" and the supposed extreme age of the fossils of animals falls automatically with the theory of evolution on which it is based. Why not accept, then, the direct testimony of Holy Writ? Insects and mammals became carnivorous as a result of the aforesaid lapse of nature. "This continued until the great cataclysm"—the Noachic deluge.

> Now, that great cataclysm, perhaps affecting even the relative position of the earth to the sun, may have caused many upheavals of the earth, the removal of vast sections from place to place, and the covering of plants, great forests, animals and men deep beneath the ground and rocks. Thus fossils would be formed under certain conditions, and their depths beneath the earth would give no clue to their relative age. Carboniferous forests, buried deep beneath overlaying [*sic*] soil and rocks, would form our immense coal-beds. In such circumstances erosion by water, ice, snow and frost would be very rapid. A few thousand years would bring about marvelous changes in the topography of the earth. No fossils of the [non-carnivorous] animals of the golden age before the Fall of Man can be found today, because that dispensation probably did not last long, and no destruction of animal life may have occurred during so brief and perfect a period.

Or, to put it in the words of the Fundamentalists' Scientific Exhibit A, George McCready Price, B.A., M.A. (formerly professor of English literature in Fernando Academy): "Evolutionary geology is seen to be bankrupt as a theory to account for the facts of the rocks; and the older theory of a universal Deluge, which has been laid aside for more than a century, is now seen to be by far the best explanation of all." This makes everything perfectly clear, and renders evolution entirely unnecessary. However, to continue Professor Keyser's ruminations:

> The question may be raised why God permitted sin to come into the world and cast its shadow upon the natural creation. We reply, that is a metaphysical, moral and theological question, and does not belong directly to the province of natural science.

Dr. Keyser prefers to stick to demonstrable truths, to "the facts of the natural world."

III

The Rev. J. Lewis Smith, D.D., editor of the *Baptist Fundamentalist and Bible Student*, challenges anybody anywhere to show cause why the evolutionists should not be driven out of our public schools and colleges. "Matter and mind were produced by something or someone," he opines. Furthermore:

> The evolutionists, so-called, cannot tell us how these things came into being. Our Bible says they were created by a personal, eternal God. In the beginning "God created" the material universe. John in the first chapter of his gospel says that all things were created by the Word of God "and that the Word of God was our Jesus Christ." All things came into being, were created, by Jesus Christ, who is the Jehovah of the Old Testament. . . . If this first and second chapter of Genesis are not God's own word, then Jesus Christ was mistaken in this, He is only a man, His mother a prevaricator, and He Himself the deceived son of a fallen woman. This is where the evolutionists put the believers in the Christian religion when they deny the first and second chapters of Genesis.

"My challenge to the theory of evolution," says Frank P. Ball, author of "My Wondrous Dream," etc., "is that I believe that there is not a single redeeming feature in it, but it is alive and breathing with most repulsive elements. It is unscientific, filthy, degrading, immoral, unholy, unchristian and wholly vicious and sin-producing in its every thought and prescript, and those who adhere to or teach it possess none of the goodly elements which tend to make for a better world or a desirable condition for the abiding men of earth."

The Roman Catholic Church, like the Protestant, has its near-Modernist adherents and its hard-boiled Fundamentalists. In February, 1926, Cardinal O'Connell joined the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, the Baptist Pope, in attacking what he described as fakes and trash—namely, the fossil remains of ape-like men in the New York Natural History Museum. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, director of the museum, was charitably classed as a faker along with the fakes, and Monsignor O'Connell referred to the "grotesque gullibility of so-called scientists." Dr. Osborn, hardly so renowned for his militancy as for his high standing as a paleontologist, did not ask the very learned cardinal for proofs of the genuineness of the saintly relics with which he and his church exploit the "grotesque gullibility" of his flock.

Dr. W. B. Riley supports both Straton and O'Connell in their view of the American Museum of Natural History. Says this great Baptist authority:

> There is not one specimen to be found in it save the chimpanzee and *Homo sapiens* (or the complete monkey and the complete man) that can be historically defended. . . . They have dug out of the earth a little animal about the size of a fox, with (*a*) five toes, which has some similarity to the horse, and they have called him (*b*) old horse—eohippus; and they have brought up another with three toes, as big as a timber wolf, and because of certain similarities they have called him a horse; and then they have imagined that horse finally developing into the present beautiful beast of domestic service with one toe elongated from the knee to the hoof; and in certain (*c*) splints on the side of his leg they find the aborted toes. The intervening horses, bridging the gap between these ancient animals and our black beauty, (*d*) they have sought in vain! Yet they will stand before you with all the assurance of men who had found the last missing link, concerning the evolution of the horse! Why do they begin with that fox-like animal? In the ocean there is (*e*) a shrimp [said "shrimp," however, being a vertebrate!] that has the head of a horse and his motions in water are much like a plunging charger. (*f*) Why not begin with him? . . . The present race of men began at their best when between 6,000 and 7,000 years ago God formed their fore-parents in His own image. . . . Man was not only made in the image of God, but in fellowship with his Creator commenced his existence on earth in the highest state of civilization, from which he has descended to every single degradation that has characterized and cursed the race.

In one of his books for children, Hendrik Willem van Loon briefly sketches the evolution of animal life, and—naturally—refers to the evolution of birds from reptiles, incidentally mentioning the development of the flying reptiles. Riley quotes some of these passages derisively, with his own comments in parentheses (which I have thoughtfully italicized so that they may have their full value):

> Some of the *reptilian* family began to live in the tops of trees. They didn't need their legs for the

purpose of walking about but to move quickly from one branch to another, and it changed a part of their skin into a sort of parachute which stretched between the sides of their bodies and the small toes of their feet. (*A flying squirrel, no doubt!*)

Gradually they covered the skin parachute with feathers and made their tails into a steering gear and went from tree to tree and developed into true birds. (*In other words, modern science teaches that birds are the descendants of flying squirrels!*)

Conspicuous in the Right Wing movement of the Roman Catholic Church are the Paulist Fathers. Several of them have written brochures on evolution. Among these, the most fundamental is the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., of Seattle. Having attended a lecture on "The Origin and Antiquity of Man," at the University of Washington, Father Skelly gives his "reaction" as follows:

We thought we were going to be enlightened. . . . What was our disappointment and indignation to find that the lecturer would have us descend through many fossil forms of beastly life from the germ plasm down to our most immediate ancestor, the chimpanzee. . . . But learned professors of zoölogy do not see their limitations, and when they don their cap and gown they think themselves competent to teach the world. Nor do they stick at intruding themselves into the teaching of subjects of which they know nothing; like the harpies of old of whom the poets tell us, they must foul all about them, and outrage our deepest religious feelings, our humanity, and our common sense, by telling us, forsooth, that *their* investigations in their particular line of study show us conclusively that we are descended from monkeys and other foul forms of brute creation; that we are no longer to look up to God, the Eternal, as our Creator and Father; but only to the neighboring gum-tree, where we shall see our august ancestor grinning and crunching nuts, staying himself the while with his tail twisted around the forked branch, while he is performing that useful operation. . . .

Creation, I claim, is not a theory. It is a fact. What is a theory? It is a tentative explanation of phenomena. A good example is evolution itself. It is a tentative explanation—a very foolish one, according to the best thinkers of the age—of the phenomena of the universe. But creation is not such. It is a fact, and a fact made known to us by the highest of all authorities, revelation, or the authority of God Himself. . . . Is it any wonder when drivel of this sort is taught for science, not in one, but in nearly all our universities, and has been taught now for a generation, that a large percentage of our educated classes are, in the matter of religion, stark infidels, and that as leaders of the people they are spreading the poison of infidelity throughout the length and the breadth of America? Is it any wonder that far-seeing and patriotic men see in all this the speedy dissolution of the United States in social anarchy and corruption?

What, indeed, can one expect but a reign of "social anarchy" when, for a generation, "simple minds have been drinking in the soul-destroying draught of this foul science, as if it were gospel truth"? If further proof were needed, one need only point out that a nation thus fed on "the foul doctrine of evolution" in 1924 elected that bold radical, Calvin Coolidge, by the largest majority in the history of the Republic.

Finally, allow me to introduce that gentle soul, the Rev. John G. Reid, Ph.D., of Spokane:

To really hold, and to carry out logically, most of the detailed steps in physical development—or mutation—necessarily involved in this wonderful "continuous progression from simpler to more complex forms under the operation of *resident forces* acting in accordance with certain fixed laws"—would indicate that the holder and advocate was—plumb CRAZY! No inmate of an asylum for the insane, laboring under wild vagaries and obsessions, would be any crazier—more unbalanced! . . . "Professing themselves to be wise," these pseudo-scientific philosophers have become just plain fools in the eyes of sensible people of average intelligence. . . . "Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us!"

Amen!

WISH YOU WAS HERE

BY MILDRED EVANS GILMAN

THERE are two kinds of beach-going people, the kind who go on the "hottest July 21 in twenty-one years" and the more exclusive kind who can afford to rent a bungalow and get away from the wear and tear of the city for the entire Summer.

Mrs. Rosina Rotkin is one of the former kind. She can scent the hottest Sunday in the year a week in advance. On Saturday night she packs the lunch and lays out the children's clothes. Sure enough, Sunday dawns in sweltering heat. It is almost impossible to breathe, and the air blowing in from Third avenue is worse than no air at all. Just the day for a good bit of fun and relaxation at New York's greatest playground.

Mrs. Rotkin is a woman with an instinct for records. She would like to know the man who wrote the Lord's Prayer on a pin-head, or the girl who danced the Black Bottom for three days and nights, or the man who held his breath for five minutes. She dresses the six children in less time than it would take any other mother in the world to dress six children, finds her husband's Sunday necktie and collar button, leaves the two babies with her husband's mother in Grand street, and herds the rest of them over to the world's fastest subway. Already she is beginning to swell the "record crowd in fifteen years."

Once inside the gates at Coney, the fun begins. It is a little hard to breathe because of the crowds and the intense heat, especially for a lady of Mrs. Rotkin's size. She got quite fat after her second child was born, and after the sixth one she began to tip the scale at a good two hundred. But she's jolly about it, and there are plenty of others built like her at the beaches. You don't often see women as fat as Mrs. Rotkin with so much pep and energy.

Papa is feeling low today because he had to work overtime last night and missed his gang. But at least he didn't get drunk, and his pay envelope came home intact. He buys hot dogs for everyone, and takes them all on the world's steepest and fastest roller coaster. Up in the air they go, down they come! "Hold your hats and don't stand up!"

The dizzy bumps have made little Junior sick at his stomach. He's always getting sick like that—the least thing upsets him. Next time he will stay home with his grandmother. Now he weeps. Mrs. Rotkin smacks him and pulls him over toward the others, who are on the world's widest boardwalk. Esther is getting ready to take a snapshot.

"You can't do it, sister," says one of New York's finest. "They's a law against taking pitchers on the boardwalk."

"Well, can you tie that for poisonal liberty!" says Esther. "Ha ha!"

"I want to see dis show. I want to see dis show. I want to see dis show." It is Eddie looking at the posters of the bearded lady, the half-a-man, half-a-woman, and the fat lady, who, Mrs. Rotkin notices, is at least twice her size, but after all the fattest lady in the world. They go inside. Pop is so tired from working overtime last night and so despondent about it that he hasn't much resistance. And here is the world's greatest collection of freaks for ten cents, children five. In places like this he always gets his money's worth.

Everybody else is getting his money's worth. The kids are packed so tight they can't see a thing. Rosie faints and has to be taken out just before the strong man does his stuff. Mrs. Rotkin is as red as a beet and she feels of her heart to be sure she isn't going to get a heat-stroke. They stagger down the boardwalk, and choose an ideal spot for lunch—near a hot-dog stand, and a cotton candy wagon.

"Youse can't eat dere," says one of New York's finest, "Yer obstructing the traffic."

So they move farther down the beach. Junior throws banana skins at the little boy in the next party. The little boy's mother says insulting things to Mrs. Rotkin, and his father wants to fight Mr. Rotkin.

"Don't soil your hands with such trash," yells Mrs. Rotkin.

"Show him he don't own the whole beach," yells the little boy's mother. Fortunately a cop comes along and asks them what the hell they think they are doing, so that Mr. Rotkin doesn't have to fight after all.

II

Junior begins to cry. He and Esther and Eddie have their bathing suits, but the locker-rooms are all filled, and it is against the law to undress on the beach. Junior and Eddie try slipping into somebody's Ford to undress. A cop sees them. "No undressing in automobiles, kids," he says cherrily, pulling them out.

When they finally do get undressed the swimming isn't very good. There is an onshore breeze and Esther, who is fussy, won't even put her foot into the water. Too much garbage. But Junior and Eddie don't mind.

"Junior, drop that! It isn't a balloon. If you don't leave things lay where they are you'll get licked good." Mrs. Rotkin screams as though she were talking to him in her own home.

"Esther shouldn't have wore that suit," says Mrs. Rotkin. "It's too short. I read in the papers they arrested forty-seven people last Sunday, some for wearing suits like that, too short, and without any skirts, some for playing ball, some for—my gawd, where's Rosie!" Hundreds of people within a radius of two hundred yards stand electrified by her yell. "Where is she? She's lost! She's gone! She's drowneded!"

Mrs. Rotkin tears her hair. She moans and weeps. A crowd surrounds her. Her grief is something worth seeing. No mother in the world has ever grieved louder for a lost child.

And there is Rosie later at the police shelter with ninety-seven other lost children. She is eating an ice cream cone. Mrs. Rotkin folds her to her bosom, cone and all, smacks her, and then looks around a little. Such a lovely place for lost children, and so many of them lost. More lost children, probably, than at any other beach in the world.

But it is getting late now. The air is sticky and muggy, and the heat hasn't gone down much with the sun. Papa looks like a dead man walking around. Junior has been crying for the last thirty minutes. He cut his foot on a broken pop bottle when he was in swimming. He has lost his cap. Eddie is eating peanut candy and getting his sticky hands on Esther's dress. She smacks him too hard, but what difference does it make? They are all crying anyway.

Rosie wants to go into the laughing gallery. She hangs on to a post and can't be pried away from it. After all, why not just one more thing to round off the day and make it perfect. Papa doesn't even move his head. He simply follows.

Mrs. Rotkin feels her skirts ascending over her shoulders. She pulls them down decently, or tries to, and bumps into an electrically-charged bar. Of course, she cannot keep her balance and someone has put a little express-wagon right in front of her. She skids on it, falls into a revolving basin, and can't get off till she is hurled off to the side.

Now there will be trouble! Mrs. Rotkin is hurt. She has "sustained serious injuries"—to her thigh, where she has fallen; to her rib, where the electrically-charged bar has prodded her. She complains loudly to the manager. A crowd forms. A cop comes. He takes the names and addresses of the Rotkins, the witnesses, and the manager, and information about the accident. She should start a suit. She will be laid up. She can hardly walk now, not at all without limping pitifully. Somebody begins shouting for an ambulance, but she says no. She can manage.

On the fastest moving subway in the world, with Junior asleep against her bruised hip, she tells Rotkin what she expects to do with the money from the suit—much more than last year when the automobile made her a "victim of nervous shock." They didn't sue then for loss of the wife's services as well as for injuries sustained. The Franceys in Grand street collected money both for the husband and the wife when Mrs. Francey fell that time on the icy pavement in front of Cohen's.

She gets excited at the prospect, spends the money for clothes, for a Ford car, for a bungalow. Esther is staring out of the window gloomily. Rosie is pinching Eddie and Eddie is trying to bite Rosie. Both are howling furiously. Mrs. Rotkin feels with satisfaction a tinge of pain from the thigh that Junior is leaning on. After all, it has turned out to be a perfectly glorious day.

III

Mrs. Anna Kosky is one of those fortunate enough to move to a bungalow colony near a big beach for the entire Summer. The dream of her lifetime in Tenth avenue has been enough money for a little bungalow at the seashore. She is a widow with no children and for years and years she has saved for this Summer home. Living over a butcher shop in Tenth avenue isn't easy on your nerves, and the smells almost drive you crazy, but it is cheap, and now at last she has enough money to buy property.

All day the real estate man takes her around. She can't find anything to suit her, and it isn't that he hasn't shown her fine bungalows for two and three hundred dollars, near the seashore, near the trolley, with little four by six gardens in front. Nice neighbors. She feels almost as badly as he does. Nothing looks quite right to her. Well, he has shown her everything. He has wasted his entire day. At the end of a row of bungalows is a meat market and above it a vacant floor. Mrs. Kosky's heart goes out to it and she rents it immediately.

Mrs. Astrom, her nearest neighbor, is the first of the bungalow row. She and Mrs. Kosky become good friends, for they are the only Scandinavians on the block. One foot away from Mrs. Astrom live the Polaskis with fourteen children. Where they put them in the bungalow no one knows. Polaski is in jail about once a week for disorderly conduct. So many kids get on his nerves. His old woman can't speak very good English. Why shouldn't a man run amuck under such circumstances? She doesn't speak much to the neighbors and they call her stuck-up. She has a funny hang to her head, and she won't ever take more than five of the children out at once, not even to the beach—trying to pretend she hasn't fourteen, but she can't fool anybody.

"The Poles," says Mrs. Astrom to Mrs. Kosky, "are ruining the beach."

Next door to the Polaskis live the Salvatores. Three times their bungalow has been raided on Saturday nights. One Sunday morning Dagmar Polaski counted fourteen wine bottles and ten gin bottles in the gutter in front of it. It was there last year, when friends of the Salvatores owned the bungalow, that that awful beach murder took place. They were drinking and one of them was killed, about three o'clock in the morning. Two of the fellows, so drunk they could hardly stand, walked the corpse out between them into the ocean. There wouldn't be any place to hide a corpse in a two-room bungalow.

All three of them walked like crazy drunks, they said. Gustave Schneider's oldest kid, on his way home from the Razzle Dazzle Boys' Club, saw the three of them go into the ocean and only two of them come back.

After the trial the Schneiders left the beach and no one ever saw or heard about them again. The Salvatores bought their friend's bungalow for almost nothing, because nobody else wanted to live in a murder cottage.

"Wops," says Mr. Polaski, brushing off his overalls, "spoil dis beach. Too many wops in one place no good."

About a foot away from the Salvatore's live the Murphys, the cop's family. The cop lives there too when he isn't with the sweetie he is keeping down near the pavilion in Seaview avenue. Everybody knows about her, his wife, too, but she pretends not to, because what could she do about it anyway? It is better to pretend not to suspect anything for the sake of the kids. You can't sue a cop very well, one who is a bootlegger in the bargain. She is extremely careful not to let him get anything on her.

The cop's wife is the meanest woman in the world. When the Salvatores have a dance and are playing "Hallelujah!" on the victrola, she turns her radio on as loud as it will play and sets it in the window a foot from the Salvatore's bungalow. Whatever they play, she plays something else much louder.

Everybody knows that she poisoned the Polaski's collie. She beats her kids worse than any woman in the street, or at the whole beach for that matter. She won't speak to you decently on the street, so nobody talks to her any more. One day Mrs. Salvatore asked her for the loan of a few clothespins and she threw a handful of them at her and began to cry. It ought to make anybody cry, being as mean as Mrs. Murphy is.

"The Irish," Mrs. Salvatore often says to her Tony, "no good down here. Spoil de beach. Too many Irish no good."

IV

One foot away from the Murphys live the Cohens. Nobody likes them. Cohen has the general store next to the meat market. He has built two extra rooms on the back of his bungalow. The curtains in his windows are always clean. He never gets drunk on Saturday nights, and his kids are fat and healthy and have express-wagons and bicycles. He burns his garbage and doesn't put it in the middle of the street, and he buries his tin cans. One night there was a big K.K.K. marked on his front door.

"You can't let Jews get into a place," say the Salvatores and the Murphys and the Polaskis and the Astroms and Mrs. Kosky. "They own the whole place pretty soon."

Besides, Mrs. Cohen tried to get everybody excited when she read that newspaper piece about typhoid fever at the beaches. It was a bad time to read it, too, just after one of the Salvatore children had died of typhoid fever. She read it out loud to them and wouldn't let her own children go in swimming the rest of the Summer. Mrs. Kosky cut the piece out of the paper and saved it. It went something like this:

> Beaches teeming with typhoid germs. Health Board warns that only small fraction of 585 miles of waterfront is free of deadly poison belched by sewer system. Sewage from thirty New York towns adds to vast flow from New York. Out of New York city's 585 miles of waterfront fewer than thirty-one miles offer safe bathing, according to a report issued yesterday. The waters of some of our beaches are little better than open sewers and scores of persons are doomed by statistics of the past to contract typhoid fever.

Billions of gallons of sewage dumped into the water daily, thousands of gallons of garbage and refuse and oil from ships! Only eleven of the twenty large beaches safe! When Mrs. Cohen read it, it sounded very nasty, but you can't let yourself bother too much about such things. It's all in a lifetime, and if you're looking for trouble you can always find it. You begin listening to this talk about germs and bugs and you'll be sick all the time. Keep your

mouth shut all you can while swimming. Beside, the wind is offshore sometimes and then you can't see the garbage.

On a Saturday night, Mrs. Kosky sits over her butcher shop, perfectly content, and muses. It isn't so different from Tenth avenue. It smells the same and it sounds the same, a dozen different radios and victrolas all playing a dozen different tunes. Women shouting to their kids. Kids playing in the streets, drunks laughing and joking, parties already beginning. Mr. Polaski has a summons early in the evening for beating up his wife. Anna Salvatore has just been licked because a cop brought her home for walking off the beach in a wet bathing suit. She is going to run away, she told Mrs. Kosky the other day, because nobody has a right to spank a sixteen-year-old girl. She is too fresh. She has KISS ME sewed in big white letters on her bathing suit.

Murphy has his day off and he and his blonde have gone off somewhere. Mrs. Murphy is getting the radio moved into position, because it looks as if the Salvatores are going to have another dance tonight. But as soon as they drink a little wine and gin, they don't mind Mrs. Murphy at all. The Cohens have gone to bed or else they are sitting down on the beach. Generally they take a picnic supper to the beach on Saturday nights.

Mrs. Kosky stretches lazily. It is a wonderful Summer. She gets out a postcard and addresses it to her cousin Lars, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It shows a picture of a beautiful thin-waisted girl, standing up to her ankles in the ocean, with arms outstretched, a good old-fashioned girl with plenty of curves. On the conversation side, Mrs. Kosky writes, "Having a swell time at the sea-shore this Summer. Wish you was here."

QUARTER-DECK MEDICINE

BY W. C. MURPHY, JR.

Back in 1923 Johnny Smith began to feel poorly. He didn't have anything very definitely wrong with him, he thought, but he just could not do all the work he was supposed to do in the bakery in Pittsburgh. So Johnny went to see a neighborhood physician and that gentleman looked very learned and began giving him tonics containing iron for his blood. But Johnny did not improve. By a coincidence his savings and the physician's medical resources were exhausted at about the same time, and some friend suggested that he seek aid from the Federal government through the Veterans' Bureau.

Johnny had returned from the World War with a corporal's chevron and a wound stripe—the latter a souvenir of the Argonne—so, after seeing the proper people in the proper way, he was adjudged eligible for admission to one of the institutions wherein the government is taking care of the human débris of the great crusade to make the world safe for democracy. Before long he was sent to another hospital, then to another, and finally reached the Naval Hospital at Washington, which, according to medical friends who frequently tell the truth, is about the best of the government's institutions of healing. It was here that I met him.

Johnny is my interpreter. His bed is near mine and from the day of my arrival he has taken it upon himself to see to it that I become familiar with the queer jargon of synthetic saltiness affected by the patients and the hospital personnel. The night I arrived Johnny sat himself down on a chair beside my bed—to sit on the edge of a bed even when undressing is *verboten*—and expounded to me many things which he had learned in the two years he had been in the hospital. It was in this way that I learned that mopping the ward floor—a favored medication prescribed for all patients not bedfast—is really squeegeeing the deck. The diminutive serving kitchen in a corner of the ward is not a kitchen at all, Johnny explained, but the galley, and from this institution chow, so to speak, is dispensed three times a day. Johnny confided that if I would be a good boy and not violate any of the regulations I might be given shore liberty over the week-end after I had been in the hospital for ten days. He lowered his voice when he told me that occasionally some bold souls who had been denied shore liberty would slip over the side, but that if they were caught they were liable to be put in the brig.

I asked Johnny how many of the patients had been in the Navy, but he did not know. Later I ascertained that there were three sailors and two marines out of a total of thirty patients in the ward. Two of the Veterans' Bureau patients, now civilians, had put in a few weeks at Pelham Bay. So far as active sea duty goes, there is a similar percentage among the hospital personnel. But the salt hangs thick in the air.

Johnny has long since been diagnosed as a case of chronic diabetes, although he hasn't been informed of the chronic part of it. He has settled down to the routine of getting his five shots of insulin a day and eating nothing that might by any chance be palatable. From the viewpoint of the administrative officials, he is an ideal patient. He never asks questions, he takes all

regulations seriously, he assumes the infallibility of diagnoses and is not disturbed by conflicting guesses, and he feels the need of a prayer-rug when approaching anyone with a gold-braided sleeve.

A day or so after I entered the hospital there was an inspection. A gentleman with many stripes of gold braid on his sleeve walked down the aisle. He paused, took a flashlight from one of his aides and directed its beams into the nooks behind a radiator near my bed.

"A cobweb!" he exclaimed in horror, and his staff shuddered in uniform cadence. I didn't laugh audibly, I'm sure, but, after the inspection was over, Johnny came across to my bed and declared awesomely:

"Gee, I thought you were due for the brig, the way you looked when the Admiral found that cobweb!"

Johnny's ambition is to get well enough to go back to his job in the bakery. In fact, he says he is well enough now so long as he has plenty of insulin and lives on his non-food diet. But insulin is expensive and, such is the rule of the bureaucrats that if he leaves the hospital he cannot be furnished with it and he cannot afford to buy it.

"But I wrote a letter to my Congressman the other day," he tells me, "and I told him if they would just pass a law to give me money enough to buy insulin I could take care of myself and the government wouldn't have to spend all this money keeping me in a hospital. Maybe Congress will do something about it."

II

In the bed next to mine is Antonio Marini, slender, dark-eyed, æsthetic, mystic. Some of the grosser informalities of official hospital life are gall and wormwood to his sensitive soul. There was open mutiny when he was ordered to take the routine Kahn test—prescribed for all patients, whether the diagnosis be a fractured leg or tularæmia.

Antonio began life on the shores of the Adriatic. He Americanizes the locale of his native village for my benefit by telling me it is near the birthplace of the late Rudolph Valentino. While wandering over his native hills as a boy, Antonio saw a vision—the Virgin and Child standing on a cloud between two lofty peaks. In gratitude for this favor from Heaven he made a vow to paint a picture of the vision exactly as he had seen it and to present the painting to the Pope. Soon after he saw his vision Antonio came to America with his parents, and a few years later he went back to Europe to attend the late lamented war. While trying to recover his shattered health afterward he completed his painting and sent it to the Pope. Antonio showed me a frayed newspaper clipping—a photograph of himself standing beside his painting. The photograph was taken just before he shipped it to Rome, about a year ago.

"I don't know if the Pope get it or not," Antonio says wistfully. "I get no answer. Maybe somebody else get it before the Pope."

Just now Antonio is engaged in painting a duplicate of his gift. But he is not planning to give this one away; he hopes to sell it. His vow has been fulfilled, whether the gift was acknowledged or not. During the brief intervals when he is permitted to do so by the chronic stomach ailment which is a grateful nation's return for his services, he works at his painting in a corner of the Red Cross Building. The work has been delayed somewhat by scarcity of funds.

"I have to buy second rate canvas and paints for this one because I have not enough money," he confides. "But for the first one, the one I send to the Pope, I buy the best."

When he is unable to work Antonio lies on his bed—unless inspection or sick call interferes—and the expression in his eyes suggests the primitive portrayals of early martyrs on the walls of some little Italian church.

Just across the aisle is another son of Italy, Giuseppe Verdi—swart, stocky,

curly haired, Sicilian. If Giuseppe ever saw a vision, it was a mountain of spaghetti swimming in an ocean of red wine. He is a jolly, likeable pagan who works when he feels like it in the anthracite fields near Scranton. In between times he boards with the government on the strength of a collection of hemorrhoids, presumably acquired in the line of duty during the war. In the course of the past eight years he has visited most of the government hospitals along the Atlantic seaboard and can give valuable advice on the relative desirability of these institutions from the viewpoint of a veteran customer.

When the compensation checks come in from the Veterans' Bureau Guiseppe goes on liberty over the week-end and holds court in the nearest Italian kitchen until his money is gone. Then he returns with wondrous tales of prodigious feasts, of wine, and of dark-eyed acquiescent maidens, and lives on his reminiscences until the next pay-day.

The cold Winters in the mining country are not to Giuseppe's liking, he tells me, so he contrives to spend most of them in the government hospitals.

"No make much money in da mine," he says. "Get hundred twenty-five dollar for two weeks work hard."

And Antonio Marini on his bed nearby remarks: "Not much money! More than sixty dollar a week! I could buy good canvas for that."

In the bed near the water-cooler is the Skipper, a disgruntled man of fifty-odd years who owes his unofficial title to the fact that he is overflowing with nautical terms and nautical profanity. According to the summary given by one of the Medical Corps men—who has access to the records—the Skipper's maritime service consisted of two weeks on a banana boat just before the Armistice.

For the past three years the Skipper has been in and out of various government hospitals until he has tried nearly all of them. None has suited him and he is not slow to tell the world his reasons. His ailment is one that normally responds to a slight operation, necessitating a week or ten days' absence from strenuous work.

"The government don't give a dam about us fellers now," he declaims to the world at large, since the patients individually have long since ceased to listen. "But when they needed us in 1917 we were fine guys."

An irreverent soul in a far corner shouts "Bananas!" and the Skipper lapses into maritime oaths until a nurse tells him to pipe down.

III

Jimmy Kelly has considerable difficulty in the hospital because he has never rid himself of the notion that sick call is held for the purpose of allowing the patients to tell the ward surgeon what is wrong with them.

Each morning at nine sharp the ward surgeon and the nurse start down the aisle while each patient stands, theoretically at attention, at the foot of his bed. When surgeon and nurse reach Kelly's bed the surgeon says: "How are you this morning?"

Kelly replies: "I still have that pain in my chest that I told you about yesterday."

"Oh yes," the surgeon says, and then Kelly begins a description of the pain, only to stop when he notices that the surgeon is at the next bed asking another patient: "How are you this morning?"

Johnny Smith tries hard to make Kelly see the error of his ways.

"Why don't you just say 'Pretty well, sir,' like you're supposed to when he asks you how you feel?" Johnny inquires. "Then you won't have any trouble getting liberty and you can stay here as long as you want to."

"Who the hell wants to stay here?" Kelly demands. "And what's he mean by asking me how I feel if he doesn't want an answer?"

Kelly is a self-educated lawyer, a former top-sergeant of infantry, who worked too long over his night-school books in a

poorly ventilated room. He is in a government hospital because he has not money enough to go elsewhere. But he is eager to get back to work, and the interminable delays of medicine, as the government practices it, are intolerable to him.

He boiled over one day when the ward surgeon, baffled by his persistent headache, sent him to the staff specialist for a thorough examination of the eyes, nose, throat, tonsils, sinuses, etc. The thorough examination consumed about five minutes and resulted in a report that nothing out of order was found in Mr. Kelly's head. Thereafter his head was officially in proper order, but the headaches continue. He returned to the ward with murder in his eye and heart.

"I think the whole dam thing is a fake," he says. "They're just giving us a hole here to die in. They seem a whole lot more interested in having the floor squeegeed and the beds made according to Hoyle than in finding out what's the matter with anyone."

But Johnny Smith does not allow his faith to be shaken by heresies such as these and when Kelly reaches this point, Johnny leaves.

The husky Marine two beds away is Bat Nelson. Probably, he has another given name, but having attained long pants about the time the Durable Dane was settling the race question at Goldfield, Bat he became and remains. Bat is nursing a broken leg, at mention of which his fellow Marines begin to grin. The fracture was acquired, as Bat tells it, "chasing niggers in Haiti." Coincident with its acquisition about a year ago, he became possessed with a profound dislike of Haitian scenery and climate. When he was invalided home the change was much to his liking. Periodically, the leg becomes almost well, but each time it is subjected to some untoward wrench or strain which necessitates further hospitalization. Bat's company is due to return to the States in a month or so and his mates say the leg will probably be well about that time.

Bat will long be remembered gratefully for his part in an incident which provided conversation for several entire days. One night a new nurse came on the ward. For the purposes of this narrative she shall be known as Miss McSniff, because that is a description as well as a name. One of the type that have become confirmed spinsters at the age of sixteen and begin to resent it at seventeen, she was delighted at the opportunity given her by the quasi-military discipline supposed to prevail in the hospital. A regulation provides that all patients shall be in bed when the lights are turned off at nine o'clock. Out of courtesy to the nurse in charge of the ward, however, the patients are accustomed to refrain from undressing until the lights have been extinguished—privacy being one of the things of which there is none in this hospital.

At ten minutes to nine Miss McSniff spied Bat reading a newspaper near the bed of an acquaintance at the far end of the ward. His bed is next to her table in the center.

"It's time you were in bed," she shrilled across the ward, interrupting the delirium of several Marines who were enjoying a choice assortment of Nicaraguan fevers.

Bat looked up inquiringly:

"You talkin' to me?"

"You know who I'm talking to."

Bat arose with great dignity, almost forgetting his cane, and strode across the ward to his bed. Slowly he removed his shoes, his hose, his shirt. Pausing for a moment he removed his trousers. Then and then only, did he take up the matter of turning down the covers, a rather complicated proceeding, as he did it, which consumed a full two minutes. During this time he was garbed exclusively in a rather meagre bandage just below the knee of his injured leg!

For Bat, by reason of long service in the tropics, had discovered that underclothing is a useless nuisance, and pajamas are also on his list of unnecessaries. After he had the bedclothing arranged to his deliberate

satisfaction, he climbed into bed. Not a muscle of his face quivered during the performance; standing at attention under the ministrations of a Marine sergeant had taught him the most perfect self-control.

But Miss McSniff had never been a Marine. As Bat settled down comfortably for the night, she rushed forth in search of the officer of the day while the ward rang with Rabelaisian guffaws.

IV

In the bed in the far corner is Supercargo Jacobs, whose commerce-tinted title belies his picturesque history. Jacobs, one gathers between tales of the marvelous, ran away from a home of more than average culture and, as was the custom of young runaways in those days, took to the sea. This was not long after the Civil War, and he served on the seven seas before the mast—in the days when masts were used for something besides holding up radio antennæ. At various times he served several enlistments in the Navy, including one during the World War.

On calm nights the Supercargo sits on the veranda outside the ward and matches his experiences against the best thriller the day's news, in even the most hectic tabloid, has to offer.

Is the tale one of Arctic exploration? He lights his pipe and settles back:

"Now, when we were caught in an ice pack off Archangel in '85——."

Perhaps the news features an attempted transatlantic flight.

"I never did any flying," says Jacobs, "but I recall when we were testing out a new submarine for the Navy in 1902 and the motors went dead. We lay on the bottom for twenty-four hours wondering if they'd ever get us up. One man on board went crazy, and——"

When Giuseppe Verdi and kindred souls came in with tales of conquest among painted frailties in local palaces of joy, Jacobs harks back to the Golden Age of the Barbary Coast and to dives in Singapore and Port Said.

If you are alone with him when the crowd drifts away, he becomes confidential:

"The sea's a good life, my boy, until you have to give it up. Look at me; women and children in a hundred ports and not a home to go to!"

BALLAD-MAKING

BY JOHN McCLURE

SCAMANDER—Considering your own bad verses, Polycrates, which are execrable, does it not cause you pain to read immortal poetry?

POLYCRATES—There is no jealousy in me when I read the songs of poets. Are they not my songs?

SCAMANDER—That is a simple means of solving a problem of inferiority: you claim everything that is better than yours.

POLYCRATES—I am catholic in the matter of responsibility. I recognize myself in bad verses also. I am, if you understand me, all the bad poets and all the good poets. Each of us, as has been said by men much brighter than I, is an epitome of the world. No atom but mimics the constellations, and no man but is Homer and Socrates, Mohammed and Christ. All human endeavor is ours, to take honor or blame for. We are as guilty as De Retz and as innocent as Saint Francis. All that has been done has been done by us, and we shall do all that remains to be done. We suffer for the sins of Adam, as Father Hippolyte will tell you, but we also walk in glory aureoled by the heroism of warriors and generous men. The world and everything in it is our inheritance. The songs of poets belong to me, and to you, in fee simple.

SCAMANDER—This sounds very grand, and I have heard it before. You recognize no private property, then?

POLYCRATES—Only in material things. I claim no man's gold or victuals, but works of art, ideas, and conduct before the public belong to the history of mankind—in short, to our autobiography. They reflect glory or ignominy upon me, and upon you. It is to my credit that the Greeks died at Thermopylæ and that Robert E. Lee on his gray charger took the blame for the bloodshed at Gettysburg. It is not to my credit that ten thousand people stormed the Haymarket Theater to see a conjuror jump into a quart bottle, and I feel a certain guilt in that matter. As for poetry, Scamander, the world's stock of it is a communal treasure. Poets add to it as bees in a hive add to the honey. Their ideal is to add to the stock of beauty, if only a line, a phrase or a word. In the building of the ghostly pyramid, persons are unimportant. The authorship of golden verses is immaterial. As true painters are interested only in creating beauty or expressing truth with their pigments, true poets are concerned only with creating beauty or expressing truth in their verses. It is only the unworthy artists and poets who produce out of vainglory. When a poet has discovered a good tune or couched a beautiful image or a splinter of truth in music, he is like the astronomer who has discovered a new star. He claims it, and to be sure it belongs to him, but it belongs no less to us.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Lèse Majesté.—It is a characteristic of the American that, try as he will, he can never quite entirely get over the monarchical influences and traditions which persist in his blood from the blood of his forefathers. It is this fact that indubitably causes him to look askance at any one of his various rulers who conducts himself somewhat too democratically, and to view the fellow, however estimable his gifts, as being not all that he should be. The American in his heart, for all his no-saying, likes his governmental magnificoes to be of at least a deceptively aristocratic air and metaphorically to abjure checkered suits for broadcloth and felt hats for toppers. A glance at those public office-holders whom he holds in greatest esteem illustrates clearly that that esteem is founded much less upon their competence and merit than upon their approximation to so many stuffed shirts. It is thus that, in his deepmost innards, he admires a McKinley above a Grover Cleveland, a Henry Cabot Lodge above a James A. Reed, and a George B. McClellan above a Jimmy Walker.

The aforementioned Jimmy provides us with an excellent clinical example of the case in point. While he is enthusiastically endorsed in all his charming idiosyncrasies and eccentricities by the New York Irish, Jews and other such congenital Dantons and Robespierres, the maniple of Americans still left in his bailiwick have difficulty in digesting him. To them, the circumstance that he is an honest, conscientious and very meritorious mayor is lost sight of in the circumstance that he is an expert at the Black Bottom, a booster of Texas Guinan and a gent who can't be fooled by charged cider. That a man born with a natural, unaffected, go-to-hell manner who, once elected to office, still conducts himself as simply and humanly as he previously conducted himself, can be so sound a public official as one who comports himself like a Park avenue undertaker is unbelievable to them. A Coolidge who promptly settles a Boston police strike with the manner of a schoolmaster is regarded as a statesman and a diplomat, but a Walker who equally promptly settles a New York subway strike with the manner of a fellow tossing off a cocktail is a dubious politician, and one to be watched closely.

The American snob does not cotton to the Jimmy Walkers because, as I have observed, they are at opposite pole to his notion of what wearers of symbolic purple and ermine are and should be. I say his notion, for the snob's notions are generally second-hand and twice removed from the truth. The truth is that the Jimmy Walkers, strange as it may seem, conduct themselves very much more like actual kings and princes than the semi-callipygan posturers and affected mountebanks in our public offices for whom the American snob reserves his admiration and respect. If Jimmy Walker likes musical shows with pretty girls in them, the King of England likes them no less and hasn't the slightest hesitancy in sitting right down front at them in preference to Ibsen, Strindberg and Granville Barker. If Jimmy Walker likes to stay up at night and shake a leg on the dance floors of cabarets, the Prince of Wales likes to do the same thing. If Jimmy Walker would rather go to the races than to a Y. M. C. A. lecture, so would King

Alfonso. If Jimmy Walker prefers loud clothes to staid apparel, so do Crown Prince Carol of Rumania and Prince Christopher of Greece. If Jimmy Walker knows a lot of actresses and dancers, and is a patron of sport, and once in a while pulls a saucy nifty, and is occasionally exaggeratedly democratic, so was Edward VII. If Jimmy Walker likes his licker when he likes it, so has almost every King, Kaiser, Emperor or Czar who ever lived. If Jimmy Walker once wrote a popular song called "Will You Love Me in December As You Did in May?"—and it was a terrible one—, Frederick the Great wrote one called "Blue Eyes, Fair Eyes" that was just as godawful. And if too many people familiarly call Jimmy Walker by his first name, too many, it seems to me, do the same thing with Jesus Christ.

The Spread of Slang.—The decline of formal speech begins to be evident all over the world. Language appears gradually to be divesting itself of its boiled shirt and spats and to be lounging into négligé and pantoufles. In the United States, as Polichinelle knows, slang has usurped so great a part of the King's tongue that the use of the latter is today confined chiefly to justices of the Supreme Court, headwaiters, the reverend clergy and professors in those colleges that can't afford good football teams. In England, slang, some of it of American derivation and much more of it home-brew, has worked its wicked will upon high and low, until presently about the only Englishmen who employ scrupulously meticulous discourse are the pushing ex-tradesmen and war profiteers recently elevated to knighthood. Germany, too, has come under the spell, to such an extent, indeed, that the visiting Berlitz graduate who so much as tries to order a simple *Eisbein mit Erbsenpurée und Sauerkohl* or even a *Rehkeule in Sahne mit Apfelmus* has something of a time about it. But even more than England and Germany does France show signs of the new linguistic dispensation, so many signs, in point of fact, that the French currently find it necessary to get out numerous handbooks explaining the meanings of the countless new incursions into the language, that the nation as a whole may keep abreast of them.

Slang has reached such a degree of popularity in France that one finds it bulking large not only in drama, literature and daily journalism, but in State papers, official proclamations and the utterances of the Republic's high dignitaries, both civil and military. General Pétain's slang, much of it born in the trenches, has been widely quoted and has passed into *l'argot parisien.* Ex-Premier Caillaux often freely translated American slang expressions, such as "a poke in the slats," into his public and private colloquies, and Clemenceau on occasion went in for slang of so Rabelaisian a flavor that it shocked the neighbors. Charles M. Marchand, author of "Modern French Grammar" and "Five Thousand French Idioms," and the compiler of one of the latest dictionaries of modern French slang, including the new *argot des tranchées*, not only calls attention to the spread of slang among the Republic's governmental and military leaders, but also to its spread in literary circles during the last ten and fifteen years. In Anatole France's "L'Anneau d'Améthyste," he points out, there are more than thirty slang expressions; in Paul Bourget's "La Barricade," no less than eighty; in Bernstein's drama, "Israel," more than thirty; and so on. And he observes that philologists may find in the Bibliothèque Nationale many papers, books and pamphlets—among them works by the MM. Sainéan and Galopin, and such journals as *Le Diable au Cor, L'Echo des Marmites* and *Le Pépère*—rich in clinical argot value.

The influence of American slang on the French vernacular is unmistakable. "You've got a nerve!", "boob," "goat," "cop," "bonehead," "bum," "hotsie-totsie," "cockeyed," "mug," "a come-on," "lock-up," "topper," "a souse," "dumb-bell," "nag" (for scrubby horse), "coon," "cheese," "nut," (for crazy

person), "simp," "Get the hell out of here!", "kid," "gold-digger," "piker," "mushhead," "wise-cracker," "gab," "boozer," "a clam," "a joiner," "peanut gallery," "it's a pipe," "tightwad," "falseface" (for homely woman), "a licking" (for physical beating), and "stove-pipe" (for silk hat), are a few of the hundreds of American slang words and expressions that have been lifted over more or less bodily into French. Even in the direction of *la langue verte*, or what may be termed sewage slang, the French are accumulating a vocabulary that begins to challenge that of the Americans in stunning virtuosity.

Sport.—In the English idea of sport for sport's sake, I take little stock. If I play a game, I play it to win. A man may be a good sportsman if he does not mind losing all the time, but, by the same mark, he is worthless at the sport he enters into and, if he had any sense, would abandon it. The correlated notion that a very bad player gets just as much physical benefit out of a sport as a very good one is also something that I cannot fathom. The very fact that he is a bad player proves that he does not; it shows, in the instance of the average game, that something is physically wrong with him, whether in the way of mind, muscle, heart or what not. The theory that if he keeps on being a bad player his physical ensemble will be automatically and mysteriously bettered is somewhat more soothing than true. The bad player, if he persists at sport, is generally found in due time moaning and groaning at some rest cure. The best sportsman is the man who plays an honorable game and plays it to the limit. He is out to demonstrate his superior skill and to lick his opponent. Any other view is sheer sentimental buncombe.

The Q's Have It.—Back of men's indignation over Prohibition and the closing of the corner saloon, there is a deeper motive than that customarily associated with resentment over the Eighteenth Amendment's invasion of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. This motive has its springs far removed from the mere cerebral centres and is imbedded in the inexorable biological nature of the human race. For with the closing of the corner saloon there came the coincidental closing, to the agony of millions of normal Americans, of readily available *châlets de nécessité*, without which life, for the immediate time being, must be unbearable and death's sting a dispensation welcome. It is thus but natural that, under the existing daily circumstances, with the tortures of Torquemada as naught in comparison, the American still in possession of all his faculties should squirm under the Methodist heel, and should attribute his acute physical suffering to the Methodist hostility to sex in even its most innocent and boyish aspects. What are we to think of a country whose every street corner, due to the enterprise of electric-light, postal and telegraph companies, is consecrated to the comfort of dogs, while American citizens—taxpayers, husbands and fathers—are allowed to shift as best they can?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Sardou with an Umlaut

Alfred Neumann, with Bruno Frank, Max Brod, Oskar Maria Graf, René Schickele, Frank Thiess, Fritz von Unruh and the more widely known Spengler, is one of the figures in the German literary troupe which has come into conspicuous notice since the outbreak of the late war. His novel, "The Devil," has made him a much discussed personage not only in the malty halls of Herr Kempinski and company, but far across the somewhat drier borders. As in the instance of his colleagues Frank and von Unruh, though less than the last named, the theatre tickles his fancy, and that tickle has taken the form of a play called "The Patriot," about to be revealed to American audiences as I set down these lines. With some of von Unruh's plays, I presume you are familiar. During the war, he turned out at least one that, because of its bass-drum and bugle racket over militarism, worked its way into the cable dispatches. Another, "Bonaparte," is shortly to be published here in an English translation, and a third and earlier one, "Opfergang," will probably not be long in reaching some ambitious little *Lufthaus* up an alley. Frank's play, "Twelve Thousand," a tale of the mercenaries in the American War of the Revolution seen through German eyes, and in my opinion the best of the lot, will also be published in an English translation in a few weeks in "The Theatre of Today" series, into which, plied with voluptuous *Schnapps* by the machiavellian Knopf and craftily persuaded that I was wrong in imagining I was already worked to death, I have found myself injected as editor.

"The Patriot" reaches America in a shipshape translation by Ashley Dukes, one of the best jobs, in point of fact, that has come to my attention in some time. This Dukes, as any of you who know his comedy, "The Man with a Load of Mischief," are aware, handles the King's tongue with an uncommon facility and grace, and in the present instance, with all due apologies to Neumann, he has actually succeeded in periodically giving the German author's work a measure of the air that it does not quite achieve in the original. That work seeks to reconstruct the scene in Petersburg in 1801, with its conspiracy against the violent weakling, Paul I, that led to his assassination and the placing upon the Czarist throne of Alexander, his son. The enterprise makes for fairish drama of venerable cut and from it emerges, in the character of Pahlen, Governor of Petersburg and the confederacy's brains, a portrait alive and pumping with grease-paint blood. It is in the picture of this Pahlen that Neumann, as the French say, earns his theatrical beefsteak. As a dramatic rôle, it is constituted of the sort of stuff that must make poor Mansfield roll around enviously in his grave, but—more important—as a suave and sure piece of hokum writing it so lifts itself above the rest of the manuscript that all that one remembers of the latter, once its leaves and its stage course are turned, are the march of soldiers' feet below the windows and a couple of pistol shots.

That manuscript, despite or perhaps because of its surface theatrical effectiveness, recalcitrantly suggests our venerable friend, Sardou, though Neumann writes so much better than the late lamented that the comparison may justifiably be a bit odious to him. Yet the ghost of "Diplomacy" lighted by the candelabra of "Tosca" and "Fédora" discernibly moseys in and out

of the play, and once off-stage lingers in the wings discharging *sotto voce* grunts and gurgles. The Baroness Ostermann, as Neumann gives her to us, steps directly out of the defunct Victorien's pages; Pahlen himself, in certain of his stage manifestations, has surely acted in at least one Sardou opus; and there are instances of stage business that the French dramatist would have little difficulty in recognizing. It is to Neumann's credit that he is able to throw his customers partly off the scent by some wily dramatic writing, but that scent remains none the less sufficiently odoriferous. I expose a few of its typical perfumes. Thus, Pahlen to the plotting Countess: "Remember, Anna, there is no hope of worming your way into my secrets! Affairs of state for me, affairs of the heart for you; is that agreed?" Thus, the Countess, in Neumann's own words "recoiling": "I should defend myself with every weapon, Peter—yes, with all your wits and all my instinct. I should drag you down to the dust, Peter, and then I would gladly begin to climb again with you, step by step, if our limbs were still unbroken." (Shades of Sardou? Shades of Charles Garvice!) Thus, further, such phrases and lines as "those fierce eyes of yours"; "the net is spread"; "You staked our fortunes together on one throw"; "My dear Pahlen, since when have your footmen shown me in and out of your presence?"; "I will not flatter you by suspecting a woman in the case"; "Do you know what you are saying, Baroness? Have you forgotten that in this country a thoughtless word may cost a life?"; and "Surely you will not turn me out into the snow"—all appearing in the *first two minutes* after the first curtain goes up. Thus, still further, Pahlen: "One moment, Ivan! The Baroness must know nothing of this visitor. She will not leave her room while he is in the house, and not a word will be said of our interview. Now, my man, can I depend on you?" And thus—for there is surely no need to shadow the jury longer—"There are spies everywhere—yes, even round the Governor's house!"; "In these mistrustful days, I should have thought concealment——;" "Before you retired, you made sure that I was carrying papers on me"; "Do you mean that you put that paper into my hands for some motive of your own?"; "Take care, Count, take care! I may still be a match for you, if it comes to that! That paper in your hand betrays your conspiracy against the Czar!"; and—lovely solo for the organochordium, and exit—"I secure your silence, my dear Baroness, in a way that is least painful to you—by making you one of the conspirators! You will oblige me first of all by taking a sheet of writing paper with your monogram upon it—yes, so. And now you will write me the most affectionate letter you can manage to compose. A few lines will do. You will oblige me by losing no time. Write!" *Ære perennius!*

Neumann, it is plain, is of a romantical disposition toward the theatre. Frank shows a like attitude, though with none of Neumann's often spurious grease-paint, for Frank writes for the stage with his eyes and ears closed to strutting actors, pipe-organ speeches and so-called "effective" theatre. And, as a consequence, his work's persuasiveness steams up from its almost naïve simplicity. Both men, but Neumann in particular, are all too evidently secessionists from the German dramatic school, various as it is, that has apotheosized realism and made the Teutonic stage on occasion indistinguishable from a vivisection clinic. Just before war and in the early stages of the rumpus, there sprang up in the Fatherland a group of young playwrights, many of them without previous dramatic experience, who, in their own minds, were determined to tell The Truth about everything from militarism to sex and from sex to theology and *Kalbsragout*, or be good and damned in the attempt. One wing, taking its cue from Papa Wedekind, posed itself against the sexual Rotarianism of the theatre and began writing plays in which the libido was stripped of its pantaloons and made to

perform through astonishing and often excessively recherché hoops. Another, taking its cue in turn from Papa Kaiser, proceeded to kick out the drama of established form and to confect plays skeletonized down to the last realistic knuckle, setting forth in terms of Expressionism and Impressionism themes previously reserved for insane asylums and the novels of Hanns Heinz Ewers. Still another went about making monkey-noses at the military drama of the Halbe, Dinter and Beyerlein tradition and in manufacturing plays that resembled slaughter-houses with the animals in Prussian regimentals. Everywhere, the yen for hypothetical realism and for sensationalism was apparent, until the German stages and the German play publishers' lists began in combination to take on the aspect of a psychoanalytical and cinematic chowder party. But the wind seems now to be turning; the German drama begins to show signs of returning to a romantic key. The writing of plays in which all the characters were horribly killed off by smallpox germs inserted into their *Setzeier Meyerbeer* by the evil Hohenzollerns, a theme favorite of all indignant young Socialists and Republicans who had contracted cooties and enemy gonococci during the war, has seemingly ceased, as has also the writing of plays in which various Otto Emil Œdipuses became intimately Greek with as many Ludmilla Jocastas. Slowly there appears to be coming back into the German drama the more or less beery note. Its sound is perhaps not yet altogether clear and distinct, but the ear catches its faint tone none the less.

Neumann and Frank, among others, are, as I have already observed, parties to the new movement, the former being a throwback to the early '80's, the latter—in a company apart—being what may be described as a romantic realist. Neumann's "The Patriot" has been received so hospitably by his own people that one may believe they are ready for a turtle-turn in their dramatic fare and are tired of the old Jack-the-Ripper stage stuff. The play, as I have noted, has utterly no value or significance as drama, though it has a certain significance in showing the altered tendency of dramatists and theatre audiences in the land of its origin. It will not be long, I predict, before Germany will be swept by revivals of the romantic plays of the last century. "The Patriot" itself is, after all, little more than such a revival.

II

Shaw as a Lover

Since I have already in these pages passed at length upon the very considerable merits of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude" and since little remains to be said of them save to announce what actors have done to them, let us gather around the Theatre Guild's antecedent revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma" and the reflections on Shaw that it induces. The leading reflection that it induces in this particular professor at the moment is that, like almost every last one of the Shaw plays, it ages badly and that, as in the instance of many of the other ageing Shaw plays, the one and only thing that today seems fresh and vital about it and that will probably still seem fresh and vital in future years is its love element, *i.e.*, its sentimental passages and love scenes. I begin to believe that the Shaw plays will live, if at all, for just two reasons: first, purely as curiosities of the Twentieth Century dialectic drama, much as the plays of, say, Alfred de Vigny, equally regardless of lasting merit, persist as curiosities of Nineteenth Century romantic drama, as those of Heywood or Shirley persist as curiosities of Eighteenth Century hokum drama, or as those of some writer like Chapman persist as curiosities of Seventeenth Century historical; and secondly, and much more likely, for the enduring excellence and fine magnetism of their love scenes. As plays, most of them will be as dead as door-nails, but as curios and symbols of a specific period they may conceivably remain as piquant as so many

wire bustles, horsehair sofas, cigar-store Indians and William Jennings Bryan. Only their sentimental scenes will remain evergreen, and if they are revived for our grandchildren, save as dusty freaks, it will be their sentimental scenes and their sentimental scenes alone that will still bequeath a semblance of life to them.

Shaw would doubtless be disgusted to conceive of himself as being remembered by future generations not as a thinker and an idea-spout but as a lover, yet that is the way I feel pretty sure he will be remembered. For the truth is that as thinker, at least so far as the drama is concerned, he doesn't grade so very much higher than his pet, Brieux, while as a lover, or at least as a writer of tremulant *violinata* dramatic scenes, he stands head and shoulders above every other Anglo-Saxon writing plays in our time. Shaw is the great lover in modern Anglo-Saxon dramatic literature. And long after his plays have been snickered out of countenance for the staleness and platitudinousness of their philosophical wisecracking, their sentimental passages will still retain the power to charm and move and pleasurably moisten theatre audiences.

Already this early, the elaborate medical strictures of "The Doctor's Dilemma" have taken on a cobwebbed air and ring excessively flat. But the sentimental passages of the play are as fascinating and valid as they were twenty years ago. Shaw, the lover, the sentimentalist, lives where Shaw, the spoofer, the transient bubble-pricker, lies in the theatrical death-bed. It is the Shaw of Dubedat and Mrs. Dubedat in their enchanted moments, not the Shaw of Cullen, Ridgeon, Walpole and Bonington in their sardonic, who holds the interest of latter-day audiences. It is Shaw speaking through the mouth of the dying Louis, his wife's arms holding him tenderly close, that audiences remember, not the Shaw of ancient medical gags and pathological wheezes. "Then you must always wear beautiful dresses and splendid magic jewels. Think of all the wonderful pictures I shall never paint. . . . Well, you must be transfigured with all the beauty of those pictures. Men must get such dreams from seeing you as they never could get from any daubing with paints and brushes. Painters must paint you as they never painted any mortal woman before. There must be a great tradition of beauty, a great atmosphere of wonder and romance. That is what men must always think of when they think of me. That is the sort of immortality I want. There are lots of things you don't understand that every woman in the street understands, but you can understand that and do it as nobody else can. Promise me that immortality. Promise me you will not make a little hell of crêpe and crying and undertaker's horrors and withering flowers and all that vulgar rubbish. . . . I'm in Heaven, immortal in the heart of my beautiful Jennifer!"

And what continues similarly to linger in the memory in the instance of other Shaw plays? Is it the comic opera paradoxes of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" or such passages as Brassbound's proposal of marriage to Cicely—and the end with Cicely in strange ecstasy crying, "Oh farewell. With my heart's deepest feeling, farewell, farewell," and Brassbound, "With my heart's noblest honor and triumph, farewell!" Above the labored irony of "The Devil's Disciple" is not the element in the play that persists in the audience's recollection the charming sentimental counterpoint of Judith and Richard, in particular that in the third act? It is pretty well agreed by all critics, even those given to a superior admiration of Shaw's satirical, humorous and social purgative gifts, that the particular play of his which in all likelihood has about it the greatest promise of enduring life is "Candida"—and "Candida" is surely chiefly noteworthy for the depth and beauty of its sentiment. If there is a finer sentimental play in the whole range of modern drama, its name is a stranger to me. Consider, for example, the rich tenderness of such speeches as Morell's, "You are my wife,

my mother, my sisters; you are the sum of all loving care to me," and Candida's to Marchbanks at the play's conclusion, the one beginning, "Now I want you to look at this boy here—my boy—spoiled from his cradle." Or Morell's, spoken with proud humility, "I have nothing to offer you but my strength for your defence, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer a woman." Or Candida's, "And you, Eugene? What do you offer?"—with the poet's passionate, "My weakness! My desolation! My heart's need!" There's writing for you! . . . And what of Caesar's magnificent parting from Cleopatra with its, "Come, Cleopatra: forgive me and bid me farewell, and I will send you a man, Roman from head to heel and Roman of the noblest; not old and ripe for the knife, not lean in the arms and cold in the heart, not hiding a bald head under his conqueror's laurels, not stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders, but brisk and fresh, strong and young, hoping in the morning, fighting in the day, and revelling in the evening. Will you take such an one in exchange for Caesar?" And then the palpitating little one's, "His name, his name?", and Caesar's quiet, "Shall it be Mark Antony?" Or of Julia in "The Philanderer" and her "I am too miserable to argue—to think. I only know that I love you"? Or of Bashville's speeches to Lydia? What will be left in days to come—what, indeed, is left now—of such a play as, say, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" save the madam's boozy "story of her life"?

It is a poor critic who can't see under the top layers of the superficial Shavian bellicosity and detect there the really great sentimentalist, a sentimentalist of purest dye yet blessed with the faculty of making commonplace sentiment take on an air of dignity and poetry and beauty. That Shaw is, for all his pretence to the contrary, a sentimental man at heart is easily to be discovered from even a cursory study of his dramatic writings. This pretence of his is successful in fooling only such persons as take too seriously such of his obviously posturing and forced animadversions on the discomforts of the divine passion as Tanner's, "I got up a love affair with her, and we met one night in the garden and walked about very uncomfortably with our arms around one another," etc., and the "Back to Methuselah" Maiden's *reprise*, "Do you suppose I can spend centuries . . . lying about with your arms round me, which is really neither comfortable nor convenient"—or the same character's "We used to think it would be nice to sleep in one another's arms, but we never could go to sleep because our weight stopped our circulations just above the elbows." But these nose-fingerings are not the man, for the man himself is a romantic of romantics in his innards and as greatly given to gyneolatry and a faith in Strephon and Chloe, for all his attempt to conceal the fact, as any Bronson Howard or Augustus Thomas. "No man," he says through Tanner, "is a match for a woman, except with a poker and a pair of hobnailed boots. Not always even then." One can't, true enough, always justly judge and appraise the man behind the dramatist from the speeches he puts into the mouths of his male characters, for he often uses those characters to hide his ingrained attitude and point of view and to give a show in which he makes himself appear in other than his true philosophical and personal light. But one can generally pretty well judge the man behind the playwright from the speeches he puts into the mouths of his women characters, for then he is more greatly off guard and betrays himself. It is significant to note, in this regard, the speeches that Shaw gives to his women. What his women say so *amorosamente*, so tenderly, so feelingly and so convincingly is what he himself thinketh in his heart. And the poet that lies in that heart is the Shaw that will live long after the philosophical gag-man that lies in his head will have been nibbled by the worms.

III

Melodrama as Mirror

A scrutiny of present-day playwriting in America seems to disclose an unmistakable fact, and this is it: that, where once farce was the medium most satisfactorily employed by native playwrights to reflect gamy phases and characteristics of the American scene, melodrama has superseded it, and that, further, it is melodrama that currently gives us the best and most truthful picture of contemporary American life, manners, character and sociological idiosyncrasies. Even the poorer trade-goods melodramas that we get often come closer to a faithful depiction of American phenomena than many of the better-grade comedies and dramas. And in the case of the better melodramas we are provided with character drawing and reportorial skill photographic in their approach to actuality and at once genuine, pointed and illuminating. There hasn't been a drama or comedy written in the last two years that has presented so true American types or so true a reflection of certain peculiar elements in metropolitan American life as the melodrama, "Broadway." There hasn't been a drama that has got so close to genuine American newspaper men and genuine American cops as the melodrama, "The Racket." In what other form of dramatic writing will you find so sharp a picture of the indigenous chorus girl or so rare a study of the American coon elevator operator as you'll find in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"? The melodrama, "Revelry," for all its defects, was truer to American fact than nine-tenths of the comedies and dramas produced this or last season. The Yiddo-American yegg in "Four Walls," the bootlegger of "Nightstick," the Chicago gents and the hoofer and the waiter and the cabaret girl and Nick the night-club manager of "Broadway," the young American waster of "Yellow," several of the characters in the admirable satirical melodrama, "Chicago," the carnival folk in "The Barker," a minor character or two in "Crime," Martin Henderson in "Spread Eagle"—try to find their equals in the way of honest portraiture in the other exhibits produced during the same period.

Melodrama is undoubtedly the form of drama most patly suited to the salty depiction of life in America at the present time. The Republic may offer excellent materials for farcical and sardonic comment to the literary and critical fraternity, but to playwrights it offers especially the materials of melodrama. The America of today is, beneath its comical aspects, essentially a 10-20-30 meller, with all a 10-20-30 meller's theatrical bounce. The gunmen of Chicago, the prison-breakers of Folsom, the Administration crooks at Washington, the bootleggers, the husband-killers of New Jersey, the hullabaloos of Herrin, the evangelical scandals, the blackmailing revenuers, the automobile bandits, the night-club and police grafters, the speakeasy murders, the hold-up men, the mail-train robbers, the Oklahoma gubernatorial insurrections, the Canadian border smugglers, the Atlantic rum-runners—these are ready-made for the melodrama stage. They need only a border of footlights and a couple of smelly female ushers to convert them into vivid three-dollar theatre shows. And so it is small wonder that our younger dramatists are turning to them for their plays. Those plays are automatically in hand almost before they set pen to paper.

Because of the rich vein of native melodramatic materials and because certain of our playwrights know of those materials, from experience, at first hand, American melodrama has lately achieved a degree of authentic merit unapproached by the equally recent melodrama of foreign origin. While American playwrights are producing melodramas reflective of their nation's life and character, and close to the soil, English playwrights are turning out nothing but crook melodrama of the old "Raffles" order or the pistol-in-the-escri-

toire balderdash of the early '90's, French are dishing out stale war-spy alarms redolent of the stagey military melodramas of twenty-five and thirty years ago, and German are devoting themselves to chasing seducers with butcher-knives and to winding up the evening with a big scene showing a hundred supers in the garb of workingmen throwing their arms impassionedly heavenward and vowing that they will choke the stuffing out of a fat Düsseldorf ham in a silk hat who represents Capital. I do not mean to say, plainly, that most of these American melodramas are works of art, for they are very, very far from that; what I do mean to say is simply that, even at their worst, they at least try to clear the stage of the old melodramatic rubbish and fill it instead with characters and themes that have some affinity with life and the moment. As a consequence, the stranger on our shores, if he would get some half-way accurate picture of the land he is visiting, must rely to a very considerable degree upon the melodramas to give it to him. He may periodically get a touch of American character from some such other type of play as "The Show-Off" or "Is Zat So?" or a suggestion of American life from some such exhibit as "The Home Towners" or "God Loves Us," but in the general run of things he will find that the melodramas wise him up in both directions much more felicitously.

As I have noted on more than one previous occasion, the critical disrepute into which melodrama has fallen is as absurd as it is unjustified. It is simply the result of the usual professorial posturing on the part of label-licking critics with a passion for pigeonholes and bogus definitions, critics who may be identified as the kind who get a fake dignity into their critical writings by calling everybody in sight Mr. or Miss. If some gimcrack like "The Noose" or "Interference" is melodrama, so is "Macbeth," but they conveniently choose to overlook the fact and to assuage their whiskers with the old definition, largely made up of holes, to the effect that melodrama is inevitably an inferior form of drama because in it character is determined by action rather than, as in drama, action by character. Say melodrama to them and their minds promptly fix with robot-like precision upon Maryland Calvert swinging on a bell, Sherlock Holmes escaping from the gas-house by fooling Moriarity with a cigar butt, or the United States Marines arriving in the nick of time, the while they remain cockily oblivious to a number of the great Greek classics, Shakespeare's chronicle plays and similar generic melodramas.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Three Americans

WOODROW WILSON: *Life & Letters*, by Ray Stannard Baker. $10. 9¼ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 335+373 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

D. L. MOODY: *Worker in Souls*, by Gamaliel Bradford. $3.50. 8½ x 5¾; 320 pp. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILDCATS, by Duncan Aikman. $3.50. 8¼ x 5½; 347 pp. New York: *Henry Holt & Company.*

HERE is comfort for those tender souls who revolt against the bunk-busting school of biography, of late so popular. For here are three biographers who admire their subjects whole-heartedly, and say so without shame. Of the three, Mr. Baker proceeds the farthest toward complete adulation, for the late Dr. Wilson, a man of extremes himself, aroused only the most exaggerated emotions in those who came into contact with him, or even merely observed him. I confess frankly, for my part, that the impression he made upon me was excessively unfavorable: he seemed to me to be the worst sort of Puritan—highfalutin, hypocritical and knavish. The worth of his word of honor I assessed at nothing. He was a very moral man, and hence necessarily dishonorable. But on other men he plainly had a far different effect, and some of them were obviously honest and intelligent. This capacity for appearing both white and black is not common in the human race. It goes only with extraordinary personalities. To argue that Wilson was not extraordinary would be absurd. He was one of the strangest, most mysterious and most forceful characters of his age, and he left an indelible imprint upon it. His admirers believe that it was the imprint of idealism; the rest of us believe that it was the imprint of cant. The World War threw up all his qualities in gigantic relief. If the American share in that war was noble and honorable, then he was one of the great men of modern times. But if it was ignoble and ignominious (as, after long prayer and heart-searching, I believe), then he was only a Gargantuan mountebank.

Mr. Baker, in these two volumes, describes the beginnings of his hero with vast meticulousness; nothing is too trivial for him to put it down. The man who emerges is one of the most ambitious fellows ever heard of. He envisioned himself, almost from the start, as a great mob-master—a powerful propagandist of ideas. He applied himself with immense diligence to amassing such knowledge as would be useful to him; he labored enormously to acquire an effective prose style; he schooled himself as an orator. In those early days, it appears, he yet lacked a Message: it could wait. The main thing was to learn how to spread it when it was formulated. Gradually, reaching out for larger and larger audiences, he began to take in all the current democratic buncombe, and mold it to his uses. In the end he became the chief prophet of democracy of his time. But I doubt that he ever believed in it. He was far too vain for that. He believed only in himself. His ego expanded as more and more power came into his hands; toward the end of his life he was manifestly a pathological case. But Mr. Baker leaves the story of that sad collapse for subsequent volumes. In the present ones he stops with Wilson's nomination for Governor of New Jersey—one of the most portentous events in the whole history of American politics. The story he tells seems to him to be a romantic one, and his hero is actually a hero to him. But despite a number of banalities and sentimentalities, the work is soundly done, and there is plenty of interest and

instruction in it for those who do not belong to the Wilsonian Church.

Mr. Bradford is likewise very friendly to old Moody—so friendly that he frequently falls into something not unlike absurdity. Is it actually true, as he starts off by saying, that the chief need of the America of Moody's time was "the need of God"? And if it is true, is it also true that the God it needed was the preposterous old Prohibition agent who emerged from Moody's Little Bethel? I can't believe anything of the sort. What America needed then was what it needs now: not a God armed with hell-fire and damnation, but a God of common decency. Is there any evidence that the ministry of Moody and Sankey made the United States a better place to live in, or improved any appreciable number of Americans? I can see none. What flowed out of their colossal ranting was not a renaissance of the simple decencies preached by Christ; what flowed out of it was Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, and the grotesque *jehad* of the anti-evolutionists—in brief, a revival of Methodism—in brief, the rape of Christianity, and its sale into infamy. In its dominant official forms it is a public nuisance today, and a disgrace to civilization.

Mr. Bradford labors heavily to read a coherent theology into Moody's harangues, and to give it a reasonable dignity. But I think he fails. The thing really had no more dignity than a Hearst comic strip or a college yell. It was a compound of puerile superstitions and Edgar A. Guest sentimentalities. Moody was an ignoramus, and far too stupid to grapple intelligently with such mysteries as the problem of evil. His aim was simply to shock morons into emotional orgasms, and so send them from his bull-ring in a lather. But they cooled off the next day, and were presently as they had been before. All they carried away as a permanent possession was the conviction that an appearance of virtue was somehow laudable and profitable. The Moody era was preëminently the era of show-case piety. It saw the launching of the Y. M. C. A., the Comstock Society, the forerunners of the Anti-Saloon League, and a dozen other such agencies of holy sham. Worse, Moody taught his fellow evangelists that "saving souls" could be made to pay. (True enough, he kept his own hands out of the till, but he showed what could be done.) His predecessors were all humble friars, pledged to poverty; his followers began to go upon the Master's business in private cars, and with retinues of trombone-players, press-agents and buxom choir-ladies. I fear that Mr. Bradford was not the man to do Moody. He needed a Paxton Hibben.

Mr. Aikman's work on Calamity Jane and her gaudy sisters of the Old West is far better stuff, for he delights in them without taking them seriously. His account of them has a good deal of the Bret Harte flavor: it is written in sober terms, but with tongue in cheek. They were well worth rescuing from obscurity, for in their day they were eminent, and what is more, important. The winning of the West is a tale that is gradually sentimentalized out of all reality. The women who accompanied the pioneers are depicted as an endless procession of Nancy Hankses, full of a yearning for sacrifice. The fact is that many ladies of a quite different sort were also passengers on the ox-trains, and that they played just as important a part in the conquest of the wilderness as their virtuous and suffering sisters. One such was Calamity Jane. She came late, but she cut a wide swath. If she had been only the consort of Wild Bill Hickok she would have deserved a place in history, but she was also the consort of many other distinguished men, and she was no mean personage on her own account. Mr. Aikman has rescued her story from the files of old newspapers and the recollections of pioneers who begin to think of higher things. He has told it lovingly and with a refined gusto. And he has added the stories of half a dozen other ladies of her school: Cattle Kate, Poker Alice, Belle Starr and Kitty the Schemer among them.

Inside Stuff

MONEY WRITES, by Upton Sinclair. $2.50. 8¼ x 5⅜; 227 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

IN THIS tract Mr. Sinclair returns to the thesis of his earlier work, "Mammonart"—that the Money Power has the art of swell letters by the ear—and applies it to American writers and their books. Practically all of them, he says, are slaves to the Golden Calf, or, at all events to Wall Street, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and George Horace Lorimer. They not only write for money; they also write from the standpoint of money. Their view of the world is that of the Park avenue *noblesse.* Mr. Sinclair lists some of them on his slip-cover: James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, Gertrude Atherton, Carl Sandburg, Carl Van Vechten, Edna Ferber, the late Jack London, and so on. "Through them," he says, "*Wall Street Writes!*" (His own italics, capital W and exclamation point). And inside he adds many more: Edgar Lee Masters, Booth Tarkington, Wallace Irwin, Rupert Hughes, Stewart Edward White, Zane Grey, Robert Herrick, Winston Churchill, Edith Wharton, Sherwood Anderson.

The case of Anderson, it appears, is typical. Viewing the world, he observes that it is full of misery. Men with pre-war Scotch tastes have corn likker incomes. Men with soaring souls have wives in greasy Mother Hubbards. Women who yearn to Express Themselves are doomed to endless potato-peeling. Women born to make Jack Gilbert happy are married to garage-keepers in Iowa. Anderson, noticing all this, finds himself very uneasy. It is a distressing business, indeed. Having a knack for literary composition, what ought he to do about it? Sinclair answers instantly. He ought to say at once: "Yes, of course, I see the class struggle. How could any clear-sighted man fail to see it? How could any honest man fail to report it?" But an unseen hand holds him back, for "no one who understands economic inequality as a cause of social and individual degeneration is permitted to hold any responsible post in capitalist society." So instead of filling his reports with Marxian indignation, Anderson resorts to the lewd quackeries of Freudism, which is a madness of Greenwich Village, which, as every one knows, is an outhouse of Wall Street.

Hergesheimer is even worse. Having sold himself to the Morgans, he stalks about in "brocaded pajamas of burnt orange and cerulean and glass green," glorying in his shame. Once he was a struggling artist, poor and virtuous—a sort of American Villon. Living upon crusts, he tried to paint. His gaudiest dream, in those far-off and innocent days, was to get a contract to paint a side-show front. But Wall Street saw to it that he never got it. More, Wall Street proceeded to tempt and fetch him. With demoniacal subtlety, it sent a beautiful and intelligent young woman across his path—the daughter of a Pennsylvania millionaire. An artist, he was enchanted. A man, he was presently in love. To make sure of him, the lady's relatives were induced to set their dogs upon him. Instantly, he was lost; the High Church rector from Wall Street, conveniently in waiting, tied the knot. Next day Hergesheimer heaved his palette and maulstick into the fire, bought a gold-plated Corona, and began business as a Wall Street novelist. Now he rolls in luxury. His house at West Chester, Pa., is an ivory tower crammed with objects of art—carpets from Beluchistan and Persia, diamond-studded safety razors, solid platinum dog-collars, Hepplewhite cocktail-shakers. In it he entertains Russian grand dukes, Long Island millionaires, the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the more conservative United States Senators, and such members of the literati and cinemati as have aseptic table manners. Art has passed out of his mind. He produces only such revolting Wall Street propaganda as "Java Head," "Cytherea" and "San Cristobal de la Habana." In all his works there is not a single mention of the class struggle. He refused to march in any of the Sacco-Vanzetti parades.

But it is not only the Money Trust that has corrupted the literary art and mystery in America: there is also the Booze Trust. It works in two ways: first, by debauching Socialist authors, and second, by endowing wet magazines. The late Jack London offered a shining example of the former process: once the Booze Trust had got him in its clutches, it handed him over, roaring drunk, to its papa, the Money Trust, and thereafter he quit Socialism and went to work for the Hearst magazines. An example of the latter form of corruption is afforded by The American Mercury. Its editor, it appears, is "a man of German descent and continental tastes," who "has always had his cocktails, and always means to have them." Having been informed, some years back, that he had a flair for literary composition, certain "gentlemen of wealth" were "moved to put up money to found a magazine for him," and in the pages of that magazine he now offers unlimited space, at lavish rates of pay, to "writers who defend the American saloon." But writers who "point out the destructive effects of alcohol upon genius" are barred out, just as Marxians are barred out. The amount of the subsidy to The American Mercury Dr. Sinclair does not mention: he has heard it privately, but his delicate sense of the proprieties prevents him revealing it. There is, however, no reason why it should not be known. It was $10,000,000. Nor is it necessary any longer to conceal the identity of the "gentlemen of wealth" who forked it up. They were John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Sebastian S. Kresge and Edward W. Bok.

The Third Degree

LITERARY BLASPHEMIES, by Ernest Boyd. $2.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 265 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

Why was this book not written long ago? For who, now that it is written, will deny that it is fundamentally sound—that most of the doctrines it preaches are immensely more plausible and persuasive than the stale nonsense inflicted upon sophomores, women's clubs, and the customers of literary magazines? The professors, I suspect, will find it hard to put Boyd in his place: he knows more than any of them, and is, in fact, a sort of super-professor, even to the whiskers and the sepulchral High Church voice. He could pass, as the Aframerican publicists say, not only at Vassar, Yale and the Iowa Wesleyan, but even at Oxford.

But here he indulges himself in ribaldries that must needs make the professorial blood run icy cold. John Milton, under his horrible blow-pipe, disintegrates into a puff of SO_2 and a sediment of Lenten ashes. Dickens becomes a manufacturer of sugar-teats for the immature—in brief, for children and morons. Poe becomes "a hard-working, neurasthenic journalist, whose beautiful eyes and caustic pedantry gave him his hour of fame and opprobrium." And Whitman—but for poor old Walt there is mourning rather than sneers. It is his dreadful fate, in Hell thirty-six years, to be patronized by the "scholar swells" he despised, and imitated by the poetasters he hated. He is the father, argues Boyd, of the whole rabble of Expressionists, Imagists, Dadists, Futurists, Ultraists and other such keepers of poetical hot-dog stands. It is a fact as sad as Emerson's begetting of the New Thought.

Boyd's most penetrating and convincing essay, though his shortest, is the one upon Henry James: what remains of that transplanted tuberose, when it is done, is little save a cloud of yellowing petals, fluttering in the wind. His worst is the one on Shakespeare, for what he says in it has been better said by George Bernard Shaw, and moreover, most of it is irrelevant and some of it is not true. His revaluations are by no means all destructive—which should be some consolation to the apostles of sweetness and light. Of Swift, Byron and Thomas Hardy he has many highly polite things to say, though they are never the usual things. Why, he asks, has the terrible Swift become transmogrified into the

author of a harmless tale for sucklings? Why are his appalling blasphemies against the anthropocentric delusion and the moral order of the world so completely forgotten? Because, answers Boyd, he was the last voice of a lost Augustan age, and died with it.

He was tremendous, but he was not tremendous enough to stay the rising sewer-wash of democracy. The Eighteenth Century not only refused to heed his warnings against the Yahoos; it lifted the Yahoos out of the gutter, and made heroes and even gods of them. We yet suffer from that perverse idolatry. The belief in democracy may be dying, but it is not yet dead. When, as and if it ever passes out completely, Swift will come into his own. He is the prophet foreordained for the next age of reality. But today he is read only *in camera*, and by those who are admittedly damned.

This book is easily Boyd's best. It shows a sound grip upon ideas, and a fine and ingratiating manner. There is no Berserker rage against fraud in it; it is courtly at its most criminal moments. Under it there flows a copious learning. Boyd not only sees his figures clearly; he also sees their backgrounds. In a few brief sentences he paints the age of Milton, and with means as austere he washes in the age of Swift, and that of Dickens, and that of Poe. For one, I dissent from certain reaches of his argument: it is sometimes exhilarating without being quite bullet-proof. But that is a defect that must always go with such attempts at the transvaluation of values. There may be holes in it, but there is certainly no dullness.

Refinement Made Easy

ETIQUETTE: *The Blue Book of Social Usage*, by Emily Post. $4. 9 x 5⅞; 692 pp. New York: *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*.

It would be idle to laugh at this formidable tome, now in its eighteenth edition since 1922 and grown to the proportions of a Gideon Bible. No other book that I can think of has done more to civilize the American people; its rules of polite conduct are now so widely known and attended to that one may look with confidence for courtly manners almost everywhere, even in crowded elevators and fashionable society. The movies get a great deal of credit for that change from the innocent *Grobheit* of a less tutored era, but I don't think they deserve it, for in the few movies that I have seen of late gentlemen were still sitting on the wrong side of taxicabs and fetching wishbones out of their mouths in a too artificial way. Mrs. Post has been, and still is, a far more reliable guide. She warns against excesses of manner, and argues eloquently for an austere simplicity. The aim, she says, is to be unnoticeable. The ideal is the complete obliteration of novelty and surprise. A lofty ideal—and thoroughly American! The perfect hostess, like the perfect college professor, is completely standardized. I only wish her prudery had not kept her off the subject of subjects. What is the true etiquette of guzzling? Is it ever polite to refuse gin? What if one smells wood alcohol? I suggest that she attempt to answer these grave questions in her next edition. Or, better still, deal with them in a separate work, also of 692 pages.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

FRANCES ANNE ALLEN *is engaged in retail advertising. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago.*

MAJOR E. L. M. BURNS, *of the Royal Canadian Engineers, served with the Canadians in France for two years, and is now a student at the Staff College at Quetta, India.*

CHESTER T. CROWELL *is an old newspaper man, now writing for the magazines.*

BERNARD DE VOTO *was formerly a member of the English department of Northwestern University. He is now devoting all his time to writing.*

MAURICE FISHBERG, M. D. (*New York*), *is a specialist in tuberculosis, and the author of a standard text-book on the disease. A more extended account of him will be found in Editorial Notes.*

ZONA GALE *is the well-known novelist. Her latest books are "Preface to a Life" and "Yellow Gentians and Blue."*

MILDRED EVANS GILMAN *was born in Chicago and educated at the University of Wisconsin. She is now living in New York. Her first book was a novel, "Fig Leaves." Lately she has printed another, "Count Ten."*

EUGENE GORDON *is on the staff of the feature department of the Boston* Post.

HARRY LANCASTER *is a native of Illinois and lives at Du Quoin in that State, where he is engaged in business. A paragraph about him will be found in the Editorial Notes in this issue.*

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., *is a Washington newspaperman, now chief of the Senate staff of the* United States Daily. *He is a native of Indiana. Recently he was "hospitalized" through the Veterans' Bureau in the Naval Hospital at Washington.*

JOHN MCCLURE *was formerly one of the editors of the* Double Dealer *of New Orleans*

GRACE OVERMEYER *was formerly on the staff of the* Musical Observer. *Her article in this issue is from a book of musical essays, to be published in the near future.*

RAYMOND PEARL, PH.D. (Michigan), *is director of the Institute for Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins. He is the author of numerous books, the latest of which is "The Rate of Living."*

LOUIS SHERWIN *has had many years of newspaper experience in Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, New York and elsewhere. He is now living in New York.*

MAYNARD SHIPLEY *is the founder and president of the Science League of America, an organization launched to protect the freedom of teaching from assaults by Fundamentalists and other ignoramuses. He is a native of Baltimore but has lived in California for years. He is the author of many papers on scientific subjects.*

O. L. WARR *is a native of South Carolina and attended the State University there.*

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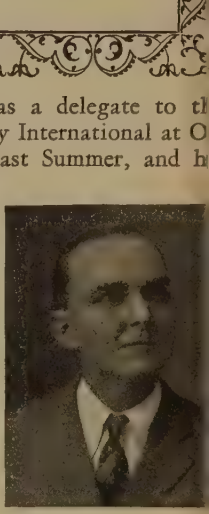
Editorial NOTES

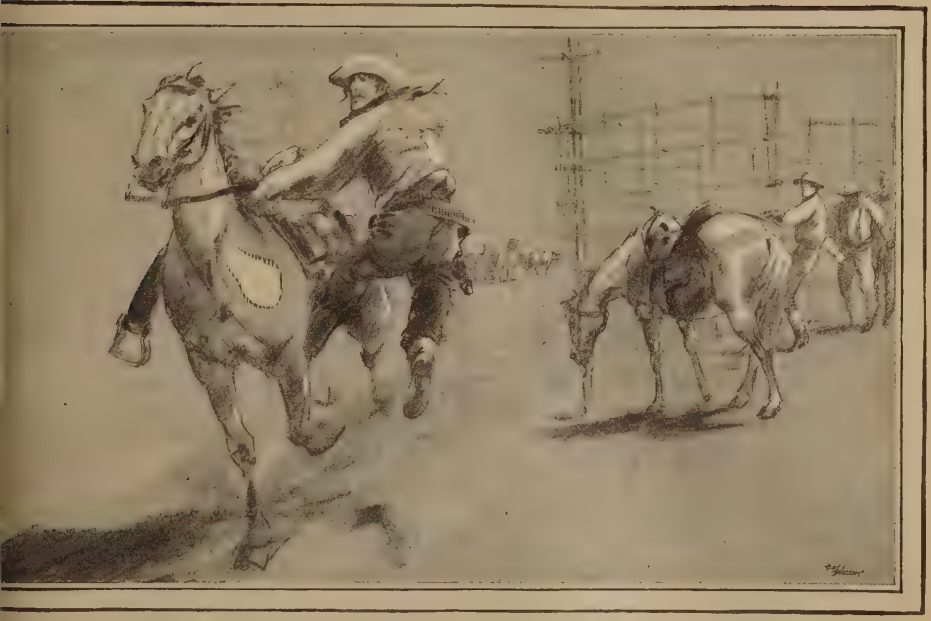
Harry Lancaster was a delegate to th convention of Rotary International at O tend, in Belgium, last Summer, and h article, "My Trip Abroad," in this issue, was written, not for magazine publication, but for private circulation among his friends. But its frank and effective presentation of a 100% American view of Europe suggested that it would interest a far wider circle of readers. Mr. Lancaster is no author, but busy business man, with a chain of stor on his hands and many demands upon h time. He had to do Europe hurriedly, b he kept his eyes wide open while he w in motion.



Harry Lancaster

He was born on a farm in Will count Ill., in 1887, and is thus 40 years old, ar at the height of his powers. Educated the public schools of Kankakee, he we into business on his own at the age of 2 and now owns a large store in the risin town of Du Quoin, and branch stores els where. He is also interested in a number other live enterprises, and is active in a forward-looking civic undertakings in D Quoin. "I get the biggest kick out of life, he says, "in rendering any worthy publ service without compensation, a spir that perhaps accounts for the fact that have a number of regular jobs along th line."

Continued on page xliv



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It is this spirit of responsibility that causes operators to risk their lives by remaining at their switchboards in the face of fire, flood or other great danger. The same spirit calls linemen or repairmen to go out, even at the risk of their lives, to repair the lines in time of accident or storm.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

Mr. Lancaster is a charter member of Du Quoin Rotary Club, one of the m enterprising in Illinois, and is at pres its vice-president. He has also served it a director and on many of its import committees. In addition he is an Elk, a Mason and a Shriner. He is a member the board of directors of the Illinois Cl dren's Home and Aid Society, and of Du Quoin School Board. He was one of prime movers in a campaign that lat landed for Du Quoin a large shoe-facto During the late war he was active in work of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. and in the sale of Liberty Bonds.

Dr. Maurice Fishberg, whose article, "T Tuberculosis Game," is in this issue, v born in Russia, but came to the Uni States as a youth, and was educated New York, where he now lives. He beg practise in 1897, and has devoted hims mainly to tuberculosis. He is the auth of a standard text-book, "A Treatise Pulmonary Tuberculosis," which was us by the Army Medical Corps during t late war. He has also written many m ical monographs, chiefly on tuberculos and is clinical professor of medicine at t University and Bellevue Hospital Medi College, and chief physician to the Mon fiore Hospital and the Bedford Sanitoriu

When the United States entered the w the crusaders discussed by Dr. Fishberg his article began alarming the governm and the public about the grave dangers tuberculosis among the soldiers, sayi that the tubercle bacilli would probal kill more of them than the enemy's bulle Dr. Fishberg published a paper conden ing this fear, and arguing that the con tions brought about by the war could ha little influence on the morbidity and m tality from tuberculosis. He was violen

Continued on page xlvi

Can a busy professional man be a professional *investor* as well?

THIS question is answered in a letter we recently received from a prominent Philadelphia physician:

"Permit me to express my appreciation for the analysis of my security holdings which you recently compiled and furnished me. I have never before had the advantage of consultation service such as this, nor so complete, thorough and logical an analysis."

Our Investment Service Department had pointed out the strong and weak points of this physician's security holdings, as he himself would have diagnosed the condition of one of his patients—*scientifically.*

In making this analysis, we found that 54 per cent of his securities were unsuitable for a professional man who is not likewise a professional investor. Some of them needed constant checking, to prevent possible loss. Like most professional and business men, this doctor was too busy to watch them himself, and he had not delegated this task to a competent investment advisor. He had made his selections on the basis of high yield alone, without giving attention to that most important factor—*intrinsic security.*

To replace some of the distinctly speculative issues, we recommended others giving a lower yield, but more stable in character. Even more important, this doctor will receive information from us from time to time on future developments that may affect any of his other holdings. Thus, in two ways we are helping him to eliminate unnecessary risk from his investment program.

To avoid haphazard investment, you may wish to check your own holdings, and find out whether you own issues that require more careful watching than you can afford to give them. Our booklet, the "Personal Investment Guide," will enable you to do this in the same scientific way in which we make security analysis for our customers. We shall be glad to send you a copy of this useful booklet upon request.

The Compton Investment Service Department, an outgrowth of forty years of experience, has proved of substantial value to investors. You are invited to make use of its facilities in the analysis of your own investment holdings.

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Editorial NOTES

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assailed for this doctrine, but the event showed that he was right.

The influenza epidemic of 1918 was made the excuse for another general alarm. It was argued that it would reactivate many latent cases of tuberculosis, and perhaps start many more. Dr. Fishberg, in reply proved statistically that influenza was not a reactivator of tuberculosis. For this he was attacked again, but the returns now show that the mortality from tuberculosis actually declined during the three years after the epidemic.

Dr. Fishberg has found time, in addition to his medical work, to make excursions into anthropology, and his book, "The Jews: a Study of Race and Environment," published in the Contemporary Science Series (edited by Havelock Ellis) in 1910 is the leading authority in its field. Five years before this he had published a monograph entitled "Materials for the Physical Anthropology of the Jews," and in 1911 and 1912 he published two more works upon the subject, both in Germany: "Zur Anthropologie der Juden" and "Rassenmerkmale der Juden."

Instructive note from an eminent American educator who lately visited all of the principal mills of learning east of Denver:

> In American college towns of 25,000 population or less liquor of any brand is hard to obtain, and exorbitant in price. The self-respecting bootlegger keeps his skirts clear of the "collitch business," because of the risk involved in selling to persons of proven indiscretion, and those who desire to pour libations on the altar of friendship are forced to repair to the the village pool-hall, hunt up the porter, and wait in a dark alley until he produces a pint of some hell-brew.
>
> Drinking is done to get tight, to get in shape for a dance, not for enjoyment. How could it be otherwise when the official drink is either alcohol in near-beer, or gin and warm ginger-ale?
>
> East of the Mississippi, and south of the

Continued on page xlviii

ECHOES
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Editorial NOTES

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Mason and Dixon line, white corn is the b ver age most available, and in many cases the onl one. White corn can be drunk by men c strong constitution and firm purpose, and usually taken straight, for it cannot be di guised and to mix it is to prolong the agony

North of the line—still east of the Mississip —is the Great Gin Belt where re-cooked alcoho and the essential oils of juniper, coriander an anise, together with glycerine and distille water, are stirred up to counterfeit the onc respectable Mr. Gordon's product. One wonde if the American bootlegger has no imaginatio from the way he sticks to the Gordon mark The average young person who has never fe the caress of the brass rail on his instep is ha ing his education neglected by these gentlemen For all he knows, Gayon and Booth and Ho lands and Geneva and Old Tom never existe

Across the river and north of Kansas the onl drink known, apparently, is a sort of mongr prepared by pouring an inch of alcohol into freshly opened bottle of near-beer, delicatel placing the thumb over the top, and invertin gently. This does duty Summer and Winter. serves as cordial, cocktail, highball, todd punch, nightcap and peg.

South of Kansas, in the west, corn whisk and alcohol share the honors, if any. Even Kansas, of course, it is possible to procure a cohol in any college town without undue lo of time, at a price that may vary from four six dollars a pint.

Whisky—Bourbon or Scotch—is practical unknown, and brandy is just a name. Cordia are unheard of, and a decent mixed drink is u known.

Among the contents of THE AMERI MERCURY for March will be the follow

"Frank Norris," by Charles Caldwell Dobi The first account ever printed of Norris' ear days in San Francisco.

"Pastorale," by James M. Cain. The fir short story by an author whose grotesq sketches have delighted readers of THE AME ICAN MERCURY.

"The White Ribboners," by Duff Gilfon A frank discourse upon the earnest but n often sightly ladies of the W. C. T. U.

"Debunking Drugs," by Arthur J. Cram What is being done to test new drugs, and warn the medical profession against those th are valueless.

You *can have* the things you want!

Every man wants to leave a sufficient income to his wife and children to keep them out of want always. Read this page. It tells how you can do this—and many other things you want to do.

YOU HAVE no interest in death. You dislike the thought of it. You don't want to talk ut it. Your interest is in *life*. In success. In ing the things you want. In having the most sible fun while you live, with the least worry. st of all, probably, you want happiness and rity for your wife, and success for your dren.

There is a way to secure every one of these things. Ours is an old insurance company with a idea. This new idea is explained in a re-kable little book called "How to Get the ngs You Want." Some of the subjects ch it covers are listed at the bottom of this ; the convenient coupon will bring it to home without any obligation or cost.

Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. If you need further information after reading it, a Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to be of service to you. You will find him a very unusual man. He is competent to help and advise you, for he has had long years of practical experience or he has been through an intensive course of training in our service school at Hartford. His whole idea of life insurance is to put the emphasis on the *life*—on the things that make for more fun in living, for freedom from worry, for larger success.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, xxxvi

AN INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR LITERARY STUDENTS.
By Ronald B. McKerrow. *The Oxford University*
$6 8⅞ x 5⅝; 359 pp. *New*

Mr. McKerrow devotes himself chiefly to the teenth and Seventeenth Centuries, but there are cursions into the Fifteenth and Eighteenth and into the Nineteenth. He describes the processe the early printers in great detail, and shows v light they throw upon the problems of the bib rapher. Various cognate matters are also dealt w including printing types, Elizabethan handwrit abbreviations and contractions, binding, and I place-names appearing in imprints. The book mine of sound information and shrewd advice, will be indispensable to the bibliographer. There short but well-selected bibliography.

TEXT-BOOKS

THE UNITED STATES.
By Theodore Calvin Pease. *Harcourt, Brace & Com*
$3.75 8¾ x 5¾; 744 pp. *New*

Dr. Pease, who is professor of history at the versity of Illinois, has here produced the best his text-book for college freshmen that has appeare years. It incorporates the latest findings of histo research, and is clearly written. But there is a greater merit. When he gets to contemporary his Dr. Pease does not become suddenly cautious polite, as so many of his colleagues do. He discu the World War and the part taken in it by this cou as realistically as is possible in a beginners' book tells the truth about Roosevelt and about Wilson about Harding and about Coolidge. He tells the t about Prohibition," and what its attempted enfo ment is doing to American liberty. And he tells truth about the cultural level of the American p lace.

IDEALISM AS A PHILOSOPHY.
By R. F. Alfred Hoernlé *The George H. Doran Com*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 330 pp. *New*

Philosophical idealism has always been the te of the beginning student. Practically all of standard histories of philosophy do nothing m with their jargon, than make it even more obs than it already is. Professor Hoernlé, formerly of philosophy department of Harvard, here attempt clarify the subject somewhat, and he has succe

Continued on page lii

A Huzzah for the Boobs

It is our opinion that the so-called boobs who have succeeded in life possess a considerable amount of intelligence—a special and admirable kind of intelligence which, if we may venture an opinion, is not usually shared by the boob-traducers.

Take the good Dr. Mencken himself, for example. Remarkably equipped as he is with all the knowledge of boob psychology, boob methods and boob formulas for progress, we doubt that he could accomplish the measure of success achieved by most of the boobs he continuously attacks.

It would be an interesting experiment to place a self-appointed boob critic in charge of, let us say, the Matuchen Overall and Pants Company (in receivership), with instructions to show a profit by January 1929, and see how far he would get.

It is one thing to sit in an ivory tower and point out wherein a man is a boob, and quite another thing to go out among boobs and make boobery pay.

An interesting speculation, but what do we care? —Intellectuals and boobs both buy Listerine. That seems to be the one point in which their intelligence meets.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

admirably. He considers all of the types of idealism and he does it with a clearness that is very unusual for one who is a professional philosopher himself.

FICTION

STRANGE WOMAN.
By Elmer Davis. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 293 pp. *New York*

In this story of a woman who has reached the dangerous forties, with her career behind her and the desperate need of something to amuse and occupy her before her, Mr. Davis has done three excellent ironical portraits: Lucy Merriam, the wife; Ralph Merriam, the university president, and Dagmar Dahl, the opera singer. There are others, too, in his entertaining pages, done more or less to the life, but these three are most striking.

THE UNPAID PIPER.
By Woodward Boyd. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 330 pp. *New York*

Some very real characters emerge from these pages: Xandra, reckless and lovely, who gets away with everything; Laura Shaw, who doesn't; Wilton Kildare, and Hopewell Johns. The time is the period of the war, and the author has utilized its most dramatic effects. Through the narrative runs a strain of irony, realized most effectively by the choruses at the beginnings and ends of the separate parts.

SAMPLES. *A Collection of Short Stories.*
Compiled by Lillie Ryttenberg and Beatrice Lang.
Boni & Liveright
$2.50 8 x 5½; 406 pp. *New York*

An anthology of nineteen short stories, reprinted from the magazines and other collections, by such varied authors as George Ade, Willa Cather, Sam Hellman and Theodore Dreiser, and published under the auspices of the Community Workers of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. It contains several very weak pieces, but on the whole the selection is a good one.

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS.
By Saki (H. H. Munro). *The Viking Press*
$1.50 6¾ x 4¼; 242 pp. *New York*

A collection of short tales, skillfully done. There are twenty-seven in all. Munro's style is beautifully compact and finished. A. A. Milne has contributed a short introduction.

Continued on page liv

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lii

DECLARATION OF LOVE.
By Geoffrey Dennis. *Alfred A. K*
$2.50 7½ x 4½; 259 pp. *New Y*

Four letters beween Susanna Lloyd and Yor Lee constitute the psychological approach by me of which they arrived at their betrothal. Fi Declaration of Friendship; second, Assurance of votion; third, Proposal of Marriage; fourth, Dec ation of Love. They are, in the main, preposterous

THE SILENT QUEEN.
By W. Seymour Leslie. *Boni & Liver*
$2. 7½ x 5¼; 326 pp. *New Y*

This satire on international Big Business, in national love and international good never comes Elihu Hercules, the Sanitary King, Geoffrey, Herb Poot, in fact, all of Mr. Leslie's characters, are m dummies and no more. A forced and poor performan

ANGEL'S FLIGHT.
By Don Ryan. *Boni & Liver*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 296 pp. *New Y*

There is some good writing in this story of a ne paper man who returns from the war, gassed, hob in Los Angeles, where he seeks his health, and in N York, where he later goes to seek a renewed zest life; but as a novel it lacks restraint in form. Ryan's style is impressionistic, and he accomplis much with it, but it has a tendency to become mor onous and blurred.

CONFLICTS.
By Stefan Zweig. *The Viking P*
$2.50 7⅛ x 5⅛; 297 pp. *New Y*

The three novelettes here translated by Cedar Eden Paul are all second rate. Zweig starts out w capital ideas, but his execution of them is inept unsatisfactory.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE PROCESSION TO TYBURN.
By William McAdoo. *Boni & Liver*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 306 pp. *New Y*

All of the stories of criminals in this volume taken from "The Criminal Recorder," an anonym volume published in London in 1804. They exclusively with criminals of the Eighteenth Cent in England. The comments by the editor, who chief city magistrate of New York, are in the m banal and of little interest. But some of the sto themselves are extremely fascinating. The few lustrations are worthless.

Continued on page lvi

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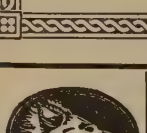
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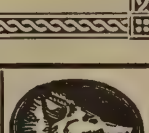

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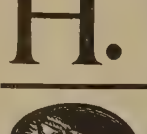
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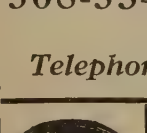
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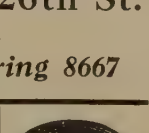

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page liv

THIS SMOKING WORLD.
By A. E. Hamilton. *The Century Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 227 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hamilton has written a book that will interest every one who finds solace from the daily grind of lying and stealing in the always friendly smoke of tobacco. There is much information in it—where cigars come from, how cigarettes are made, what good pipes are made from—, and there is also much wisdom in it. He considers smoking a fine art, and shows, by citing statistics and great names, how much civilization is indebted to it.

WRITING ADVERTISING.
By James Davis Woolf. *The Ronald Press Company*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

Mr. Woolf is an advertising man in active and successful practice; he is the secretary of the J. Walter Thompson Company. His exposition of advertising principles is thus born of experience, and he seldom wanders far from concrete cases. It is his belief that, in advertising, the copy is the thing of overshadowing importance. In discussing its writing he is unfailingly shrewd and practical, and the same qualities mark his discourse upon all the other qualities of successful advertising. An unpretentious but very sound and useful book.

GEMIXTE PICKLES.
By K. M. S. *Pascal Covici*
$2 8¼ x 5⅜; 94 pp. *New York*

A second volume of German-American buffooneries by the author of "Die Schönste Lengevitch," and quite as amusing as its predecessor. Two of the best pieces are grotesque accounts of the plots of "Carmen" and "Samson and Delilah." The shorter pieces are also capital. A specimen stanza:

> Komm, Karlchen, zieh dei Rubbers an,
> Der Grund iss voll mit Schnee.
> Du ketschst, account dei Eddenoids,
> Kalt easy ennyway.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT IN FRANCE AND AMERICA.
By Bernard Fay. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 613 pp. *New York*

The nature of this book is well described by its sub-title: "A Study of Moral and Intellectual Relations between France and the United States at the end of the Eighteenth Century." It was first published in France in 1925, and was noticed in this department for October of that year. It is a piece of historical scholarship of the first importance, and the excellent translation by Ramon Guthrie was well worth the effort.

Pine Island South from Useppa Island.

OVERHEAD, summer clouds are bowling along. Beneath, shadows chase the warm Florida sunshine over the waving grass. A man stands poised on a high tee. A small white ball has clicked away over a rolling fairway. It is clean hit, but the man is restless. Tarpon time is coming. Tomorrow he will be out in a guide boat. Soon the big fellows will be crowding the passes. Your fish, too, will be here.

Useppa Inn is located on a tropical island in the waters of Charlotte Harbor, Florida. The island is exclusively Inn property. Fresh fruits and vegetables are supplied from our own gardens. It is difficult to think of Useppa as a resort; it has all the good features of a well-managed club. Its clientele is well established but a limited number of reservations may still be made. Write to J. F. Vallely, Manager.

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But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"*If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean.*" Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of Leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to, the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

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LEONARD WOOD MEMORIAL

1 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

VOL. XI, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1928

The Borzoi Broadside

Published every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

The Center of America

OUT that wholly admirable writer, *Ruth Suckow* of Iowa, a great deal ıds written and printed. Most of it elpful as praise; a great deal of it elpful as interpretation. But there ın important critical reality at ich one does not arrive until one contemplated *Miss Suckow* as ıg, not of Iowa, but of America. y this it is not meant simply that artist's work is a signal achieve- ıt in the national letters and a ion-wide possession. Neither is it ınt that the region from which she ıes is centrally representative of American spirit, though many e said that it is. No: *Miss Suckow* entral to America in a sense quite er than the regional; and when she tes about Americans at home, as rly always she does, she is inter- ting our life with at once a tender- s and a detachment which ignore old quarrel between urban civili- ion and rural, between the metrop- and the small town. Her book ıehow allays and supersedes the in- erate clash of definitions among all real and false Americas that we r described, reduces local colorists dialect writers to the stature of oolboys arguing the merits of rival ages, and shows us an America t is all over the map and yet no- ere on it—an America of the spirit the emotions, of the way of life the sense of life; the substance, ine, of whatever is most creative, therefore most enduring, in im- ıative literature. The America of chapters is a country in which a v Englander, a Southerner, or a Westerner is still at home as he vels; and in her work collectively country is so complete a milieu t the conviction of its pervasive ity does not fail to touch even se purely intellectual, purely cos- oolitan beings who are satisfied to e no country at all.

t is, physically, a flat and open ntry of which *Miss Suckow* writes. the realities which make her writ- important go on at much the same po in places where the horizon is

crinkled with faint blue mountains, and in other places saturated with the brine of sea air. Her essential matter is the mystery of human relationships, human intimacies; and her strength—a strength shared with Katherine Mansfield among modern writers in English—is that she keeps these things as mysterious as in actual everyday life they are. It is the fashion of present-day writing to explain everything, to give every facet of personality a hard bright texture, every outline of mood a geometrical sharpness,

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Poverty as Decoration

PERHAPS one of the most difficult literary feats is to write about a character of great religious significance in a manner which, without offending the devotee, shall prove acceptable to those who are in nowise his adherents. It is something of this order that *Luigi Salvatorelli* has accomplished in his LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. He succeeds in doing so by, on the one hand, accepting St. Francis at his face value as a saint whose works and example have been an inspiration to many, and on the other carefully inquiring into the exact details of his life and the motives which led him to the career he chose for his own.

The aspect of St. Francis which most strikes the reader of this book is the artistic completeness of his life. And, although it is not to be supposed that he consciously formulated anything of the sort, one feels that Francis himself regarded life as a medium in which a work of art could be wrought. He was without doubt endowed with the artistic temperament. Poverty itself he saw as something beautiful. The harsh, clear beauty of such a life, silhouetted against the richness, the complexity, the confusion of the thirteenth-century Italian scene, must have appealed to him the more thoroughly for its decorative qualities. When Cyrano de Bergerac throws the purse containing his last penny at the feet of some importunate hireling, Rostand makes him say in reply to a critic, "But what a gesture!" A different outcropping of the artistic temperament, this, but possibly some such phrase would express the attitude toward his life which St. Francis hid in his subconscious mind.

And what a time for such a gesture! His age was not unlike our own, worldly, pleasure-loving, unsettled, with men becoming increasingly wealthy, with a church which, where it was not corrupt, was petrified. Francis himself was the son of a wealthy merchant family, a member

(*Continued on page lxiii*)

Something about Reading: A Shop-talk

This series of shop-talks has dwelt for an odd minute here and there on certain types of achievement which a publisher can contemplate or review with legitimate pride of craft. It is amazing to note how many such achievements have nothing at all to say to ordinary commercial expediency—except, indeed, by way of flat negation.

Some few of a publisher's undertakings are frankly doomed from their inception to be regarded as mistakes unless they make money. It would, for example, be a palpable absurdity to issue one of the outline-of-knowledge books now so modish if the book could not find its way to a considerable public; for what is the use of a popularization that does not popularize? Such books make money in the course of achieving their obvious purpose; it is humiliating to fail with them, simply because the purpose remains unfulfilled.

But there are other books which give the publisher his reward in terms by no means proportionate to the number of customers. The publisher will deplore a lack of response to such a book, but he will not repent. He has gratified his own taste; or he has made a volume physically distinguished in some new way; or he has won the cordial applause of the ten or two hundred persons best qualified to appreciate his intention and its performance; or he remains steadfast in his conviction that a larger public will yet have to reckon with solid merits which he was among the first to appraise. Any one of such considerations is enough to keep him assured that he has not published in vain.

Two such books of the season just passed come to mind as eminent illustrations: *Charles Horton Cooley's* Life and the Student, a beautif written series of reflections ab American life today, as tight-pac with wisdom as anything Emerso Thoreau or Bacon ever wrote; *Unamuno's* stirring appeal to us n ern slaves of the machine, The L of Don Quixote and San according to Miguel de C vantes Saavedra, Expoun with Comment, in the incomp bly fine translation made by Homer P. Earle. Neither has thus put many dollars into anyone's poc

There are, then, occasions w it seems to a publisher that h playing a game of literary solitair a world in which, commerci speaking, there is hardly such a th as a reader left. And he is tempte wonder what is the good of putt out his tons of serious perma books for the gratification of hims

(*Continued on page lxiv*)

A Resurrection

Towards the end of the last century the historical novel was quietly done to death by Mr. Stanley Weyman and his confederates. These practitioners so loaded it with costume, piling on jewelled sword hilts, slashed doublets, plumes, laces, and jingling spurs, and allowed the atmosphere to become so thick with polished phrases and the clang of swords, that the poor thing was smothered, and not even the "'Sbloods" of a Rafael Sabatini could revive it. True, Mr. Erskine has put away some of the trappings that swathed the mummy, but instead of breathing life into the corpse he has merely, with ventriloquist's art, put his own words into its mouth. We must seek elsewhere for a resurrection.

We find it in the work of *Sigrid Undset*, who has lately made herself conspicuous, as Disraeli would have it, by failing to get the Nobel Prize for Literature. She has already published one historical trilogy; and with The Axe her second trilogy of mediæval Norway, not yet completely published in Norwegian, enters on its publication in English. This latest novel shows very clearly the method which has enabled her to re-vitalize a dead medium. It is a story of the relations of a man and a woman, and we follow them in this part of the trilogy from earliest childhood to the altar steps.

Olav and Ingunn are betrothed by their parents while still children and grow up together with this fact in mind. When they become of marriageable age, however, Ingunn's kindred form other plans for her. The lovers appeal to the Bishop. But no sooner have they won their suit than Olav has the misfortune to kill one of his betrothed's kinsmen in a quarrel. He flees to Denmark, leaving Ingunn unmarried but indissolubly bound to him. After some years of exile and wanderings he at last makes his peace, and returns to marry Ingunn and take over his estate. He finds that in his absence she has been seduced in a moment of weakness, and is about to have a child. After some heart-searchings he slays her seducer prepares to marry her.

That in bald outline is the fra work of the story. *Sigrid Undset* given it life by methods the v opposite of those usually emplo by the historical school. It might expected that she would not succu to that special temptation of the torical novelist, the romantic ture; but neither has she followed current mode by allowing her cha ters to mouth those slick sophist which derive from the baser part G. B. Shaw. Her people are hum beings, revealed to us in terms of th own consciousness, and endowed w the mentality and the viewpoint to expected of their age. And just as folk are authentic, so is her ba ground. She has not cluttered it w stage properties of which the m archaic are the most emphasized.

With this technique, *Sigrid Und* combines an imagination unusua rich and vivid. The Axe abou in instances where a less compet novelist would have scamped work, in touches which in the agg gate have an overwhelming effe The result is that the story has texture which no other writer co have given it—a feeling of life wh in itself guarantees its authentici

THE AXE. *By* Sigrid Undse *author of "Jenny" and "Kristin L 'ansdatter." Translated by* arthur chater. $3.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for February 1928

Maria Capponi

ıe representation in English of the rman-Alsatian writer, *René Schickele*, ins in late January with the pub- ation of his MARIA CAPPONI, in ne version made by Hannah Waller. has its important place in the bitious programme by the exe- ion of which this house expects imately to represent to the Eng- ı-speaking countries the work of chief imaginative writer of st-War Germany—such writers, al- dy of international repute, as omas Mann, Frank Thiess, Bruno unk, Schickele himself, and, pres- ly, Ricarda Huch, Alfred Neu- nn, Oskar Maria Graf, Max Brod, l Rudolf Maria Holzapfel. This ogramme is already considerably vanced, with the solid nucelus de- ted by six volumes of the work of *omas Mann* (with a seventh to fol- w shortly), *Thiess's* GATEWAY TO FE, *Frank's* DAYS OF THE KING, l now MARIA CAPPONI.

t is, however, from the angle of olute rather than of comparative rature that we wish here to call cial attention to MARIA CAP- NI. In this story of a man, his nd, and above all his love, so beau- ılly translated that no one who ds it in English will think of it as rthing but powerful and original iting, we are given a romance ıich demands of no reader a prelim- ry interest in the New Germany, in history, in the European scene generally, in the technique of fiction, or in anything extraneous to itself. It does, to be sure, gratify all such interests if the reader have them. But first of all and last of all it is the very deeply moving story of a man and of the one love that ran through the complicated texture of his life, for the most part obscurely buried in his secret consciousness, but at odd and long intervals coming to the surface of his life's pattern like a glint of gold thread catching the sun. Claus and Maria first meet as children in Venice, where they play their part in the passionate tragedy of another. From this time until their love comes to its stolen fruition, and for long years after that, Maria is the center of Claus's existence. She is nothing less than that even throughout his years of other preoccupations, during which he sees her only at long intervals. And there is one culminating point at which the whole meaning of the tale and of his life opens in a gigantic flowering of significance: the point at which she tells him, "There is another thing you should know, Claus. I never had another lover," and he finds himself as hurt as if she had assured him of the contrary.

In general, the gain of intellectual depth in modern fiction goes with a loss of sheer primitive power, of ecstasy. *Schickele's* work stands almost alone in present-day Continental writing in its union of these seemingly opposed qualities. With a remarkable unanimity, German comment on the book has stressed its *dichterisch* qualities—its possession of the rapturous immediacy of great poetry. Max Brod, an exacting judge if ever there was one, says that it put him into a tumult of excitement, and that it seemed to him the best, because the most *dichterisch*, novel of many years.

MARIA CAPPONI. *By* RENÉ SCHICKELE. *Translated from the German by* HANNAH WALLER. $3.00 *net.*

Opus 4

was easy in 1921 to mistake *Mr. ın V. A. Weaver*—provided one read n carelessly or merely read about n—for a young man who had den into fame on the crest of a dis- ssion about the qualities of dis- ıctively American speech as opposed "literary English." *H. L. Mencken*, ıen he published the two successive itions of THE AMERICAN LAN- JAGE, precipitated a philological ttle that got promptly into journal- n; and *Mr. Weaver's* first-published ork probably won a share of the tention it then arrested because it ovided a timely example of the eory that indigenous and non- ıitative literature could and would produced in the native idiom.

If *Mr. Weaver* ever resented the itial tendency to treat him as a foot- te to a theory, he has had ample venges in the ensuing years. For he is held, and more than held, the ace won, and by nothing but the intrinsic merit of his writing as imagination, as humor, as tenderness, as interpretation—in brief, as poetry. It is today no more startling to read verse "in American" than it is to review those poems of Wordsworth which so stunned by their popular diction the literary ear of 1798. Mr. Weaver has not only retained the attention of qualified judges of the real thing, but he has actually sold widely.

Thus the latest laugh is his. And it is wholly credible that the last laugh may be his, too.

What matters, in his fourth volume, To YOUTH, is a sort of American reality that makes you forget the medium of the expression, as adaptation of means to end always does make you forget the means. For instance, a movie-mad ex-shoe-clerk achieves the staggering triumph of being mistaken for a famous star:

"You can tell Uncle Fred to go to Hell!
I'll starve to death before I'll go back
To sellin' shoes! Me, that's like Jack Gilbert?"

And Goofy Bill of Ludlow nearly perished in a blizzard because the mail "had to come through," though

"The mailbag contents
Consisted of two post-cards, seven bills,
And a Sears Roebuck catalogue."

In such contexts the truth at the shallower level of mere idiom points, interprets, and fuses with the truth at the deeper level of character, of mood, of creative intention. And when that fusion occurs, what has occurred but poetry?

TO YOUTH. *By* JOHN V. A. WEAVER, *author of "In American," "Finders: More Poems in American," and "More in American."* $2.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for February 1928

Clinch Calkins

is the name of a poet whose first volume we have the honor to announce with a pride in flat disagreement with the modesty of its own title. And it is with no less confidence than pride that we introduce *Miss Calkins:* for we are unable to imagine that work containing such qualities can fail to win the plaudits of good judges or the response of a wide popular audience. The age is anything but hospitable to poets; we have not published for twenty-five seasons without having been made to know and to rue that fact. Well, the age is going to be hospitable to *Miss Calkins*. There is that in her lines which will not be denied. She is going to make firewood of the usual barriers to acceptance. Before printing a line, she had done the hard work without which no writer is ever the finished workman. She had prayed her "Prayer to be an Artist" ("Lord, clip my wings, so may my feet learn flying") and received her answer. The rest of the story can be nothing other than a record of triumphs, of recognitions. We do not know how much she will care about these ostensible rewards of perfect self-discipline, but she is going to receive them. Most poets work out their success in the public eye, by years and by slow labors. *Miss Calkins*, through some process known to herself if known at all, worked out hers in secrecy. She comes with the key of the kingdom in her hand.

The timbre, the magic, of a poet's utterance is not communicable by other words than the poet's. *Miss Calkins* has an astounding virtuosity, and she has an equally astounding clarity and depth. At the one extreme is a sort of jazz symphony, "Tu Ne Quaesieris," through the pattern of which is woven the ode of Horace in counterpoint with

> "Night was never made for those
> Who have to lie alone.
> Night was made to keep the flesh
> From remembering the bone."

At the other extreme is such a quatrain as this:

> "The arms of grief are very strong,
> His vigor swift, his passion long.
> A woman tired in heart and limb
> Should not lie down to rest with him."

There is just one reader who can find nothing here: the one who has not a shred of capacity for excitement about a poetic discovery.

VERSE. *By* CLINCH CALKINS. $2.00 *net.*

The Center of America

(*Continued from page lix*)

and every inexplicable impulse a name. In this, modern writing has but followed that saddest science, psychology. As if a thing were clarified, as if indeed its intrinsic stuff were not belied and extinguished, by filing it away under a technical name! *Miss Suckow*, an artist, knows this, understands that words are not mere nomenclature but also pigment, and uses her words to *suggest;* with the result that every colloquy in her pages is alive with undefined, half-unseen, wholly felt presences, all playing their parts as truly as those who talk aloud.

THE BONNEY FAMILY is ostensibly the quietest sort of chronicle of domestic life in a household which has far more solidarity than most; yet so completely is each member of it a different and unknown person to every other that the whole story reeks with suppressed excitement, with a palpitating secrecy and expectancy. Grandpa and Grandma are "two old and fragile people settled down into their rockers." The Reverend Mr. Bonney —notice "the comfortable, meaningless shapelessness of his clothes"— reads jerkily to his family from *The Congregational Herald*. Young Warren sits on the grass and listens, frowning "thunderously." His sister Sarah is reading to herself, with annoying snickers from time to time, from a twelve-volume Dickens. Mrs. Bonney is mending, "with nothing in her plain quiet features to indicate any special interest in the mild denominationalism of the *Herald*." The twins —"they had all kinds of secrets, those two"—are whispering and giggling together. These and their scores of personal undercurrents and premonitions are given to us entire in an opening chapter. In the story that follows, each lives his own life of secret ardors and intensities; and he also participates in the life of each of the others. It is a symphonic effect from the simplest of melodic substance. And it is the essence of America, expressed, without either fulsomeness or ridicule, in one passage from the history of an average family in the Bible Belt, by an artist whose technique is to pay her subject the tribute of perfect writing, and thereafter to let it stand, speak, for itself.

THE BONNEY FAMILY. *By* RUTH SUCKOW, *author of "Country People," "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl," and "Iowa Interiors."* $2.50 *net.*

An Easy Job

HERE is *Mr. Nathan* back to the ater once again with ART OF NIGHT, returning from his lite excursion in more portentous fie The reviewer who gets this or book by *Mr. Nathan* to reviev fortunate: they are all so delightf quotable! The lazy fellow has bu turn the pages, culling choice sp mens of the author's wit here there, and the job is done. As:

"A people that didn't believe in Almighty God might constitute intelligent nation, but it would pr a very tough customer to handle.

"The regular and enthusia movie patron is a person upon wh a strain may be placed only at risk of losing him."

"The contempt exhibited by li ary men for drama on the ground t drama, because of the intrinsic nat of the theatre, cannot be literatur analogous to a contempt that arc tects might affect for music on ground that it cannot be made out bricks."

"It is the characteristic of young playwright that he wishes a single play, to say everything th is in his mind, where the adult a wiser playwright knows that go plays are to be written by forgetti almost everything that is in his mind

"The mystery play is, of all for of drama, the most childish."

Some advice to a young critic:

"Pay no attention to what peo say or write of you. A man in t brick-throwing business must exp occasionally to be hit by a brick."

"The better and more honest cri you are, the fewer friends will ev tually send flowers up to the fune parlor."

And a few forthright words on lo and the American playwright:

"The American playwright w has concerned himself with love in various manifestations has almost u formly revealed himself to be eith an over-sweetened ass or a sc indignanto. He has treated of it eith in terms of soft waltz music or pistol shots. Its sardonic loveline its inviting humor, its recalcitra burlesque and its mirage-like glamo have evaded him, and all that he h been able, in his yokel way, to ma of it has been a kiss in a Sunday-schc or a seduction in a pig-sty."

ART OF THE NIGHT. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *aut of "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride "The World in Falseface," etc.* $2. *net.*

Martin Schüler

me talents take years to mature. rs, rarer, burst into maturity the beginning. Of this latter is *Romer Wilson's* talent. She has ten many fine books since her but though she has never done hing more original than The th of Society, more simple natural than If All These ng Men, more powerful than gon's Blood in its analysis of orbid mind, more concentrated Latterday Symphony, she never given us anything more real vivid, more finely balanced, more loped, more unerring in its psy- ogy than Martin Schüler. It wonderful first book. Nothing e difficult to portray than genius, musical genius at that. But *Romer ton* has succeeded in conveying a firm and intense impression of tin Schüler's genius, with its mor- ty, its brutality, its vanity, its in- constancy and caprice, and its strain of vulgarity. 'There was nothing he liked . . . in art so much as the pretty, the tastefully gaudy and the voluptuous.' Never have the proceedings of genius been more accurately described.

"His beginnings are imitative. 'At twenty years old he was a hot Wagnerite and hoped, if possible, to create a counter-type of Tristan and Isolde and one or two Götterdämmerungs.' But his genius is shown to us, ripening and expanding, soaring to its final triumph; we feel always that it is real, authentic. This effect *Romer Wilson* has achieved directly, with the most perfect elimination of the omniscient author. Martin Schüler is left to unfold himself, to reveal himself by his words and actions. The author remains aloof, offers no explanations, makes no comment; Martin Schüler is presented without a veil, with all his inconsistencies and imperfections as he was." —From the introduction by May Sinclair.

MARTIN SCHÜLER. *By* Romer Wilson, *author of "Dragon's Blood," "Latterday Symphony," "Greenlow." With an introduction by* May Sinclair. $2.50 *net.*

Poverty as Decoration

(Continued from page lix)

ne *nouveaux riches*. During his early 's he was as dissipated and care- as his contemporaries. Had he essed technical skill in any of the it is possible he might have found outlet there for the growing dis- sfaction with the life he saw nd him. As it was, after some itation he chose his career.

ut he did not choose blindly. In ncis there was none of that ecstasy ich leads to self-immolation. He no hair-shirt saint. He loved life; he loved his own way of life. He ized that he was acting in a man- which the world must judge as lness. But for him such a life was h freedom and a means of ex- ssing a personality.

ignor Salvatorelli in drawing the trait of both the man and the t has placed him skilfully against true background. We see his mode ife both as a protest against his oundings and as a link between classes of a people emerging from liævalism. He tells of St. Francis's ggles to keep unimpaired the ls on which he had founded his er. And while we see the order it- being drawn away from its nder to take its part in the church tant, we also see St. Francis carry- on his own personal gesture in all integrity to the end.

E LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS F ASSISI. *By* Luigi Salva- orelli. *Translated by* eriç sut- on. $4.00 *net.*

Contemporary Thought

The Library of Contemporary Thought, under the editorship of W. Tudor Jones, is a series of books devoted to presenting the meaning, value, and significance of the thought of the various countries of the world to the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century. Contemporary Thought of Great Britain is the fourth volume to be published. Its author has endeavored to present a clear and succinct statement of the chief types and trends of thought of contemporary British thinkers, including such men as Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Oliver Lodge, Bertrand Russell, and George Moore. In all, some seventy-five nineteenth- and twentieth-century points of view are presented and analyzed.

The general conclusion at which Mr. Widgery arrives as a result of his survey is not an inspiring one. "On all sides there are doubts and uncertainties, and a lack of resolute conviction with regard to a possible and acceptable philosophy of life. On most sides there is a tendency to compromise, a reluctance to make sharp distinctions. There is no vigorous comprehensive philosophy which, with established intellectual supremacy, might at the same time dominate the minds and guide the lives of the people."

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF GREAT BRITAIN. *By* Alban G. Widgery, M.A. $2.50 *net.*

Short Stories

Miss Dorothy Edwards shows herself in Rhapsody to be a writer of unusual talents. Her stories are the reverse of those sticky confections in which popular taste as interpreted by magazine editors takes delight. Her technique is distinguished by a lack of apparent effort and by the unforced and natural manner in which she conveys the psychology of her characters. The themes are suggested by the mutual rub of temperaments in the business of everyday life. The author has evidently a deep feeling for music, and many of her stories are about persons in whose lives music plays a special part.

Very different is the work of *Miss Tennyson Jesse*. She is more robust, less tenuous. Many Latitudes contains stories from all over the world, dealing with strange tracts of the earth's surface and stranger tracts of the human mind. The stories are sometimes grim, sometimes fantastic; but they are touched throughout with that sharp sense of beauty that always characterizes *Miss Jesse's* work. They are inescapable in their logic and irony, but a tenderness for blundering humanity, a tolerance for everything save cruelty, illuminates them.

RHAPSODY. *By* Dorothy Edwards. $2.50 *net.*

MANY LATITUDES. *By* F. Tennyson Jesse, *author of "Tom Fool," "Moonraker; or, The Female Pirate and Her Friends," and "Murder and Its Motives."* $2.50 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for February 1928

Something About Reading—A Shop-talk

(Continued from page lx)

a few like-minded professionals, and that substantial class of articulate book-lovers which never has to buy a book because all its reading matter is given to it by publishers desirous of a few of those kind words which butter no parsnips. Does no one read any more, one wonders? Have motion picture and radio and phonograph and the flood of ephemeral magazines devoured out of our daily living the leisure that used to be spent within the nimbus of the reading-lamp?

Well, we now have our answer, or part of one answer; and it is such as will astonish the pessimist. We lately issued as a tiny leaflet an article by Mr. Robert S. Lynd entitled "I wish I had more time to read," and enclosed this leaflet as a bookmark in a considerable number of volumes. In no time at all we were deluged from all quarters with requests for copies of this brief and sensible exposition of how to read several times as much in a given period without loss of content or of pleasure. The library demand alone—chiefly for use in reading courses organized under such captions as "Reading with a Purpose"—has passed the 100,000 mark. And the leaflet, in that first issue, did not even bear our imprint or address! It is evident that a considerable public—and one manifestly devoted to study and self-cultivation, not to the consumption of trash—*is* genuinely interested in reading and anxious to improve its own mastery of reading as the chief instrument of culture.

This extraordinary public response to the demonstrated possibility of making oneself a faster reader has, of course, its general importance to all disseminators of anything that passes for reading matter. If the single reader can easily teach himself to read twice as much in less time, this consummation would be to all intents the same as if the reading public were numerically doubled. This would make the publisher's desert blossom as the rose, without distinction as to his own villainy or merit.

But—if you will pardon the closing word *pro domo*—there are two implications which seem of special moment to ourselves. The first is that, as publishers of many and many a re-readable book—books such as those referred to earlier in this article—we perceive that the gift of *time* to individual readers is like an endowment from heaven. The second is that, as publishers of long, long novels—GROWTH OF THE SOIL, BUDDENBROOKS, THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, THE PROMISED LAND (two volumes each) KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER (three volumes), THE PEASANTS (four volumes), all of which are built to the stature of life itself and defy the clattering tempo of both today's urban existence and the fiction which imitates it—we stand to profit more than most if any considerable number of our public discovers how easy a matter is self-training in economy of reading time.

And—what is more important to the general level of culture, of civilization—some of the greatest of our authors stand to profit by that most enduring of the immaterial rewards of fame, a deep familiarity on the part of some readers. For without achievement of such an audie thorough rather than extensive, author's work in this world is re done, though hundreds of thousa have fluttered his best-known pa and all the clamoring editors Christendom worn a path to his d

The Borzoi Barometer

Interest in the American Negro has been increased by *Carl Van Vechten's* NIGG HEAVEN and by the works of Negro w such as Langston Hughes and James Weldon J son. And now the Negro becomes the subject technical study by *Melville J. Herskovits*, Assc Professor of Anthropology at Northwestern versity, who in THE AMERICAN NEG presents answers to such questions as, What i American Negro? How much racial mixture he represent and between what stocks? Can N genealogies be used to help solve these probl And what solutions result? Price $2.50 *net*.

The sixth and concluding volume of MY P AND THOUGHTS, THE MEMOIRS ALEXANDER HERZEN, will be publ February 3. It is translated from the Russia *J. Constance Garnett*. Price $2.00 *net*.

GATES OF LIFE by *Edwin Björkman*, the s to THE SOUL OF A CHILD, will be add The Borzoi Pocket Books February 3. Price *net*.

Other additions to The Borzoi Pocket Book February 17, will be WAITING FOR D LIGHT by *H. M. Tomlinson*, and THE HO OF SOULS by *Arthur Machen*. Each, $1.25 n

THE UNCONSCIOUS: A SYMPOSI edited by Mrs. W. F. Dummer, which will be lished January 20, is a collection of papers de with the synthetic tendency of the Unconsc It will be priced at $2.50 *net*.

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM is a t riful and simple devotional book of prose verse for children by *Gwendoline Watts*. It is trated. Price $2.00 *net*.

Owing to a confusion between an omitted a retained passage in the January *Broadside* ab about Dr. Raymond Pearl's recent book, *The of Living*, the name of Karl Pearson was print lieu of that of C. Spearman.

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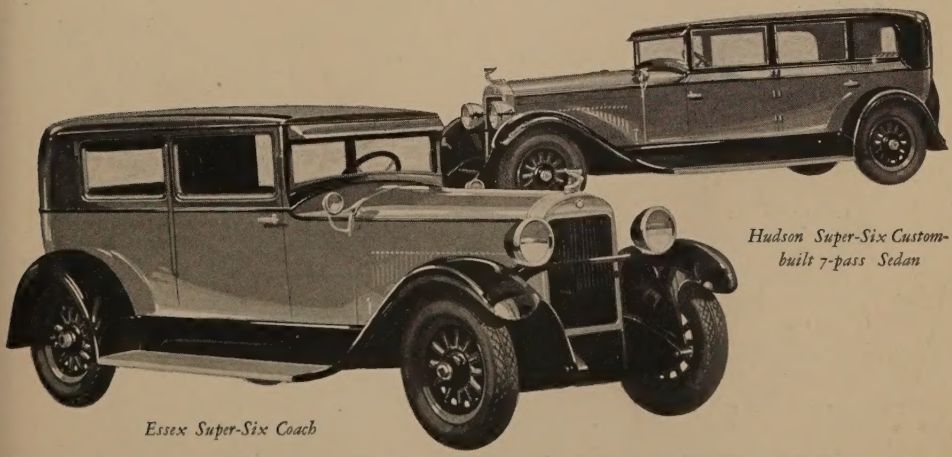

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